April 4, 1983

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Brighton Beach Memoirs—A new Neil Simon comedy, with Matthew Broderick, Elizabeth Franz, and Joyce Van Patten. Directed by Gene Saks. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Bundle of Nerves—A revue with music by Brian Lasser and lyrics by Geoff Leon and Edward Dunn. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cats—A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/18/82.) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Champeeen!—A musical about Bessie Smith by Melvin Van Peebles. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 17.)

Circle Repertory Company—An unconvincing play entitled **domestic issues,** about a terrorist who returns from the underground to his family in Chicago, is the fourth in this season's series. (3/21/83) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 3.)

Cold Harbor—Ulysses S. Grant is the subject of this play by Dale Worsley. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 10.)

Equity Library Theatre—This cheerful, nimble revival of the George Abbott–Frank Loesser musical **where's charley?** is entertaining even without Ray Bolger. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 3. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Extremities—Karen Allen in a play by William Mastrosimone. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Foxfire—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn are irresistibly tart and tender in a play about life in Appalachia, where the old seek in vain to cling to their old customs and the young light out for the fleshpots of Florida. (11/22/82) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Greater Tuna—Joe Sears and Jaston Williams, a pair of agile, clever actors, portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. It was written by Mr. Williams, Mr. Sears, and their director, Ed Howard. (11/1/82) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The House of Ramon Iglesia—A play by José Rivera. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, April 10.)

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K2—Jeffrey De Munn and Jay Patterson in a play by Patrick Meyers. Terry Schreiber directed. Opens Wednesday, March 30. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Two Gilbert and Sullivan productions. Through Sunday, April 3: **the pirates of penzance.** . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, April 6: **the mikado.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Little Shop of Horrors—Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is untainted by camp. The spirited, tuneful rock score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman wrote the witty book and witty lyrics; the singing and comic acting by the entire company are a credit to Mr. Ashman, the inventive director. Martin P. Robinson designed and manipulates the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. With Brad Moranz as the apprentice florist who discovers and nurtures it, and Faith Prince as the lady he loves. (9/27/82) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Man Who Had Three Arms—Robert Drivas stars in a new play by Edward Albee. Previews through Monday, April 4. Opens officially on Tuesday, April 5. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Marcel Marceau—The mime, an old favorite here, returns with a welcomely familiar bag of tricks. Don't put it past him to imitate the bag. (3/28/83) (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Merlin—Doug Henning is an excellent illusionist and a sorry musical-comedy star. He should forget the Druids and stick to sawing comely women in two. (2/28/83) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Middle Ages—A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s humorous play is set in (and is, in a sense, about) the trophy room in an exclusive club, probably in Boston, and it tells the bittersweet love story of a man named Barney and a woman named Eleanor, over a span of forty years, as it reflects the changing circumstances of the times. Jack Gilpin and Ann McDonough are

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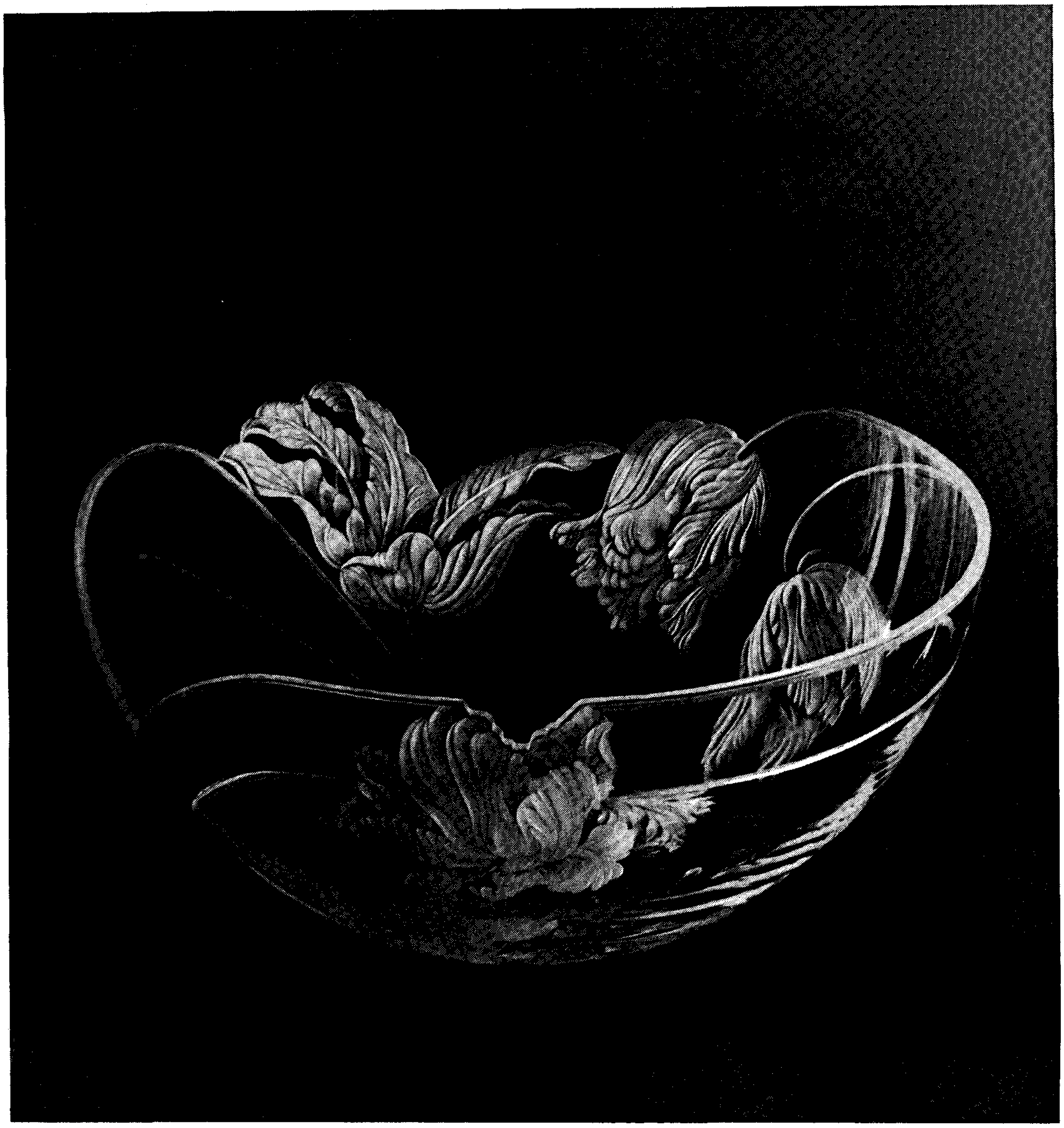
The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; J. Kennard Bosee, vice-president & treasurer; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary; Robert F. Young, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X 0ED. Vol. LIX, No. 7, April 4, 1983. *Second-class postage paid* at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1983 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $44.00. Other foreign, $52.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.



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STEUBEN GLASS

Barney and Eleanor to the life, and Jo Henderson is very good, too, as Eleanor's mother. David Trainer was the deft director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 486-1666. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mother of Us All—The Gertrude Stein–Virgil Thomson musical. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 582-1978. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Closes Saturday, April 9.)

'Night, Mother—Anne Pitoniak and Kathy Bates in a two-character play by Marsha Norman, originally produced at the American Repertory Theatre, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Staged by Tom Moore. Previews Wednesday, March 30. Opens officially on Thursday, March 31. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

On Your Toes—A hit musical of 1936 that deserves to remain a hit, thanks to the music of Richard Rodgers, the lyrics of Lorenz Hart, the choreography of George Balanchine, and the direction by George Abbott, who also helped write the book. This production stars Natalia Makarova and Lara Teeter. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Other Side of the Swamp—A play by Royce Ryton, imported from London. Preview Wednesday, March 30. Opens officially on Thursday, March 31, at 6:30. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Poppie Nongena—A demonstration—narrative, song, dance—of South Africa's brutality to its nonwhite citizens. The action covers forty years in the life of one woman. The performance of the South African company is very good indeed. Sophie Mgcina composed most of the beautiful music. (1/31/83) (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W 42nd St. 239-4321. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Porgy and Bess—A limited engagement of George Gershwin's opera. Directed by Jack O'Brien. Previews through Wednesday, April 6. Opens officially on Thursday, April 7. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Quartermaine's Terms—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Remak Ramsay gives a fine performance in the leading role, and Roy Poole, Caroline Lagerfelt, Anthony Heald, and Dana Ivey are good, too. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st. St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Red Rover Red Rover—Helen Gallagher and Phyllis Newman in a play by Oliver Hailey. (Park Royal, 23 W. 73rd St. 736-9099. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Slab Boys—A comedy about working-class life in a gloomy corner of Scotland in the late fifties. The cast, headed by Kevin Bacon, evinces sufficient high spirits to dispel the gloom. The author is John Byrne. (3/14/83) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 586-7670. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Snoopy—A musical based on Charles M. Schulz's comic strip, "Peanuts." The music is by Larry Grossman, the lyrics by Hal Hackady, and the book by Warren Lockhart, Arthur Whitelaw, and Michael L. Grace. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Top Girls—A spirited revival, after a brief hiatus, with a fresh company. The girls of the title either work in or apply for jobs at a London employment agency, and the principal character whose career we examine has just been promoted to top top girl. Linda Hunt, Valerie Mahaffey, Lise Hilboldt, Kathryn Grody, Freda Foh Shen, Donna Bullock, and Sara Botsford are the splendid actresses. Caryl Churchill is the adventurous playwright. Max Stafford-Clark is the director. (1/10/83) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Transfiguration of Benno Blimpie—Benno, an enormously fat man who is literally eating himself to death, reviews the events of his life. This revival, with Peter Evans in the title role, is worthy of Albert Innaurato's strong, fantastic, tragic comedy. Mr. Innaurato directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playwrights Horizons Studio Theatre, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 10.)

Triple Feature—Three one-act plays: "Slacks and Tops," by Harry Kondoleon; "Half a Lifetime," by Stephen Metcalfe; and "The Groves of Academe," by Mark Stein. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 10.)

True West—Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production last season, has now been transformed by the superb clowning of John Malkovich and Gary Sinise, of Chicago. Mr. Sinise was the excellent director. (11/29/82) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival, flawlessly cast and directed, of the Arthur Miller melodrama about an Italian longshoreman in Brooklyn who has the bad luck to fall in love with his niece. (2/14/83) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Whodunnit—A silly parody of the English murder-mystery genre, written by Anthony Shaffer and enacted by a cast about whom it would be kind to say that all of them have been miscast. (1/10/83) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

You Can't Take It with You—Jason Robards, James Coco, Elizabeth Wilson, and Colleen Dewhurst in the Kaufman-Hart comedy. Staged by Ellis Rabb. Previews through Sunday, April 3. Opens officially on Monday, April 4. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**agnes of god:** John Pielmeier has written a three-sided discussion of mounting asperity conducted among a Mother Superior, a psychiatrist, and a nun who has given birth to (and perhaps murdered) a child. The cast consists of Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Carrie Fisher. Michael Lindsay-Hogg is the director. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **amadeus:** Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. David Dukes plays the villainous Salieri, and John Pankow plays Mozart. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **cloud 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a clever and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is nimbly performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **the dining room:** The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room over the past fifty years or so, somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters who are portrayed by six accomplished actors. David Trainer was the good director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **dreamgirls:** Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **evita:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. On Thursday, March 31, there will be two sign-language interpreters for deaf patrons. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 9,536 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **joseph and the amazing technicolor dreamcoat:** A musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:15, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Tuesday, April 5, at 3.) . . . **nine:** A musical version of Fellini's "8½," with charming music and yrics by Maury Yeston, a stunning set by Lawrence Miller, and sensationally attractive ostumes by William Ivey Long, but the book by Arthur Kopit) is an embarrassing anti-eminist tract. Raul Julia is the star. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES:** A thoroughly engaging and spirited cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann or by his wife, Cass Morgan. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, March 30, at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Donald Corren substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey presenting their hundred-and-thirteenth edition. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, March 30-April 1, at 10:30 and 2:30; Saturday, April 2, at 10:30, 3, and 7:30; Sunday, April 3, at 1 and 5:30; Monday through Friday, April 4-8, at 10:30 and 2:30; and Saturday, April 9, at 10:30, 3, and 7:30. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Martin Charnin's Upstairs at O'Neals'—A lively little revue with a young cast of six, whose ranks may or may not include a future Chita Rivera or Joel Grey. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 382-1614. Tuesdays at 8 and 10:30; Wednesdays and Thursday, April 7, at 8; Fridays and Thursday, March 31, at 8 and 10:30; and Saturdays at 7, 9:30, and midnight.)

Blue Hill Troupe—Benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Princess Ida." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday, March 30, at 8; Thursday and Friday, March 31-April 1, at 7:30; and Saturday, April 2, at 2 and 8. For tickets, call 316-1549, Wednesday through Friday between 10 and 3.)

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—The first of nine performances of "The Gondoliers." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday and Friday, April 7-8, at 8, and Saturday, April 9, at 3 and 8.)

DANCE

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, May 1—Tuesday, April 5, at 7: "Cloven Kingdom," "House of Cards," "Duet from 'Lento' " (with guest dancers Suzanne Farrell and Peter Martins), and "Mercuric Tidings." (A benefit performance; for information about tickets, call 966-6959.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 6, and Friday, April 8, at 8: "Airs," "House of Cards," and "Sunset" (première). . . . ¶ Thursday, April 7, at 8: "Book of Beasts," "Polaris," and "Mercuric Tidings." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 9, at 8: "Esplanade," "Lost, Found and Lost," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Los Angeles Ballet—Tuesday, April 5, at 7:30, and Saturday, April 9, at 8: "Capriccio," "Valse Scherzo," "This Ae Nighte," and "Charleston." . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 6, at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "The Young Apollo," "St. Paul's Suite," "Fantasies," and "The Red Back Book." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 7, at 8: "Ebony Concerto," "Afternoon of a Faun," "The Young Apollo," "Fantasies," and "Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Pilar Rioja—Program I: Friday and Saturday, April 1-2, at 8; Sunday, April 3, at 3; and Friday and Saturday, April 8-9, at 8. . . . ¶ Program II: Wednesday and Thursday, March 30-31, at 8; Sunday, April 3, and Tuesday, April 5, at 7; Wednesday, April 6, at 2 and 8; .and Thursday, April 7, at 8. (Reportorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Through Sunday, April 17.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by two companies. **ART OF ISADORA:** Wednesday and Thursday, March 30-31, at 8. . . . **DINIZULU AND HIS AFRICAN DANCERS, DRUMMERS, AND SINGERS:** Thursday, April 7, and Saturday, April 9, at 8, and Sunday, April 10, at 2. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

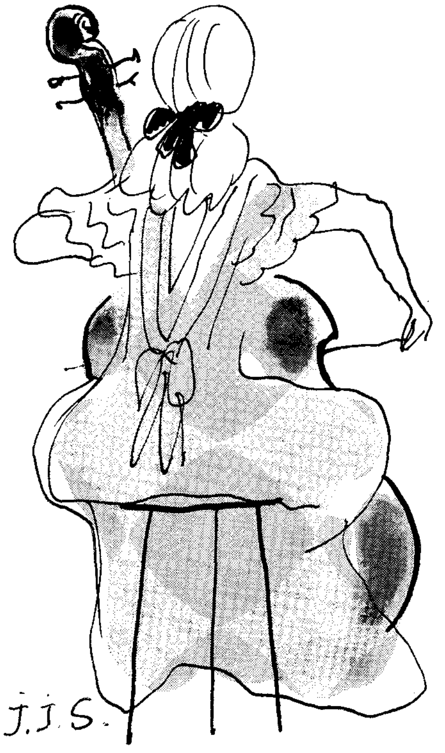
Rosalind Newman and Dancers—Opening performances of a two-week engagement of "4: Stories," a new full-length work combining dance, narration, and music. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, March 31-April 2, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Friday and Saturday, April 1-2, pianist **HAL GALPER** leads a trio, and on Friday and Saturday, April 8-9, **RONNIE MATHEWS** will take charge of the piano. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club, with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. Drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** and his labor-of-love nonet, **DAMERONIA,** perform the gorgeous and shamefully little-known (outside the jazz world) compositions of Tadd Dameron, who died nearly twenty years ago. The nineteen-tune repertoire includes "Soultrane," off which **FRANK WESS** soars on his alto sax, "Our Delight," "Philly J. J.," "Fountainbleau," "Killer Joe," and the lush ballad "On a Misty Night," which is played at a speeded-up pace. Outstanding are **CECIL PAYNE,** whose baritone sax is fluent and fluid, and the all-smiles pianist, **WALTER DAVIS, JR.** You know you're listening to something special the whole time the band is onstage. Through Sunday, April 3. On Tuesday, April 5, **ASTRUD GILBERTO** will begin singing Brazilian-jazz standards and an occasional funky number in her unmistakable soft, low, nondramatic voice. Sets begin at nine-thirty.



Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Wednesday, March 30, Robin Williamson and the Battlefield Band; Friday and Saturday, April 1-2, **TAJ MAHAL** and Drifters; Wednesday and Thursday, April 6-7, trumpeter **DONALD BYRD** & the 125th St. N.Y.C. Band and Carl Anderson; and Friday and Saturday, April 8-9, **STEPS AHEAD,** a quintet made up of **MICHAEL BRECKER, PETER ERSKINE, EDDIE GOMEZ, MIKE MAINIERI,** and **ELIANI ELIAS.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. Bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN** and **STANLEY COWELL** can be heard through Saturday, April 2; Sunday, April 3, will belong to pianist **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD;** and on Monday, April 4, **JOHN HICKS** will claim the keyboard. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON,** who works until ten at the Waldorf at a sumptuous Louis XVI Steinway that belonged to Cole Porter, performs after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white trail-size Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard on Fridays and Saturdays. Singer-pianist **BOB DOROUGH** can be heard here on Wednesdays and Thursdays from nine to two.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

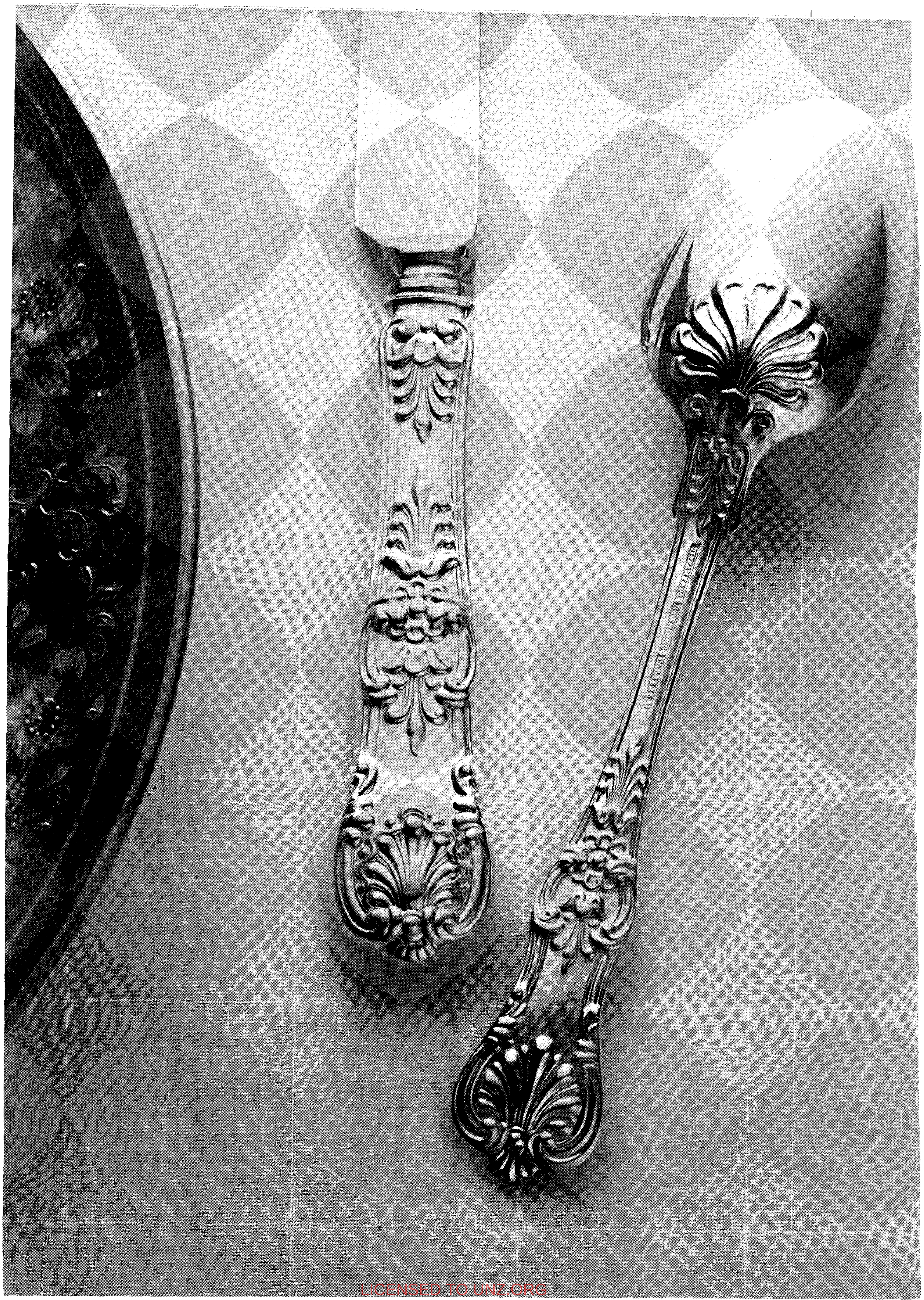
Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is now presenting **BARBARA COOK,** who sings in a clear, ringing soprano. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** is at work at the keyboard in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** can be found in this dark-brown restaurant in back of Carnegie Hall. His delicate, elegant piano solos, performed before hushed, attentive audiences, are encased, at times, in very short sets. Nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, March 30, Langrehr, Sometimes Y, and Sly Society; Thursday, March 31, Cheetah Chrome, the Arlingtons, and Butch Lust; Friday, April 1, the Individuals, Swimming Pool Q's, and Moot; Saturday, April 2, Shrapnel and Hoy Boy & the Doys; and Tuesday, April 5, Chris Bond, Shhh, Pale Face, and Aces & Eights. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**OSCAR BRAND,** a veteran folk strummer and singer of "bawdy," seagoing, and terra-firma songs, is here through Saturday, April 2. Starting Tuesday, April 5, **ADELAIDE HALL,** who starred on Broadway in "Blackbirds of 1928," will arrive to sing with backup support from **RONNY WHYTE** on piano and **FRANK TATE** on bass. Shows begin at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven. In spite of all the harpoons, ships' figureheads, and mounted fish hanging on the walls, you



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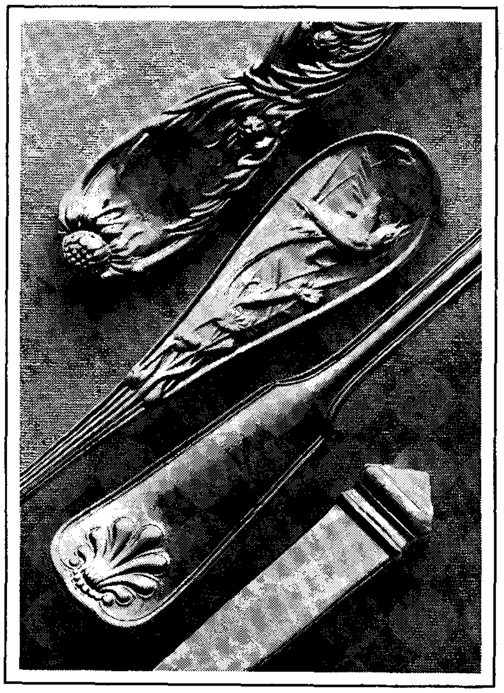

(Opposite) "English King:" A very popular pattern in both Europe and America. First made by Tiffany & Co. in 1885. Its rich and intricate decoration conveys a sense of occasion. 5-piece setting, $315.

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TIFFANY & CO.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

might swear you were in the hills somewhere, because of the lively bluegrass, folk, and old-time country music that is presented every week. Wednesday, March 30, Nancy Crutcher and Ron Duncan; Thursday, March 31, Dave and Kay Gordon; Saturday, April 2, Dalglish, Larsen and Sutherland; Thursday, April 7, Debbie Fish and Diane Sanabria; and Saturday, April 9, Hotfoot Quintet. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen on Thursdays, and from nine on Saturdays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The tradition-minded house sextet goes to work at eight-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays, **BOB WILBER'S** Bechet Legacy works out on Mondays from eight-thirty, and on Wednesdays the Bill Simon–George Simon quintet is here from five-thirty to eight-thirty. On Sunday, April 3, cornettist **DICK SUDHALTER** will head up a quintet from about *nine-fifteen. Dining.*

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—On Wednesday, March 30, Marion Cowings and Kim Shaw are singing here; violinist Noel Pointer will come in on Thursday, March 31, and finish up on Sunday, April 3; and on Tuesday, April 5, Latin-jazz percussionist **MONGO SANTAMARIA** will bring in his band. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, March 30, Dangerous Birds, Cyclones, and Smithereens; Friday, April 1, Floor Models; Saturday, April 2, the latest **PAUL BUTTERFIELD BLUES BAND;** Sunday, April 3, Jane Brucker; Monday, April 4, Lynn Samuels; Tuesday, April 5, Scottish and Irish music by **BOYS OF THE LOUGH;** Wednesday, April 6, V-Effect; Thursday, April 7, Edwina Lee Tyler & A Piece of the World; Friday, April 8, **ALLEN GINSBERG** (yup, *that* Allen Ginsberg); and Saturday, April 9, **ERIC ANDERSEN.** Two shows—the first one usually getting under way about nine—every night but Wednesday, when the music starts at ten, and Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. The live music: through Thursday, March 31, Rod Williams; Friday and Saturday, April 1-2, Val Eley; Monday, April 4, Tony Goldman; Tuesday through Thursday, April 5-7, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN** and pianist **MICKEY TUCKER;** and Friday and Saturday, April 8-9, Tina Fabrik. Music Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine, eleven, and one. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—**ATTILA ZOLLER,** a smooth, swinging guitarist and one of the best-kept secrets in jazz, leads his trio Wednesdays through Sundays; *on* Mondays, Janet Lawson sings with *her* trio; and on Tuesdays **CHUCK WAYNE,** whose guitar solos are still bebop fast, leads a trio. All these groups begin at about ten. Sundays from five to ten belong to pianist, singer, and Ellington scholar **BROOKS KERR,** and Loumell Morgan plays piano the same hours Mondays through Fridays.

GRIFF'S, Third Ave., at 37th St. (867-7179)—A very pleasant restaurant in one of those spare high-rise apartment houses. Pianist **ARMEN DONELIAN** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ** perform duets through Saturday, April 2; on Tuesday, April 5, pianist **WALTER NORRIS** and bassist **JAY**

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LEONHART will move in. The Sunday-and-Monday slot usually belongs to singer-pianist **NINA SHELDON** and her bassist. Sets begin at nine Tuesdays through Saturdays and at seven on Sundays and Mondays.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **JUDY CARMICHAEL,** a cheerfully rampaging stride and ragtime player, winds up her stay here on Monday, April 4; on Tuesday, April 5, Neville Dickie will take over. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Five resident Dixieland journeymen swing *it under the leadership of trumpeter* Spanky Davis. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. They're listening to real fine duos: **ROLAND HANNA,** whose playing is sometimes clipped and percussive, at other times undulating and romantic, but always powerful and moving, works with bassist **REGGIE JOHNSON** Tuesdays through Saturdays; **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** are the Sunday and Monday players. Music from about ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's, where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Wednesday, March 30, singer **MARIA MULDAUR** with New Orleans pianist **DR. JOHN** and the Freelance Vandals; Thursday, March 31, the Pousette-Dart Band; Sunday, April 3, Willie & Nenni Nininger and the Dead River Band; Monday, April 4, blues singer and blues-harp whiz **PAUL BUTTERFIELD** and his new **BLUES BAND;** Wednesday, April 6, guitarist and old Butterfield hand **ELVIN BISHOP** and Don Morrell & the Meteors; and Thursday, April 7, **STEVE FORBERT.** Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A real fine lineup, as usual: Tenor saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN** works with a blues-biased outfit that also features pianist **HAROLD MABERN** and trumpeter **MARCUS BELGRAVE** *through* Sunday, *April 3; on* Monday and Tuesday, April 4-5, **RICHIE BEIRACH, DAVID LIEBMAN, EDDIE GOMEZ, RASHIED ALI,** and **RANDY BRECKER** will join forces; and on Wednesday, April 6, singer and lyricist **JON HENDRICKS** will arrive with his singing family. Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty, midnight, and two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Mondays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. The lineup: Wednesday, March 30, Henry Mitchell; Thursday, March 31, Genie Swinson; Friday and Saturday, April 1-2, drummer and headmaster **ART BLAKEY** and his lates batch of **JAZZ MESSENGERS;** Monday, April 4 Cold Front; Wednesday, April 6, Thom Rotella; and Friday and Saturday, April 8-9 **DAVE VALENTIN,** an exciting Latin-jazz flutist Music from ten until two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, formerly just-folkies club, bu now there is jazz and large helpings of rock The current roster: Wednesday, March 30, Rock Wilk and Bess Robeth; Thursday, March 31, Roland Vazquez; Friday and Saturday, April 1-2, Alive!, a Berkeley-based jazz quintet; and Wednesday through Saturday, April 6-9, the **PERSUASIONS,** the sublime a-cappella, street-corner-soul quintet. Shows begin at nine-thirty and midnight. On Sundays after ten, the place is given over to a *jazz-rock jam session. Mondays, a talent* showcase begins at eight. Dining and dancing.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **BOB JANUARY,** his orchestra, and singer **BARBARA LEA** perform music to dance to or dig the view by Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

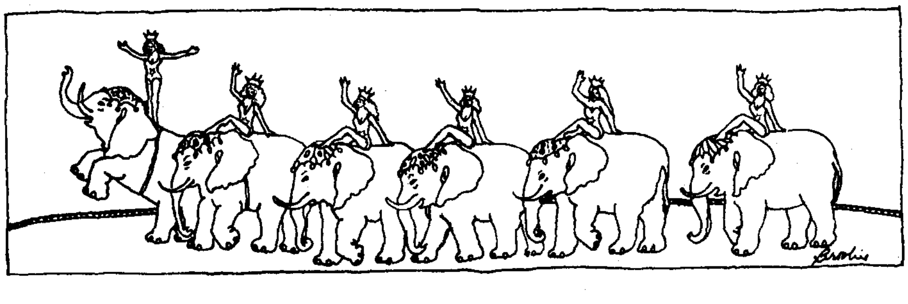
RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. *Dining.*

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom: the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. What the place loses in intimacy it makes up in occasional big names. Wednesday, March 30, Zebra; Thursday, March 31, Blotto; Friday and Saturday, April 1-2, the Stranglers; Monday, April 4, the Pa-dant-iks; Tuesday, April 5, Vision; Wednesday, April 6, two adept English popsters, **NICK LOWE** and **PAUL CARRACK;** Thursday, April 7, Robert Hazard; Friday, April 8, Telephone; and Saturday, April 9, In Deep. Shows usually begin after midnight. Closed Sundays.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor. The players: Friday and Saturday, April 1-2, French Toast; Sunday, April 3, Robert Kraft (at nine and eleven); Mondays, Ed Palermo's Big Band; Tuesday, April 5, David Lahm; Wednesday, April 6, Nitespryte; and Thursday through Sunday, April 7-10, **MC COY TYNER.** Music from nine-thirty.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Sambas and other musical sounds from Rio, Bahia, Salvador, and the jungle. On weekends, patrons can become percussionists: they are given previously emptied and somehow resealed Brahma beer (it's Brazilian, of course) cans partway filled with rice and tantalizingly shakable. Wednesday, March 30, flutist **LLOYD MCNEIL;** Thursday, March 31, and Friday and Saturday, April 8-9, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Friday and Saturday, April 1-2, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Sunday, April 3, Marcos Silva; Tuesday, April 5, Clarice Taylor; Wednesday, April 6, guitarist **TONINHO HORTA** and his sleek and stirring jazz-rock quartet; and Thursday, April 7, Clive Stevens. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Solid weekend jazz: Friday and Saturday, April 1-2, former Jazz Messenger and longtime New York pianist **CEDAR WALTON** will team up with bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS** and drummer **BILLY HART;** and on



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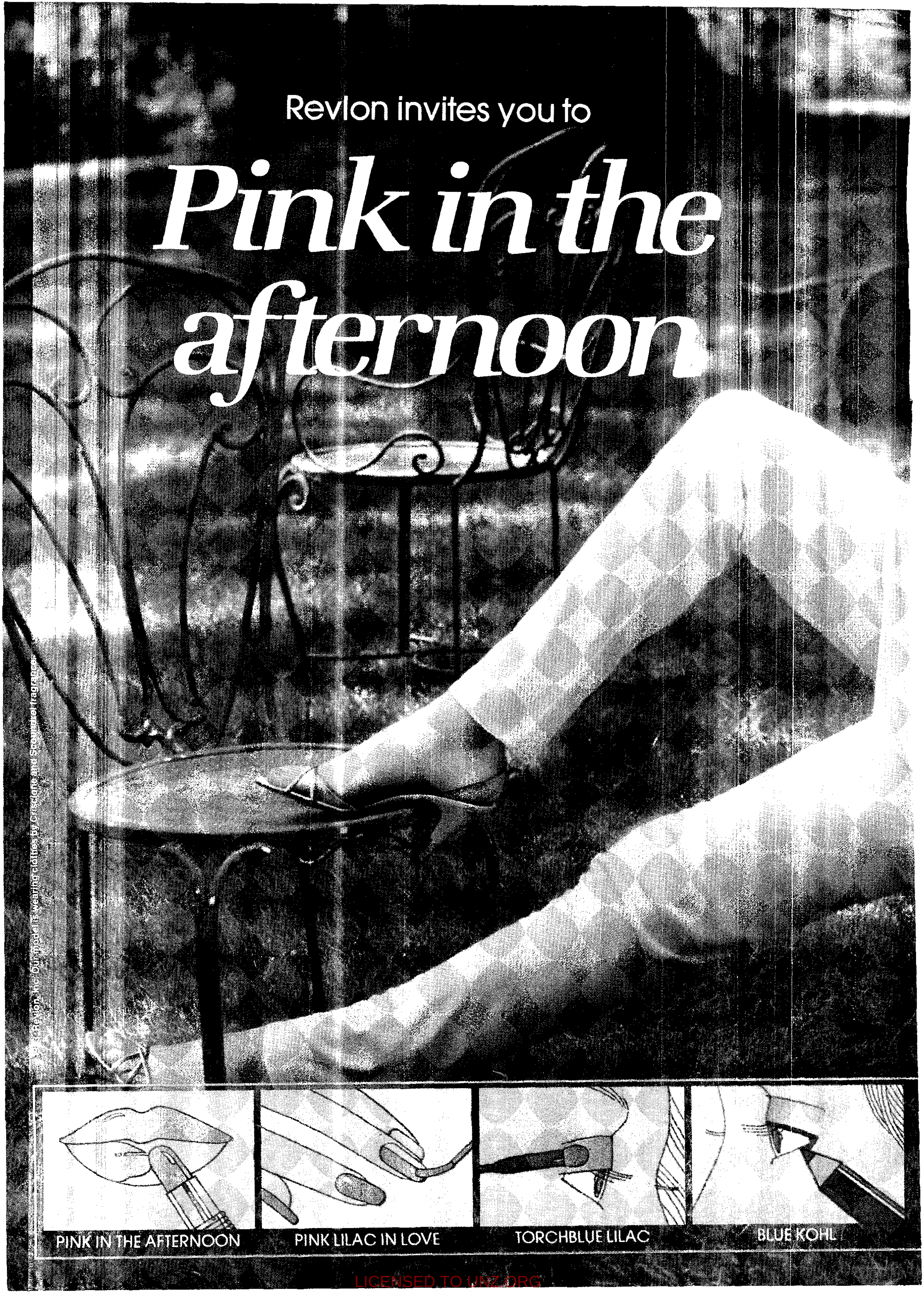
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Pink in the afternoon
© Revlon, Inc. Our model is wearing clothes by [illegible] and Scoundrel fragrance.
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PINK LILAC IN LOVE
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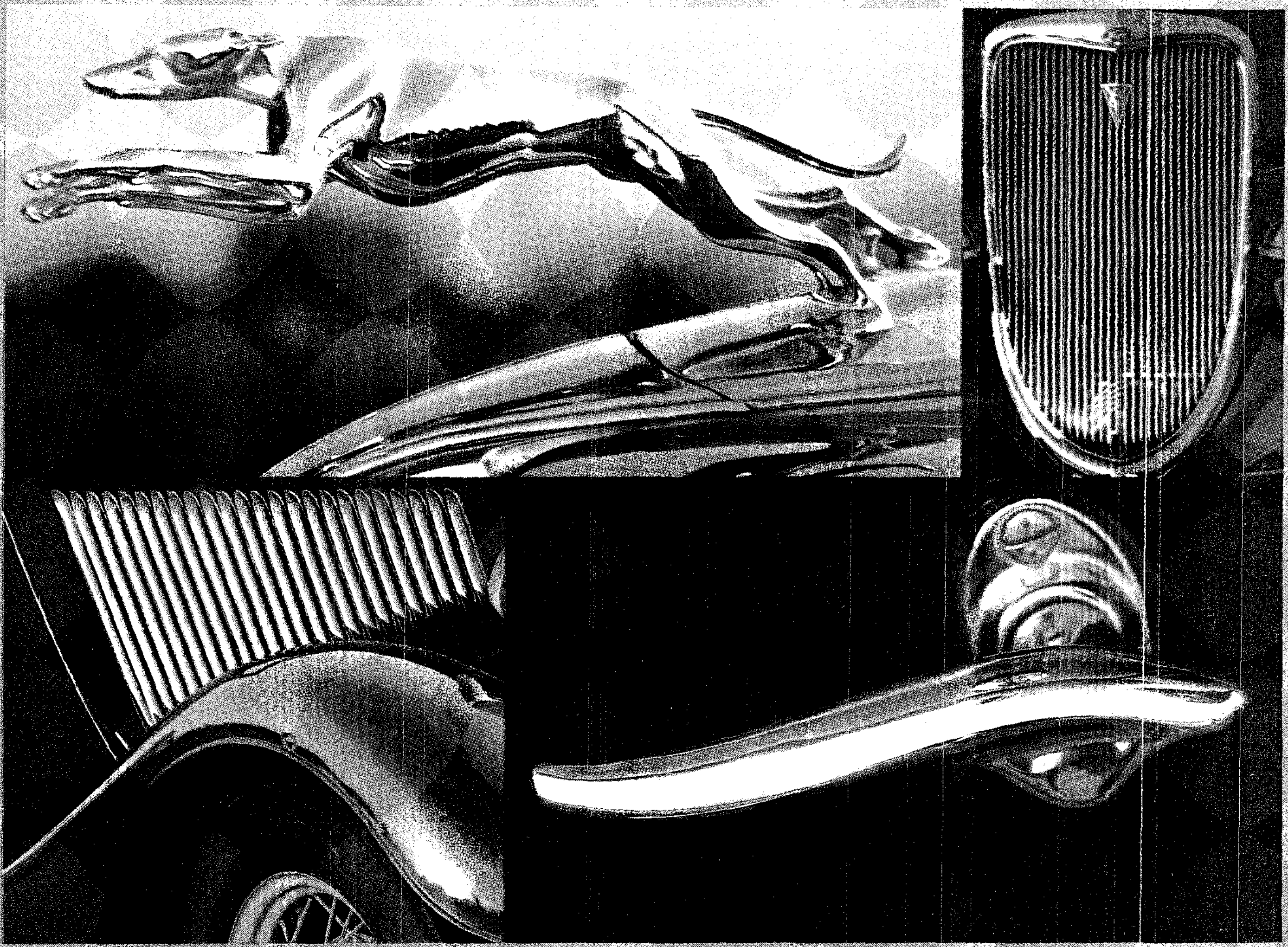

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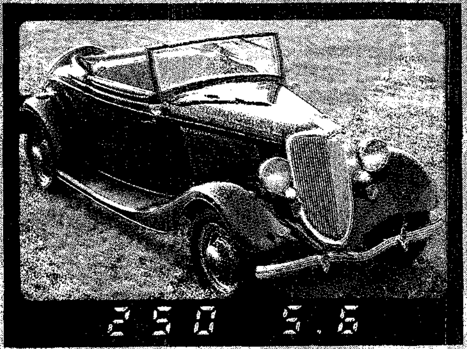

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Friday and Saturday, April 8-9, tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** will guide a quartet. Music from ten. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Baritone saxophonist **HAMIET BLUIETT** heads up an out-there, bluesy quintet—trumpeter **OLU DARA,** pianist **BOB NELOMS,** bassist **FRED HOPKINS,** and drummer **MICHAEL CARVIN**—through Saturday, April 2; and on Tuesday, April 5, **JIMMY WITHERSPOON** will start singing with a sufficiently bluesy backup band led by saxophonist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE.** Sundays are now given over to Brazilian jazz with **THIAGO DE MELLO & AMAZON,** and on Mondays the **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA** squeezes itself onto the stand. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—R. & B. singer-pianist **CHARLES BROWN** doesn't look anywhere near old enough to have had a hit record in 1945, but he is—the song was "Driftin' Blues," which he recorded as a member of an L.A. trio called the Three Blazers. He still sings a sophisticated, lounge-variety—as opposed to juke-joint-variety—rhythm and blues (he was most likely influenced by *the* singer-pianist of the day, Nat King Cole, and he most likely influenced *the* singer-pianist of the fifties, Ray Charles), but his piano playing is strictly hot, laced with intense, drubbed, overkill blues chords that nevertheless sound just fine. He is also personable as all getout. Shows Wednesdays through Saturdays after nine-thirty. Greg Ryan and Brian Conway perform Irish music on Sundays from seven-thirty to midnight.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side. Wednesday, March 30, Elise Morris and the Feelines; Thursday, March 31, the Gift and Prisoners of Beat; Friday, April 1, Visitors and Urgent; Saturday, April 2, Eliott Jagoda, Jim Singer, and New York Boo Hoo; and Tuesday, April 5, the Voices and Ray Bennett. Music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Monday nights in the barnlike downstairs room are devoted to salsa music: on April 4, Johnny Ventura's band will trade sets with Somos Musica and trombonist **STEVE TURRE** will be the guest jazz soloist. Music from after nine. On Tuesdays, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio are on duty after nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world. **WYNTON MARSALIS,** the hot young trumpeter, leads a quintet through Sunday, April 3; drummer **CHARLI PERSIP'S BIG BAND** will hold down the fort on Monday, April 4; and on Tuesday, April 5, singer and pianist **SHIRLEY HORN** will descend the stairs with her trio. Mondays are now the property of **FRANK FOSTER'S BIG BAND.** Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A nice bar with tile floors, a pressed-tin ceiling, a bandstand bounded by a brass rail, and a hairpin turn (which leads to the dining room). **ZOOT SIMS** plays dancing tenor-sax solos through Sunday, April 3; on Tuesday, April 5, **MAXINE SULLIVAN** will begin singing here. Music at nine and eleven Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. Hank Johnson can be heard Mondays through Wednesdays; Joe Forrester has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-music admirers and players. The schedule: through Thursday, March 31, big-band-reed-section veteran **EDDIE BAREFIELD;** Friday and Saturday, April 1-2, tenor saxophonist **WILLIS (GATOR TAIL) JACKSON;** Monday, April 4, the Shelbo Jump Band; and Tuesday through Saturday, April 5-9, saxophonist Haywood Henry. Sundays are soaring-alto-sax-solo nights with **LEE KONITZ.** Music from nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—In the twenties, there was a speakeasy at this address; in the seventies, Reno Sweeney. Now the premises have been turned into a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant, with a musical passageway between them. The piano-bass roster: **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD** and **STEVE LA SPINA** through Saturday, April 2, and **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** beginning Monday, April 4. The guitar-bass roster: **JOE BECK** and **JAY LEONHART** every Sunday. Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine, and Sundays from eight-thirty.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Styx—City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Thursday through Sunday, March 31-April 3, at 8.

Dionne Warwick—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, April 1, at 8.

Return To Forever—With Chick Corea, Stanley Clarke, Lenny White, and Al Di Meola. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, April 1, at 8, and Saturday, April 2, at 8 and 11:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Karen Akers—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, April 1, at 8.

Butch Morris Ensemble—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 1, at 8.

Randy Newman—Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, April 3, at 7:30.

Cleo Laine and John Dankworth—With the Dankworth Quartet. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 6, at 8.)

George Winston—With William Ackerman, Michael Hedges, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 9, at 8.)

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday, March 30, at 10 and midnight: The final performances in the World Bass Festival, with the World Bass Violin Orchestra. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

Jazzmania Society—Friday and Saturday, April 1-2, at 8:30: Jorge Dalto & the Inter-American Band, with Patato Valdez. . . . ¶ Sundays at 8: Jam session. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 8-9, at 8:30: Claudio Roditi & Brazil Express. (Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. 532-7666.)

d. ehrenberg

Jazz Interviews—Carrie Smith (with a trio) being interviewed by John Gruen. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Monday, April 4, at 8. Tickets at the box office one hour before the interview.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Eduardo Arroyo—Paintings, drawings, and collages, plus a set of portrait heads of Swiss chimney sweeps (*Schornsteinfeger*) in bronze, wood, and marble. Through May 26. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Bill Barrett—Small bronze maquettes and several monumental sculptures in brushed aluminum. Through Tuesday, April 5. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Leland Bell—Paintings of figures in interiors, chiefly. Through April 20. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

George Bellows (1882-1925)—The series of oils, drawings, and prints, including the famous "Edith Cavell," about First World War atrocities, seen together in public for the first time. Through April 13. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Garth Evans—Abstract wall sculptures made of birch plywood by an English artist; first one-man show in New York. Through April 20. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Igor Galanin—Sleek fantasy paintings. Through Saturday, April 2. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Thomas George—Abstractions from nature in oil on canvas. Through April 23. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

Grace Graupe-Pillard—Portraits by an artist who intends them as social commentary. Through April 23. (Steinbaum, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

William Stanley Haseltine (1835-1900)—Pencil-and-wash drawings of Mount Desert Island; Massachusetts landscapes; and Italian vistas, by an American artist trained by German academicians. Through Saturday, April 2. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Marilyn Lenkowsky / Mark A. Kloth—Small abstract paintings. / An environmental installation, one part of which is a floor of decorated fibre-board tiles. Through April 23. (Siegel, 29 E. 73rd St.)

Gunnar Norrman—A joint exhibition of works by a contemporary Swedish artist who takes his themes from nature, often from trees. Drawings in pencil and charcoal. Through Saturday, April 9. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.) . . . ¶ Drypoints. Through April 30. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St.)

Susan Rothenberg—Sailboats and the human figure are among the more readily identifiable subjects in these new oils by a semi-abstract artist who once painted only horses. Through April 20. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Maurice Sievan (1898-1981)—Figurative paintings, most of them spectral, misty forms, done in the fifties and sixties. Through Saturday, April 2. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Group Shows—At **LA BOETIE,** 9 E. 82nd St.: Small works, mostly on paper, by twentieth-century artists, such as Klee, Balthus, Feininger, Moholy-Nagy. Through May 27. . . . **GRAHAM,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Figure paintings and portraits by such American stalwarts as Gilbert Stuart, Guy Pène du Bois, Eastman Johnson, and Thomas Anshutz. Through May 27. . . . **COE KERR,** 49 E. 82nd St.: Twenty-five paintings make up "American Realism," including a Photo-Realist treatment, by Robert Cottingham, of a storefront, and a representational work on paper, by Jamie Wyeth, in which a rooster peers out from a battered carton. Through April 15. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **SAIDENBERG,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

score of paintings and works on paper by Bauhaus associate Herbert Bayer and a scattering of works by other artists of that period, among them Kandinsky, Klee, and Schwitters. Through April 15. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.) . . . **SCHLESINGER-BOISANTÉ,** 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Abstract, surrealist, and expressionist paintings of the thirties and forties by twenty-one Americans, including Walter Quirt, John Ferren, Jack Tworkov, and Charmion von Wiegand. Through April 30. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

SIAH ARMAJANI—New sculptures in wood, glass, and metal; two of the descriptive titles are "Window in a Door" and "Fireplace Mantels." Through Saturday, April 2. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

BARTON LIDICÉ BENEŠ—Assemblages. Through Saturday, April 2. (Markel, 50 W 57th St.)

RICHARD BOSMAN—An automobile crash, a capsized lifeboat, and a panic-stricken crowd are depicted in these large paintings of not-quite-everyday events. Through April 16. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

GANDY BRODIE (1925-75)—Expressionist oils from all phases of his career. Through Saturday, April 2. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

CAROL BROWN—Small colored-pencil drawings of brilliantly hued desert scenery—wind-carved rocks and cactus formations. Through Saturday, April 9. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

CYNTHIA CARLSON—Called "Insects: A Guide," this series of paintings mocks conventional exhibitions in natural-history museums. Through April 23. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

VIJA CELMINS—Graphite drawings, painted bronzes, and etchings. Through Saturday, April 9. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

JAMES COIGNARD—Abstract paintings, works on paper, and etchings. Through April 23. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

MARCIA DALBY—A hundred-odd lighthearted sculptures of farm animals and implements, made of chicken wire covered with cheese*cloth and acrylic, by a twenty-five-year-old* artist. Through Saturday, April 2. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

NASSOS DAPHNIS—Paintings from the fifties not previously shown. Through April 16. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

RICHARD FRANCISCO—Painted balsa-wood constructions and abstract watercolors. Through Wednesday, April 6. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

JANE FREILICHER—Oils showing broad landscape views from the windows of the artist's home in Water Mill, Long Island, and cityscapes from her studio windows in town. Through Wednesday, April 6. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

JEDD GARET—Paintings. Through April 23. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

JULIO GONZÁLEZ (1876-1942)—Drawings and sculptures. Through Wednesday, April 6. (Prats, 29 W. 57th St. A retrospective is at the Guggenheim Museum.)

JOHN HARTELL—Studio interiors, upstate landscapes, and a glimpse of the Aegean, all done in low-key colors. Through April 16. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

BRYAN HUNT—Two shows of recent bronzes and drawings. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. Through April 30. . . . ¶ 112 Greene Street. Starts Saturday, April 2.)

PATRICIA JOHANSON—Drawings of flowers and butterflies by a landscape architect who copies the contours of such things (vastly enlarged, of course) in laying out parks and gardens. Through Saturday, April 9. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

OLIVER JOHNSON—Still-lifes in oil. Through April 16. (Felicie, 141 E. 56th St. Open Mondays.)

WOLF KAHN—*Landscape paintings and pastels* by a veteran colorist. Through Saturday, April 2. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ALEX KATZ—Paintings of John and Rollins, Julia and Alexandra, Ada and Alex (the latter Katz himself), and so on. Through Saturday, April 2. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

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HARRY KOURSAROS—Recent paintings with recurring floral, mythological, and allegorical motifs. Through Saturday, April 2. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

ALFRED KUBIN (1877-1959)—A retrospective of works on paper by an Austrian graphic artist noted for his phantasmagorical imagery. Through May 7 (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

DANIEL LANG—Landscape paintings by a romantic realist. Through Saturday, April 2. (David Findlay, Jr., 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

CHUCK MAGISTRO—Large abstract paintings based on tropical flowers. Through Thursday, April 7. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Upstairs at De Nagy is an exhibition called "On an Intimate Dimension," intended as a response to the more obtrusive Neo-Expressionists and made up of small paintings and wall sculptures by eleven artists, among them Robert Goodnough, Rosemarie Castoro, and Robert Mangold.

KENNETH NOLAND / MICHAEL STEINER—Acrylic canvases in polygonal shapes. Through Saturday, April 2. / Paintings on paper by the sculptor. Through April 23. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

MATT PHILLIPS—Paintings, monotypes, and etchings finished with watercolor; their subjects include figures in interiors and Moroccan marketplaces. Through April 14. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

MILTON RESNICK—Abstract oils from the past twenty years. Through Saturday, April 9. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

CHARLES SELIGER—Abstract acrylic paintings. Through April 16. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

T. L. SOLIEN—New Image paintings by an artist who incorporates autobiographical incidents (a toothache, for instance) into his works. Through Saturday, April 9. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

WILLIAM THON—Maine and other landscapes in oils and watercolors. Through April 23. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **KORNBLEE,** 20 W. 57th St.: An engaging show of small landscapes, by artists ranging from Thomas Cole and Prendergast to Albert York and Rackstraw Downes. Through Saturday, April 2. . . . **SUMERS,** 50 W. 57th St.: A reunion of German Expressionist prints by Richard Janthur, Ludwig Meidner, and Jakob Steinhardt, first shown in Berlin in 1912. Through April 30.

GALLERIES—SoHo

SHUSAKU ARAKAWA—Paintings and drawings with, characteristically, a lot of writing on them. Through April 23. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

DONALD BAECHLER—New paintings, mostly deliberately childlike drawings of heads scrawled in black paint on mottled gray backgrounds. Through Saturday, April 2 (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

BERND AND HILLA BECHER—Photographic works in their usual vein. Through Saturday, April 9 (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

ROBERT BIDNER—The façade of the New York Yacht Club and a classical doorway on Haight Street in San Francisco are among the subjects in these Magic Realist paintings of architecture. Through Sunday, April 3. (Henoch, 80 Wooster St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

MICHAEL GOLDBERG—Abstract paintings in mixed mediums. Through Saturday, April 9. (Sonnabend, in a new showroom at 121 Spring St.) . . . ¶ More works by this artist at Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.

ANNE HEALY—Sculptures in several mediums, including bronze wall reliefs and a gray chiffon hanging edged in copper paint. Through Saturday, April 2. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

NANCY KETCHMAN / PHYLLIS GAUGHRAN—Magic Realist paintings and pastels. / Paintings and collages. Through April 17. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

HELMUT MIDDENDORF—Large, strident paintings of figures, architecture, and interiors by a German associated with the Heftig Malerei—"vehement painters"—group. Through Tuesday, April 5. (Bonlow, 150 Greene St.)

IZHAR PATKIN / ALEXIS SMITH—Pictures of a wedding (from reception to smashed wineglass) done in mixed mediums on varied surfaces, including bridal veiling. / Collages that comment on American life in the early forties and on movie posters, among other things. Through April 13. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

JOSEPH RAFFAEL—Masses of flowers crowd these very large new watercolors, devoted to the Luxembourg Gardens. There are also a couple of studies of carp seen underwater. Through Wednesday, April 6. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

ROBERT RYMAN—Solid-white paintings, some done on linen and others on fibre glass. Through Saturday, April 9. (Bonnier, a new gallery at 420 West Broadway.)

EDITH SCHLOSS—Sunny paintings of the seaside, *birds, and some odd animals. Through Saturday*, April 9. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

ROSALIND SHAFFER / B. K. SCHARBACH—Tableaux made of painted-plywood cutouts—a bedroom scene, a crowded beach, a sundeck. / Watercolor portraits, in many of which only the head is in color, the rest of the figure simply pencilled in. Through April 13. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

MARTIN SILVERMAN—Polychrome bronze figures in heroic poses—Eve confronting the Serpent, for one. Through Saturday, April 9. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

ALAN VEGA—Sculptures: crucifixes assembled from light bulbs in combination with assorted scrap materials; the artist is known also as a musician. Through April 16. (Gladstone, at a new address at 152 Wooster St.)

MARGARET WHARTON—Sculptures constructed from, and sometimes resembling, chairs. Through April 23. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

PETER AGOSTINI—Early drawings, watercolors, and sculptures. Through Monday, April 4. (New York Studio School, 8 W. 8th St. Open daily; closes at 4 on Saturdays and Sundays.)

MARK DI SUVERO—A massive construction incorporating a dismantled steam shovel is among these recent metal sculptures, all of which either rotate under their own power or can be moved manually. Through May 7. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 5:30; Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

JACK GOLDSTEIN—A large new painting displayed in conjunction with his films (none longer than seven minutes) and records. Through Sunday, April 3. (White Columns, 325 Spring St., at Greenwich St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 7.)

MICHAEL HAFFTKA—Paintings of distorted figures seen in hospitals or other impersonal backgrounds. Through Wednesday, April 6. (Art

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Galaxy, 262 Mott St., between Houston and Prince Sts. Closed Tuesdays.)

Frida Kahlo (1907-54) / **Tina Modotti** (1896-1942)—Sixty surrealist paintings. / Eighty photographs (a third are vintage), all reflecting the artist's interest in Mexican politics in the twenties. Through April 16. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Jody Pinto / **Michael Goldberg**—Single silhouetted figures fly through the air in these high-spirited paintings on paper. / Abstract paintings on paper. Through Saturday, April 2. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.) . . . ¶ Sonnabend, 121 Spring St., has a complementary show of Goldberg's work.

Group Shows—At **the clocktower,** 108 Leonard St., five blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway: Artist-architects and just plain artists (Frank Gehry, Mary Miss, and Patsy Norvell among them) showing models, paintings, sculptures, and other objects whose point of departure—habitats—is also the title for the exhibit. Through Saturday, April 9. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.) . . . **delahunty,** 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St.: Italo Scanga, James Surls, and Suzan Pitt are among the eleven artists showing, variously, sculptures, paintings, and photographs. Richard Fishman has a drawing. Through April 16. . . . **the new museum,** 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Eight Seattle artists showing diverse works, among them four installation pieces. Through June 1. (Opens weekdays, except Friday, April 1, at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

James Abbe (1883-1973)—Photographic portraits used in *Vanity Fair* between 1917 and 1934—Laurette Taylor, Theda Bara, John Barrymore, the Dolly Sisters, Jack Dempsey, and so on. Through April 30. (Washburn, 113 Greene St.)

Marcel Bardon—Color photographs of France and China. Through Thursday, April 7. (Castelli Graphics West, 43 W. 61st St. Opens at 1.)

David Finn—Photographs of Henry Moore's bronze "Large Two Forms." Through April 28. (Low Memorial Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Opens at 9 Mondays through Fridays.)

Builder Levy—A twenty-year retrospective by a photographer best known for his studies of Appalachian coal miners, many shown here. Through Saturday, April 2. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

Scott MacLeay—Fresson prints. Through April 15. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Jack Manning—Prints of the San Juan slum called "La Perla," by a *Times* photographer. Through April 12. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)

Sarah Moon / **Len Jenshel**—Eighty prints from the past decade by a French fashion photographer. / Views of mansions in Newport and on Long Island which are now tourist attractions, photographed, inside and out, in the off-season. Through Sunday, April 3. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Paul Strand (1890-1975)—Platinum prints first shown at Alfred Stieglitz's Gallery 291 in 1916, together with later photographs of artists in the Stieglitz circle. Through April 23. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **marlborough,** 40 W. 57th St.: Prints by Berenice Abbott, Brassaï, Bill Brandt, and Irving Penn. Through Saturday, April 2. . . . **neikrug,** 224 E. 68th St.: The hundred years of the Brooklyn Bridge documented in photographs by Edward Alenius, Harvey Lloyd, Irwin Silver, and others. Through Saturday, April 9. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

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Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Vatican Collections. Through June 12. . . . ¶ An exhibit of fifteenth- and sixteenth-century Italian drawings by such masters as Michelangelo, Raphael, and Leonardo da Vinci. All the works, which number close to a hundred, are from the museum's collections. Through April 17. . . . ¶ "La Belle Epoque," a show of costumes in period settings. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—"Prints from Blocks: Gauguin to Now," a survey of woodcuts and linoleum cuts as represented in the museum's print reservoir. The artists also include Nolde, Matisse, Carol Summers, and Georg Baselitz. Through May 15. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

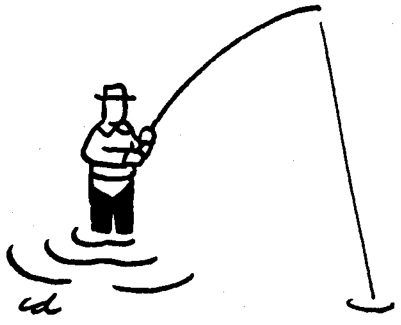
Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of sculptures and drawings by Julio González (1876-1942), the Spanish artist who was in the vanguard of sculptors working in welded metal. Through May 8. A complementary show (ending Wednesday, April 6) is at Galeria Joan Prats, 29 W. 57th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Whitney Biennial, 1983: Seventy-six artists (nineteen of them women), a hundred and twenty-four pieces (paintings, sculptures, photographs, videotapes, films, and installations), representing seven states (New York, California, Minnesota, Texas, Illinois, Georgia, and Maryland). Through May 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The museum has a head start on the centenary celebrations for the Brooklyn Bridge with a diverse show that includes engineering drawings by the Roeblings; a wood engraving from *Harpers Weekly* showing President Arthur at the opening of the bridge, on May 24, 1883; and numerous expressions of admiration for the bridge in works of art, among them a drawing by Saul Steinberg, two photographs by Walker Evans, and a construction by Red Grooms. Through June 19. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Among the highlights of three separate but related exhibits—on deep-sea diving, on underwater photography, and on animal life in the sea—are a seven-foot model of a deep-sea diver's suit and a model of a sixteenth-century diving bell. Through May 15. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibit of works by thirty-two painters and sculptors who were candidates for seven Academy-Institute awards; the awards were given to Jennifer Bartlett, Susan Rothenberg, Michael C. Spafford, Angelo Savelli, Carl Andre, Giorgio Cavallon, and Joanne Lowenthal. Through Saturday, April 2. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)



American Craft Museum I, 44 W. 53rd St.—A show of twenty-five clay and glass vessels by Glen Lukens (1887-1967). Through Sunday, April 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A loan show of nearly a hundred Buddhist paintings and sculptures identified with the remote Vajrayana monasteries that lined the trans-Himalayan trade routes during a thousand-year period that began in the seventh century A.D. Through Sunday, April 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—Bamboo carvings—flutes, brush holders, perfume containers, and the like, as well as monks and mythical beasts carved in the round or incised on the skin of the bamboo. Through May 29. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, except Good Friday, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, except Easter, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of about a hundred and fifty fanciful modifications of the south façade of the Carnegie Mansion (otherwise known as the Cooper-Hewitt Museum). Each work had the same line drawing of the façade as its starting point; some of the embellishers include Eugène Mihaesco, Pierre Le-Tan, Edward Koren, Charles Addams, and Mamie Eisenhower—who on hers drew an American flag on the building's rooftop. Through May 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The variety and abundance of symbolic animal imagery in ancient and medieval art provide the basis for a show of cylinder seals and illuminated manuscripts, drawn primarily from the library's collections. Through April 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5, Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About two hundred artist-members of the National Academy are represented in this year's annual show by their paintings, sculptures, and prints. Among those singled out for prizes are Alice Neel, Richard Yarde, Sidney Simon, and Antonio Frasconi. Through April 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

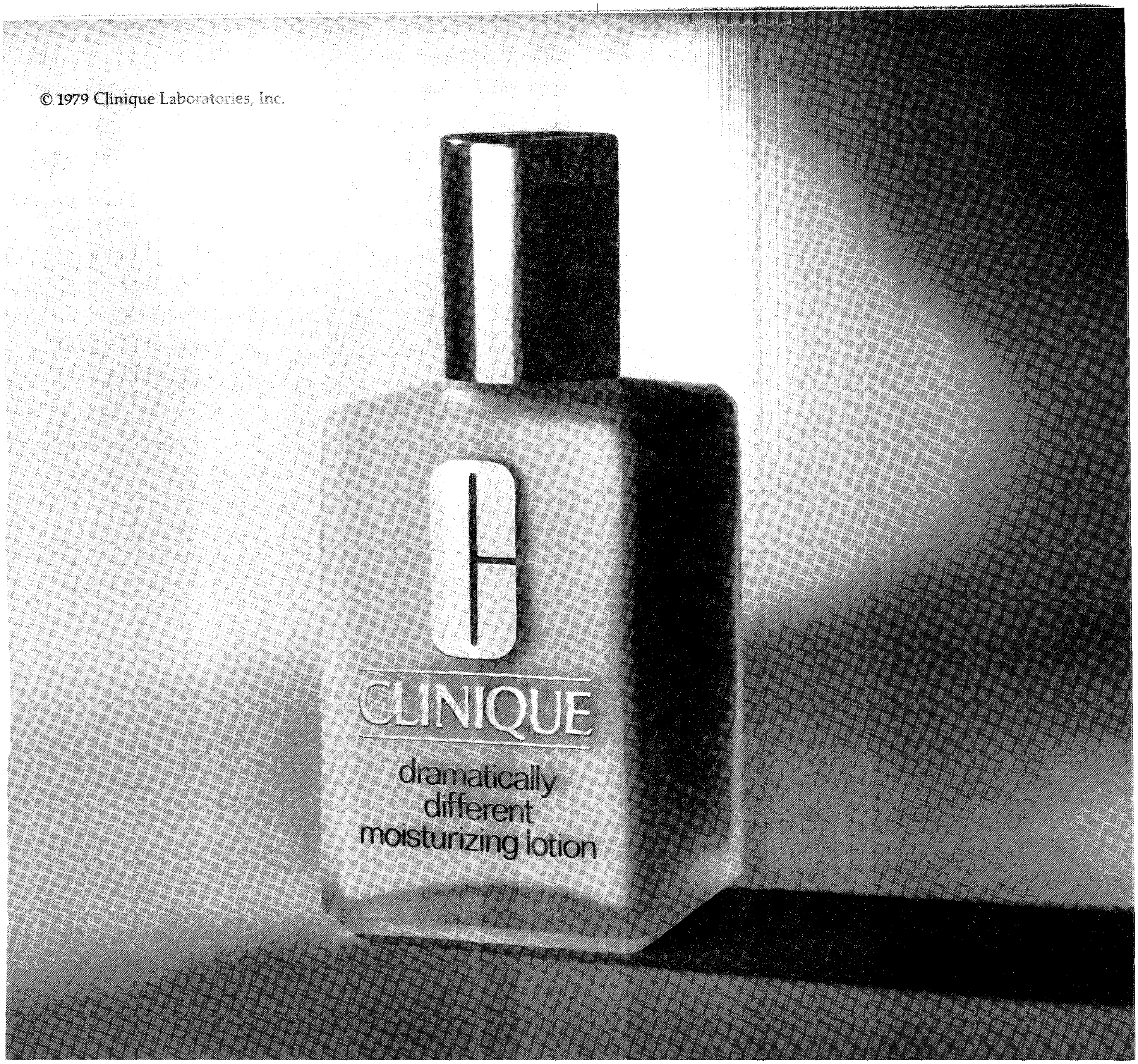
(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Joe Lowery (performance), Thursday, March 31, at 8:30; a two-day performance program called "Live Irish Art," Friday, April 8, at 8 and 9, and Saturday, April 9, at 2, 4:30, 8, and 9. . . . ¶ A collection of eight audiotapes by Jerri Allyn; headphones provided. Through Saturday, April 9.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Anthony Davis (music), Friday and Saturday, April 1-2, at 8:30; Charles Atlas & Douglas Dunn (première of an hour-long video "Secret of the Waterfall"), Sunday, April 3, at 8:30; Susan Salinger (dance), Thursday through Saturday, April 7-9, at 8:30. . . . ¶ A light-sound-video installation by Sokhi Wagner. Through Saturday, April 2.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey



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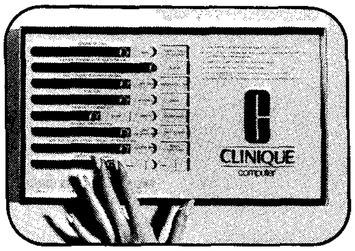

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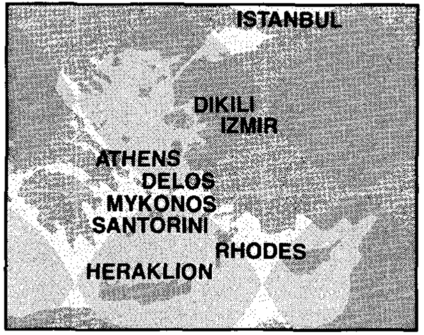

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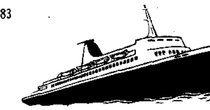

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, March 30, at 7: “Die Walküre,” with Gwyneth Jones, Hildegard Behrens, Manfred Jung, and Franz Ferdinand Nentwig; conducted by Silvio Varviso. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 31, at 8: “Il Trovatore,” with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Viorica Cortez, Ermanno Mauro, and Matteo Manuguerra; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Friday, April 1, at 7: “Parsifal,” with Tatiana Troyanos, Timothy Jenkins, Simon Estes, and Franz Mazura; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 2, at 1: “Die Walküre,” with Gwyneth Jones, Hildegard Behrens, Manfred Jung, and Franz Ferdinand Nentwig; Silvio Varviso. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 2, at 8: “Il Bârbiere di Siviglia,” with Frederica von Stade, Pablo Elvira, Rockwell Blake, and Sesto Bruscantini; Emil Tchakarov. . . . ¶ Monday, April 4, at 7: “Parsifal,” with Tatiana Troyanos, Timothy Jenkins, Simon Estes, and Franz Mazura; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 5, at 8: “Il Barbiere di Siviglia,” with Frederica von Stade, Pablo Elvira, Rockwell Blake, and Sesto Bruscantini; Emil Tchakarov. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 6, at 8: “Il Trovatore,” with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Viorica Cortez, Ermanno Mauro, and Matteo Manuguerra; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 7, at 7: “Parsifal,” with Tatiana Troyanos, Gerd Brenneis, Simon Estes, and Hans Tschammer; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, April 8, at 8: “Madame Butterfly,” with Leona Mitchell, Ariel Bybee, Ermanno Mauro, and David Holloway; Eugene Kohn. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, April 9, at 2: “Il Barbiere di Siviglia,” with Frederica von Stade, Pablo Elvira, Rockwell Blake, and Sesto Bruscantini; Emil Tchakarov. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 9, at 8: “Il Trovatore,” with Adelaide Negri, Viorica Cortez, Ermanno Mauro, and Matteo Manuguerra; Nello Santi.

BROQUE OPERA—A double bill: William Shield’s “Rosina” and “The Music Master,” attributed to Pergolesi. Staged by Marie King, with a chamber orchestra conducted by Dominic Meiman. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Fridays and Saturdays, April 1-2 and April 8-9, at 8, and Sundays, April 3 and 10, at 2. For tickets, call 535-6069.)

"THE FALSE MESSIAH"—The première of an opera by Bruce Adolphe and Mel Gordon, conducted by Amy Kaiser and staged by Mr. Gordon. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, April 9, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 10, at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, March 31, at 8; Friday, April 1, at 2; and Saturday, April 2, and Tuesday, April 5, at 8: A Wagner-Bruckner program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, April 7-9, at 8, and Tuesday, April 12, at 7:30: A Schönberg-Liszt-Debussy program, with Krystian Zimerman, piano.

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—At Carnegie Hall—Sunday, April 3, at 3: Moshe Atzmon directing Mahler’s Third Symphony, with Janice Meyerson, mezzo-soprano; the Women’s Chorus of the Oratorio Society of New York; and the Brooklyn Boys’ Chorus. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 7, at 8: Gilbert Kaplan directing a twentieth-anniversary benefit concert, featuring a performance of Mahler’s Second Symphony, with Benita Valente, soprano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; and the Westminster Symphonic Choir.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Haydn-Webern-Brahms program. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 5, at 8.)

ENSEMBLE INSTRUMENTAL DE FRANCE—Jean-Pierre Wallez conducting an eleven-member string orchestra, with Daniel Varsano, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 4, at 8.)

TAFELMUSIK BAROQUE ORCHESTRA—The second of two concerts by this Canadian ensemble. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, April 7, at 8.)

NEW YORK POPS—Skitch Henderson conducting the orchestra’s inaugural concert in a program of American music. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 8, at 8.)

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB—Warren H. Brown directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, April 5, at 8.)

BACH'S "ST. JOHN PASSION"—Richard Westenburg directing the Musica Sacra Chorus and Orchestra, with Gwendolyn Bradley, soprano; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler and Jon Humphrey, tenors; David Arnold, baritone; and Jan Opalach, bass-baritone. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, March 30, at 7:30.) . . . ¶ Paul Halley directing the Choristers and Gentlemen of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine and an orchestra, with David Smith, tenor, and Bruce Kramer, bass-baritone. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, April 1, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

RECITALS

KRYSTIAN ZIMERMAN—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 30, at 8.)

CONCERT ROYAL—A program of Mozart concertos. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 30, at 8.)

EMANUEL AX AND YO-YO MA—Piano and cello, in a Beethoven-Brahms program. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 31, at 8.)

YEFIM BRONFMAN—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, March 31, at 8.)

DAVID JOHNSON—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, March 31, at 8.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—Walter Trampler, viola; Paula Robison, flute; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; Samuel Sanders, piano; and the Emerson String Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 1, at 8, and Sunday, April 3, at 5.) . . . ¶ Maurice Bourgue, oboe; Richard Goode, piano; James Buswell, violin; Paula Robison, flute; and others. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, April 9, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert. . . . Same program at Alice Tully Hall on Sunday, April 10, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, April 11-12, at 7:30.)

PHILIPPE ENTREMONT—Piano, in a Debussy-Chopin program. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 2, at 8.)

LORIN HOLLANDER—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, April 2, at 8.)

CHINESE MUSIC ENSEMBLE—A program of traditional Chinese music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, April 2, at 8:30.)

HASKELL SMALL—Piano, with assisting artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, April 4, at 7:30.)

TAFELMUSIK—The second in a series of four concerts of baroque and contemporary chamber music. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. 777-1827. Monday, April 4, at 8.)

BARBARA MARTIN—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, April 5, at 8.)

FINE ARTS QUARTET—With Margaret Mills, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, April 5, at 8:30.)

BYRON JANIS—Piano, in a benefit concert for The Lighthouse. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, April 6, at 8. For tickets, call 355-2200, Ext. 182.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 6-7, at 8.)

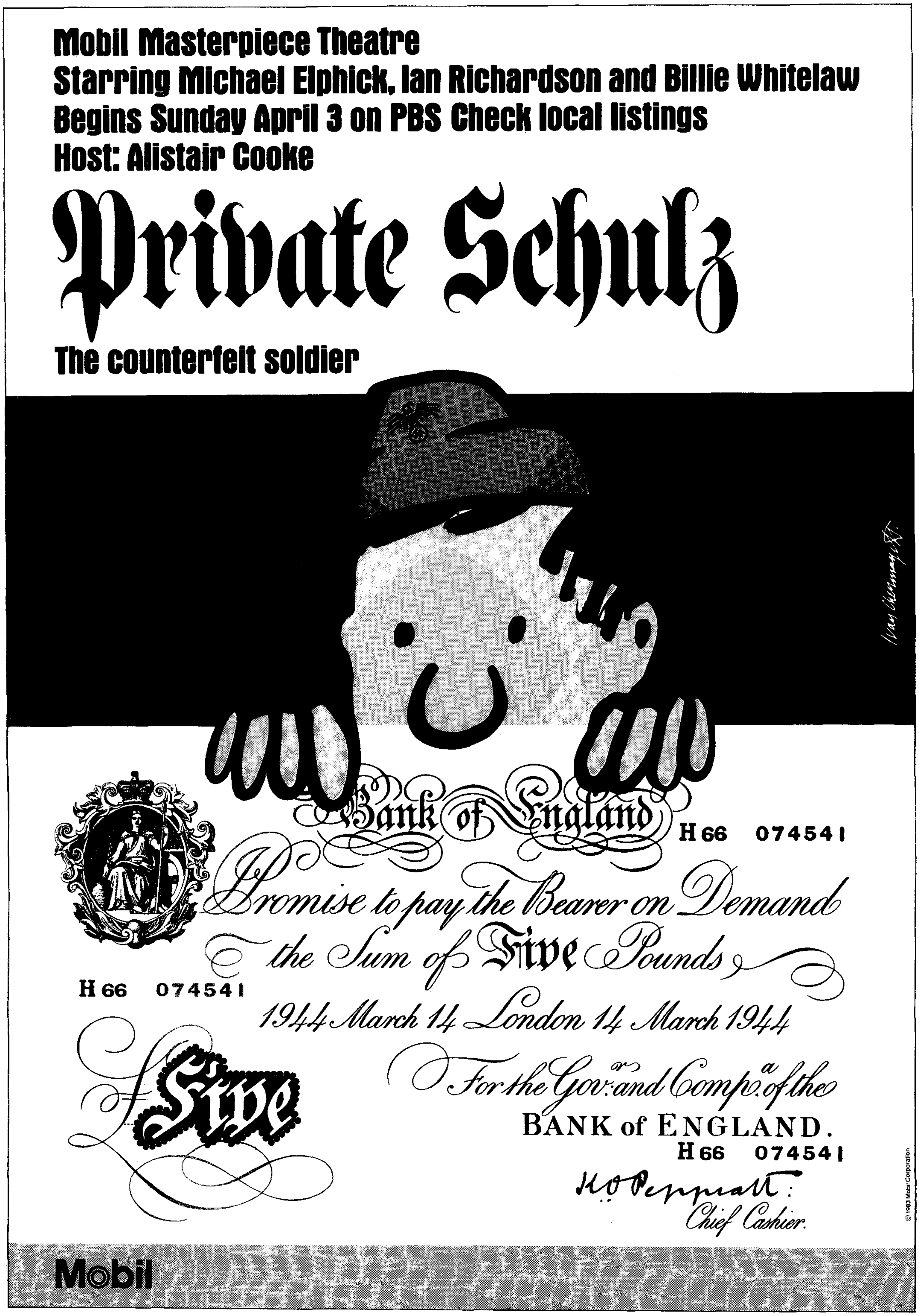
CONCORD STRING QUARTET—The fifth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, April 6, at 8.)

RONALD KMIEĆ—Piano, in the first in a series of four concerts presenting the Brahms cycle. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 8, at 8.)

SONJA PRUNNBAUER—*Classical guitarist. (CAMI* Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Friday, April 8, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-3255.)

SYLVAN WIND QUINTET—Chamber music. (St. Peter’s Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, April 8, at 8. For information about tickets, call 663-8339.)

CHAMBER MUSIC—Yo-Yo Ma, cello; James Bus-



Mobil Masterpiece Theatre
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Begins Sunday April 3 on PBS Check local listings
Host: Alistair Cooke

Private Schulz

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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well, violin; and Heiichiro Ohyama, viola. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, April 8, at 8.) . . . ¶ Masuko Ushioda, violin; Scott Nickrenz, viola; Laurence Lesser, cello; Seymour Lipkin and Gary Ledet, piano; and Marvis Martin, soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, April 9, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 10, at 2.)

Ken Noda—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 9, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Waverly Consort—A program of music written for the Valois kings of France. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, April 9, at 8.)

Calliope: A Renaissance Band—In addition to the period pieces, the band will première Peter Schickele's "Bestiary." (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, April 9, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Luciano Pavarotti and Zubin Mehta and the New York Philharmonic—A program of operatic arias and choral and orchestral music, with the New York Choral Artists Men's Chorus and James Morris, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, April 4, at 8.)

Erik Satie Retrospective—A program of his works, performed by Continuum, a group including Sheila Schonbrun, soprano; Mimi Lerner, mezzo-soprano; Marilyn Dubow, violin; and Cheryl Seltzer and Joel Sachs, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 9, at 8.)

Opera Interviews—Neil Shicoff being interviewed by Speight Jenkins. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Wednesday, April 13, at 6. Tickets at the box office one hour before the interview.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Baseball—First National League games at Shea Stadium—Mets vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, April 5, and Thursday, April 7, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Mets vs. St. Louis, Friday, April 8, at 8:05, and Saturday, April 9, at 1:35.

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Detroit, Tuesday, April 5, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. San Antonio, Friday, April 8, at 8:30. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Nets vs. Washington, Wednesday, March 30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Milwaukee, Saturday, April 2. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Wednesday, April 6. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Cleveland, Saturday, April 9. (1-201 935-8888. Games begin at 7:35.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Devils, Friday, April 1, at 8:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Saturday, April 2, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Buffalo Sabres, Thursday, March 31, at 7:35. . . . **stanley cup preliminary playoffs:** Start Tuesday, April 5.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1; through Monday, May 16. The Gotham, Saturday, April 2, and the Bed o' Roses Handicap, Saturday, April 9.

Running—The Perrier Ten-Kilometer Run will start at eleven on Saturday, April 2, at Central Park's East Drive at 69th Street, and finish near the Tavern-on-the-Green.

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, April 2. . . . **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8, from Monday, April 4, through Thursday, June 16. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Tuesday, Aug. 9.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Hortense Calisher reading from her own fiction. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, March 30, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ James Dickey reading from his own fiction and poetry. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. Friday, April 1, at 8.)

Flower Show—This year's Spring Flower Show in the Conservatory of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden features tulips, hyacinths, hydrangeas, lilies, and the like in a semi-formal English garden setting. (1000 Washington Ave. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 4, and Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4; through Wednesday, April 13.)

Auctions—At **sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Good Friday, 9:30 to 5.) Wednesday, April 6, at 10:15 and 2: Books and manuscripts. Exhibition starts Thursday, March 31. . . . **phillips,** 406 E. 79th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, April 7, at 11: Furniture and decorations. Exhibition starts Monday, April 4.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, April 10 (day doubleheader). Pittsburgh, April 19-20 (night). Atlanta, April 29 (n) and April 30-May 1 (day). Houston, May 2-4 (n). Cincinnati, May 6-7 (n) and May 8 (d). . . . **yankees** at Yankee Stadium (first American League games here): Vs. Detroit, April 12 (day) and April 13-14 (night). Toronto, April 15 (n), April 16-17 (d), and April 18 (n). Minnesota, April 22 (n) and April 23-24 (d). Kansas City, April 26-27 (n). Texas, May 10-11 (n).

Professional Basketball—The Knicks at **madison square garden:** April 11 (Indiana) and April 13 (Nets). . . . ¶ The Nets at **byrne meadowlands arena:** April 12 (Boston) and April 15 (Philadelphia). . . . ¶ The National Basketball Association preliminary playoffs start April 19.

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Princeton. April 16.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Princeton. April 23.) . . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Ithaca. April 23.) . . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Philadelphia. April 23.) . . . ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Cambridge. April 30.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell and Princeton. (Princeton. April 30.)

Racing—At **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: April 29-Sept. 3. . . . **churchill downs,** Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, May 7.

Running—Boston Marathon. (Starts at Hopkinton, Mass. April 18.)

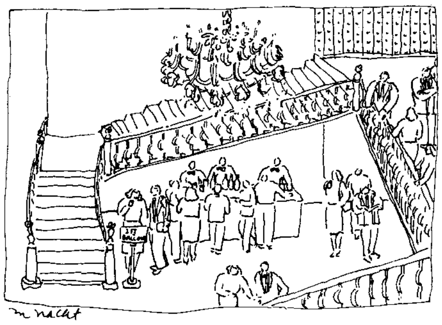
Soccer—Cosmos at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Vs. Montreal, May 1. . . . ¶ Fort Lauderdale, May 8.

Tennis—Tournament of Champions. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. May 1-8.)

Track—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. April 28-30.)

Trotting—At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs: April 28-Nov. 19.

Music—**metropolitan opera house** (362-6000): The Metropolitan Opera season continues through April 16. . . . ¶ The Finnish National Opera, April 26-30. . . . **avery fisher hall** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 21. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, April 15. . . . ¶ Orchestre de Paris, April 22. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, April 24. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Orchestra, April 29. . . . ¶ London Symphony Orchestra, May 2. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, May 4. . . . **carnegie hall** (247-7459): Charles Rosen, piano, April 10. . . . ¶ Joseph Fuchs, violin, April 10. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, April 13-14. . . . ¶ Toronto Symphony Orchestra, April 16. . . . ¶ Martina Arroyo, soprano, April 17. . . . ¶ Chicago Symphony Orchestra, April 18-19. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, April 20 . . . ¶ Orchestre de Paris, April 21. . . . ¶ Houston Symphony Orchestra, April 23. . . . ¶ M.I.T. Symphony Orchestra, April 24. . . . ¶ Orpheus, April 25. . . . ¶ San Francisco Symphony, April 27-28. . . . ¶ Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, April 29. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, April 30. . . . ¶ London Symphony Orchestra, May 3. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, May 1. . . . ¶ Cleveland Orchestra, May 4, 6, and 7. . . . ¶ Opera Orchestra of New York, May 8. . . . ¶ Alfred Brendel, piano, May 9. . . . **alice tully hall** (362-1911): Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, April 10-12, April 22 and 24; and May 1-3. . . . ¶ Handel Festival Orchestra, April 13. . . . ¶ Benita Valente, soprano, and Cynthia Raim, piano, April 14. . . . ¶ Beethoven Society, April 16 and May 7. . . . ¶ New York Renaissance Band, April 16. . . . ¶ Chicago Symphony Chamber Group, April 17. . . . ¶ Joseph Smith, piano, April 20. . . . ¶ Waverly Consort, April 21 and 23. . . . ¶ Anthony Newman, harpsichord and organ, April 24. . . . ¶ American Composers Orchestra, April 25. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, April 28. . . . ¶ Concordia Choir, April 30. . . . ¶ Monteverdi Choir and Orchestra, April 30. . . . ¶ New York Philomusica, May 4. . . . ¶ Jupiter Symphony, May 5. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, May 9. . . . **kaufmann concert hall,** 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Tashi, April 17. . . . ¶ Group for Contemporary Music, April 19. . . . ¶ Lee Luvisi, piano, April 21. . . . ¶ Gidon Kremer, violin, April 24. . . . ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, April 26-27. . . . ¶ Viktor Friedman, piano, April 28. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, April 29. . . . ¶ Brahms Festival, May 3, 5, 7, and 10. . . . **grace rainey rogers auditorium,** Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Musica Aeterna Orchestra, April 23 and May 7-8. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, April 28. . . . ¶ André Watts, piano, and Charles Treger, violin, May 2.



Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: The Royal Shakespeare Company production of "All's Well That Ends Well." . . . ¶ Deborah Harry and Caitlin Clarke will alternate in the title role, and Andy Kaufman will also star in "Teaneck Tanzi: The Venus Flytrap," a British comedy by Claire Luckham, with music. . . . ¶ "My One and Only," a musical with music and lyrics by George and Ira Gershwin. Twiggy and Tommy Tune have the leads. . . . ¶ The Houston Grand Opera production of Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II's "Show Boat" will star Donald O'Connor. . . . ¶ A play by Larry Atlas, "Total Abandon," will feature Richard Dreyfuss. . . . ¶ Philip Bosco and Frances Sternhagen in James Duff's play "The War at Home." . . . ¶ Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton in a revival of Noël Coward's "Private Lives."

Dance—Feld Ballet, at the Joyce Theatre, April 12-May 22. . . . ¶ Royal Ballet, at the Metropolitan Opera House, April 19-23. . . . ¶ New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, April 26-June 26. . . . ¶ American Ballet Theatre, at the Metropolitan Opera House, May 2-July 16. . . . ¶ Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre, at the City Center, May 3-22.

Other Dates—Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1982 and estimates for 1983 are due Friday, April 15. . . . ¶ *Daylight-saving time starts April 24.*

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 26.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
A festival of films from Greece.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Tootsie" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through March 31: "Lovesick" (†) and "The Great Santini" (†).
April 1-7: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†); and "Swamp Thing" (directed by Wes Craven), with Louis Jourdan and Adrienne Barbeau.
From April 8: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Verdict" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Outsiders" (Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"High Road to China" (Brian G Hutton), with Tom Selleck and Bess Armstrong.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Bad Boys" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tootsie" (†).
Theatre 3: Through March 31: "Sophie's Choice" (†). From April 1: "Tender Mercies" (Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The King of Comedy" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Starstruck" (Gillian Armstrong; an Australian film), with Jo Kennedy.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"High Road to China" (Brian G. Hutton), with Tom Selleck and Bess Armstrong.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Max Dugan Returns" (Herbert Ross), with Marsha Mason and Jason Robards.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Britannia Hospital" (Lindsay Anderson), with Leonard Rossiter and Graham Crowden.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sophie's Choice" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "The King of Comedy" (†).
Theatre 2: "Baby, It's You" (John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through March 31: "The Killing of Angel Street" (Donald Crombie; an Australian film), with Liz Alexander and John Hargreaves.
From April 1: "Tender Mercies" (Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Local Hero" (†).
Theatre 2: "Betrayal" (David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: March 30: "Lovesick" (†). From March 31: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones).
Theatre 2: "The Black Stallion Returns" (Robert Dalva), with Kelly Reno.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Outsiders" (Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon.

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Tootsie" (†).
Theatre 2: "Bad Boys" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Say Amen, Somebody" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through March 31: "Tender Mercies" (Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall.
From April 1: "Man, Woman and Child" (Dick Richards), with Martin Sheen and Blythe Danner.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
"The Verdict" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through March 31: "The Sword in the Stone" (1963), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.
From April 1: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).
Theatre 2: "Spring Break" (Sean S. Cunningham), with David Knell.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Bad Boys" (†).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "High Road to China" (Brian G. Hutton), with Tom Selleck and Bess Armstrong.
Theatre 2: "The Black Stallion Returns" (Robert Dalva), with Kelly Reno.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through April 5: "Jeanne Dielman, 23 Quai du Commerce, 1080 Bruxelles" (1975, directed by Chantal Akerman; in French), with Delphine Seyrig. From April 6: "The Great Chess Movie" (Gilles Carle and Camille Coudari), a documentary of the game of chess.
Theatre 2: "The Wizard of Babylon" (Dieter Schidor; in German), a documentary on Rainer Werner Fassbinder's filming of "Querelle."

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Hollywood Out-Takes & Rare Footage."
Theatre 2: "The Personals" (Peter Markle), with Bill Schoppert.

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Sophie's Choice" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Black Stallion Returns" (Robert Dalva), with Kelly Reno.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: March 30: "Frances" (Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard. From March 31: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones).
Theatre 2: Through March 31: "The Stationmaster's Wife" (1977, Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Kurt Raab. From April 1: "Tender Mercies" (Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall.
Theatre 3: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†).
Theatre 4: March 30: "Coup de Torchon" (†). From March 31: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through March 31: "Parsifal" (†).
From April 1: "Tender Mercies" (Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Gandhi" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through March 31: "New Directors/New Films," the final programs in a fourteen-day series; see listings under Film Libraries, Etc.
From April 1: "Man, Woman and Child" (Dick Richards), with Martin Sheen and Blythe Danner.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Gift" (Michel Lang; in French), with Clio Goldsmith and Pierre Mondy.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Next Year If All Goes Well" (Jean-Loup Hubert; in French), with Isabelle Adjani.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Tootsie" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "La Nuit de Varennes" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).
Theatre 3: Through April 7: "Success" (1982; William Richert), with Jeff Bridges, Bianca Jagger, and Ned Beatty. From April 8: "Privileged" (Michael Hoffman).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Diva" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 31: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (†) and "Viridiana" (†). April 1-7: "The Exterminating Angel" (†) and "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (†). From April 8: "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (†) and "Simon of the Desert" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Choice of Arms" (Alain Corneau; in French), with Yves Montand and Gérard Depardieu.
Theatre 2: "Lianna" (John Sayles).

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through April 3: "Giant" (†).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through March 31: "High Road to China" (Brian G. Hutton), with Tom Selleck and Bess Armstrong. From April 1: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through March 31: "Bad Boys" (†). From April 1: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through March 31: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†). From April 1: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through March 31: "Tootsie" (†). From April 1: To be announced.

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "The Verdict" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Outsiders" (Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: March 30: "Victor/Victoria" (†) and "My Favorite Year" (†). From March 31: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones).
Theatre 2: March 30: "10 to Midnight" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson. From March 31: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones).
Theatre 3: "The Black Stallion Returns" (Robert Dalva), with Kelly Reno.
Theatre 4: "The Sword in the Stone" (1963), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Max Dugan Returns" (directed by Herbert Ross), with Marsha Mason and Jason Robards.
Theatre 2: "The Outsiders" (Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon.
Theatre 3: "The Entity" (Sidney J. Furie),

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

with Barbara Hershey and Ron Silver.
Theatre 4: "The Verdict" (†).
Theatre 5: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.
Theatre 6: "Time Walker."

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"48 Hrs." (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The Eagle's Shadow."
Theatre 3: "Vigilante" (William Lustig), with Robert Forster.
Theatre 4: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "The Lords of Discipline" (Franc Roddam), with David Keith and Robert Prosky.
Theatre 2: "Spring Break" (Sean S. Cunningham), with David Knell.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Joy Sticks" (Greydon Clark), with Joe Don Baker.

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: "The Sword in the Stone" (1963), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.
Theatre 2: March 30: "10 to Midnight" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson. From March 31: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones).

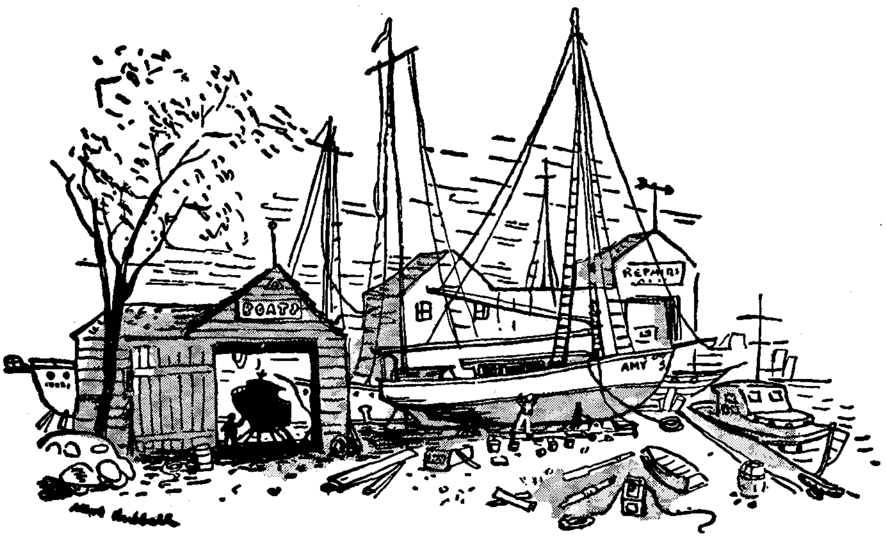
R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "The Black Stallion Returns" (Robert Dalva), with Kelly Reno.
Theatre 2: "The King of Comedy" (†).

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Bad Boys" (†).
Theatre 2: "High Road to China" (Brian G. Hutton), with Tom Selleck and Bess Armstrong.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through March 31. "The Decline of Western Civilization" (1981; directed by Penelope Spheeris), a documentary on punk rock.
April 1-7: "Let It Be" (1970; Michael Lindsay-Hogg), with the Beatles.
From April 8: A program of Chuck Jones cartoons.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Through March 31: "A Hard Day's Night" (1964; Richard Lester), with the Beatles.
April 1-7: "Urgh! A Music War" (1981; Derek Burbidge).
April 8: "Jonah Who Will be 25 in the Year 2000" (1976; Alain Tanner; in French), with Jean-Luc Bideau; and "Messidor" (1979; Alain Tanner; in French).
April 9: "Jonah Who Will be 25 in the Year 2000;" and "La Salamandre"(†).



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Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
"Private Life" (1983; Yuli Raisman; in Russian).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through March 31: "The Fountainhead" (1949; King Vidor), with Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal, and Raymond Massey; and "Siddhartha" (1973; Conrad Rooks), with Shashi Kapoor.
April 1-2: "Excalibur" (1981; John Boorman), with Nicol Williamson, Nigel Terry, and Nicholas Clay; and "Zardoz" (1974; John Boorman), with Sean Connery and Charlotte Rampling.
April 3-5: "Fritz the Cat" (1972; X-rated) and "Heavy Traffic" (1973; R-rated), both animated cartoons, directed by Ralph Bakshi.
April 6-7: "Let It Be" (1970; Michael Lindsay-Hogg), with the Beatles; and "The Concert for Bangladesh" (1972), filmed at the concert at Madison Square Garden, August, 1971.
April 8-9: "Life of Brian" (1979; Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman and Terry Gilliam; and "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Bad Boys" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
March 30: "Red River" (1948; Howard Hawks), with Montgomery Clift, John Wayne, Walter Brennan, and Joanne Dru; and "Shane" (1953; George Stevens), with Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, Brandon deWilde, Van Heflin, and Jack Palance.
March 31-April 2: "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr; and "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.
April 3-4: "The Robe" (1953; Henry Koster), with Richard Burton, Jean Simmons, Victor Mature, and Michael Rennie; and "Demetrius and the Gladiators" (1954; Delmer Daves), with Victor Mature, Susan Hayward, and Michael Rennie.
April 5-6: "The Boys in the Band" (†); and "Something for Everyone" (1970; Harold Prince), with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.
April 7: A program of new films.
April 8-9: "Love and Death" (1975) and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (1972), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through March 31: "Pink Floyd, The Wall" (1982; Alan Parker); and "Pink Floyd" (1974; Adrian Maben).
April 1-2: "Prince of the City" (1981; Sidney Lumet), with Treat Williams, Lindsay Crouse, and Jerry Orbach; and "Fort Apache, the Bronx" (1981; Daniel Petrie), with Paul Newman, Ed Asner, and Ken Wahl.
April 3: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.
April 4-5: "Key Largo" (1948; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Robinson, and Lauren Bacall; and "The Big Sleep" (1946; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers.
April 6-7: "A Man Called Horse" (1970; Elliot Silverstein), with Richard Harris and Judith Anderson; and "The Return of a Man Called Horse"(†).
April 8-9: "Christiane F." (1982; Ulrich Edel; in German), with Natja Brunkhorst; and "Panic in Needle Park" (1971; Jerry Schatzberg), with Al Pacino and Kitty Winn.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
March 30: "The Fire Within" (1963; Louis Malle; in French), with Maurice Ronet; and "The Lovers" (1959; Louis Malle; in French) with Jeanne Moreau.
March 31: "Red Beard" (1965; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
April 1: "Alice in the Cities" (1974; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler; and "The Wrong Move" (1975; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler and Peter Kern.
April 2: "The Last Metro" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret; and "Stavisky" (1974; Alain Resnais; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Charles Boyer.
April 3: "Animal Crackers" (†); and "Horse Feathers" (1932; Norman McLeod), with the Marx Brothers.
April 4: "Shampoo" (†); and "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948; Preston Sturges), with Rex Harrison, Linda Darnell, and Edgar Kennedy.
April 5: "Lacombe, Lucien" (1974; Louis Malle; in French), with Pierre Blaise; and "Zero for Conduct" (†).
April 6: "Peppermint Soda" (†); and "Heart to Heart" (1978; Pascal Thomas; in French), with Anne Caudry.
April 7: "High and Low" (†); and "The Drunken Angel" (1948; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).
April 8: "Autumn Sonata" (1978; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann; and "From the Life of the Marionettes" (1980; Ingmar Bergman; in German), with Robert Atzorn, Christine Buchegger, and Martin Benrath.
April 9: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Day for Night" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
March 30: "The Beggar's Opera" (1953; Peter Brook), with Laurence Olivier; and "The Threepenny Opera" (1931; G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya.
March 31-April 2: "Deep in My Heart" (1954; Stanley Donen), with José Ferrer, Merle Oberon, and Helen Traubel; and "The Student Prince" (1954; Richard Thorpe), with Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom, and Louis Calhern.
April 3-4: "Don Quixote" (†); and "Song of Freedom" (1936; James Elder Wills), with Paul Robeson and Elisabeth Welch.
April 5-6: "One Night of Love" (1934; Victor Schertzinger), with Grace Moore; and "Music in the Air" (†).
April 7-9: "Interrupted Melody" (†); and "Rhapsody" (1954; Charles Vidor), with

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Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

March 30: "Desperate" (1947; Anthony Mann), with Steve Brodie; "Desert Fury" (1947; Lewis Allen), with Lizabeth Scott, John Hodiak, and Burt Lancaster; and "Follow Me Quietly" (1949; Richard Fleischer), with William Lundigan.

March 31: "Arthur" (1981; Steve Gordon), with Dudley Moore, Liza Minnelli, and John Gielgud; and "Foul Play" (1978; Colin Higgins), with Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase.

April 1-2: "Citizen Kane" (1941; Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "Falstaff" (1967; Orson Welles), with Welles, Jeanne Moreau, John Gielgud, Keith Baxter, and Margaret Rutherford.

April 3: "Nights of Cabiria" (1957; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina; and "The White Sheik" (1951; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Alberto Sordi, Brunella Bovo, and Giulietta Masina.

April 4: "Brief Encounter" (†) and "The Fallen Idol" (†).

April 5: "Pennies from Heaven" (†) and "Paper Moon" (†).

April 6: "Alias Nick Beal" (1949; John Farrow), with Ray Milland, Thomas Mitchell, and Audrey Totter; "Berlin Express" (1948; Jacques Tourneur), with Merle Oberon and Robert Ryan; and "Try and Get Me" (1951; Cyril Endfield), with Frank Lovejoy, Richard Carlson, Kathleen Ryan, and Lloyd Bridges.

April 7: "Murder in the Cathedral" (1952; George Hoellering), with Father John Groser and Niall Mac Ginnis; and "Crime and Punishment" (†).

April 8-9: "Beau Père" (1981; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Patrick Dewaere and Ariel Besse; and "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (1978; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Patrick Dewaere, Carole Laure, Michel Serrault, and Riton.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 30: "The Band Wagon" (1953; Vincente Minnelli), with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, and Nanette Fabray; and "An American in Paris" (1951; Vincente Minnelli), with Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron, and Oscar Levant.

March 31: "Ninotchka" (1939; Ernst Lubitsch), with Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas; and "Two-Faced Woman" (1941; George Cukor), with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, Ruth Gordon, and Constance Bennett.

April 1-2: "Among the Living" (1941; Stuart Heisler), with Frances Farmer and Harry Carey; and "Exclusive" (1937; Alexander Hall), with Frances Farmer, Fred MacMurray, Charles Ruggles, and Lloyd Nolan.

April 3: "Foreign Correspondent" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and George Sanders; and "Saboteur" (1942; Alfred Hitchcock), with Priscilla Lane, Robert Cummings, and Otto Kruger.

April 4: "The Stranger" (1967; Luchino Visconti; in French), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina; and "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.

April 5: "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (1944; Preston Sturges), with Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken; and "The Sin of Harold Diddlebock" (1947; Preston Sturges), with Harold Lloyd.

April 6: "Murder on the Orient Express" (1974; Sidney Lumet), with Albert Finney as Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot; and "Death on the Nile" (1978; John Guillermin), with Peter Ustinov as Poirot.

April 7: "Born Yesterday" (1950; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, William Holden, and Broderick Crawford; and "The Marrying Kind" (1952; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday and Aldo Ray.

April 8: "The Heiress" (1949; William Wyler), with Olivia de Havilland, Montgomery Clift, and Ralph Richardson; and "A Place in the Sun" (†).

April 9: "The Seven Year Itch" (1955; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Victor Moore, Evelyn Keys, and Sonny Tufts; and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953; Jean Negulesco), with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—March 31 at 2:30: "Poil de Carotte" (1925; directed by Julien Duvivier; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with André Heuzé and Henry Krauss. . . . ¶ March 31 at 6: "Poil de Carotte" (1932; Julien Duvivier; in French; with no titles), with Harry Baur and Robert Lynen. . . . ¶ April 1 at 11:15: "Les Vampires" (1915-17; Louis Feuillade; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with Jean Aymé, Musidora, and Edouard Mathé. A ten-episode film, with two intermissions. . . . ¶ April 2 at noon: "The Love Parade" (1929; Ernst Lubitsch), with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. . . . ¶ April 2 at 2:30: "The Lumière Approach," a program of early French films. . . . ¶ April 2 at 5: "Poil de Carotte" (1925) and "Poil de Carotte" (1932). . . . ¶ April 3 at noon: "The Love Parade." . . . ¶ April 3 at 2:30: "Méliès and His Contemporaries," another program of early French films. . . . ¶ April 3 at 5: "The Beginnings of Color, Sound and Animated Films," a third program of early French films. . . . ¶ April 4 at 2:30: "Les Nouveaux Messieurs" (1928; Jacques Feyder; a French silent film, with no inter-titles), with Gaby Morlay and Albert Préjean. . . . ¶ April 4 at 6: "Passages from Finnegans Wake" (1965) and other works by Mary Ellen Bute, who will be present. . . . ¶ April 5 at 2:30: "Les Deux Timides" (1928; René Clair; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with Pierre Batcheff and Françoise Rosay. . . . ¶ April 5 at 6: "The Gold Pit" (1982; Pauline Spiegel); "Sold American" (1982; Richard Boehm); and "Clockwork" (1981; Eric Breitbart). . . . ¶ April 7 at 2:30: "Gardiens de Phare" (1929; Jean Grémillon; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with Fromet, Genica Athanasiou, and Gabrielle Fontan. . . . ¶ April 7 at 6: "Le Mystère Picasso" (1956; Henri-Georges Clouzot), a documentary of Picasso at work. . . . ¶ April 8 at 2:30: "La Merveilleuse Vie de Jeanne d'Arc" (1928; Marc de Gastyne; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with Simone Genevois, Philippe Hériat, and Gaston Modot. . . . ¶ April 8 at 6: "Gardiens de Phare." . . . ¶ April 9 at noon: "Way Out West" (1937; James W. Horne), with Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy. . . . ¶ April 9 at 2:30: "La Chienne" (1931; Jean Renoir; in French, with English subtitles), with Michel Simon, Janie Marèze, and Georges Flamant. . . . ¶ April 9 at 5: "La Petite Lise" (1930; Jean Grémillon; in French, with no subtitles), with Pierre Alcover and Nadia Sibirskaia. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

New Directors/New Films—The final programs in a fourteen-day festival presented by the Film Society of Lincoln Center and the Department of Film of the Museum of Modern Art. At the 57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th St.—March 30 at 6: "The Mission" (United States; Parviz Sayyad). . . . ¶ March 30 at 8:30 and March 31 at 6: "A Marriage" (United States; Sandy Tung). . . . ¶ March 31 at 8:30: "The Mission." (For information about tickets, call 877-8100, Ext. 489.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Animal Crackers (1930)—The Marx Brothers in their pre-Hollywood period; like "The Cocoanuts," of the year before, it was a Broadway musical comedy, slightly adapted, and filmed in Astoria—and it looks stagy. But the film is too joyous for cavilling. Groucho is the fearless African explorer Captain Spaulding, who deigns to attend a party at Rittenhouse Manor, on Long Island; Margaret Dumont is Mrs. Rittenhouse, and Lillian Roth is her daughter Arabella. Arguably the best line: "Signor Ravelli's first selection will be 'Somewhere My Love Lies Sleeping' with a male chorus." Once again, the writers were George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; this time the songs (the justly celebrated "Hooray for Captain Spaulding" and "Why Am I So Romantic") were by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. Directed by Victor Heerman. (Metro Cinema; April 3.)

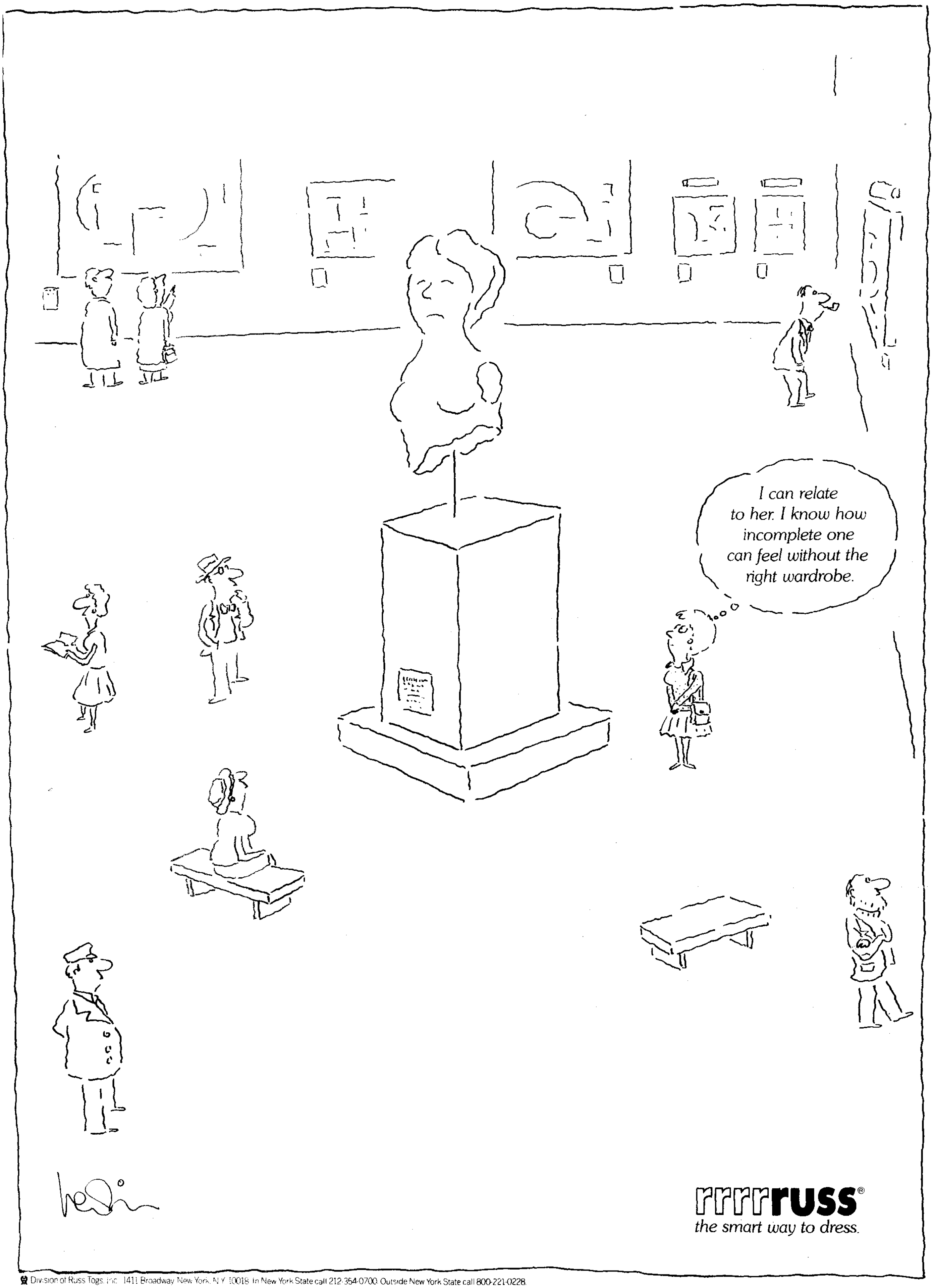
Bad Boys—With Sean Penn; directed by Rick Rosenthal. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, 86th St. East, R.K.O. Century National Twin, and 8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through March 31.)

The Boys in the Band (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals at a birthday party; it's like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a hustler, one who is butch, and one who is nellie, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. The message appears to be that the spirit of M-G-M in the forties still lives in the hearts and jokes of homosexuals. William Friedkin directed Mart Crowley's adaptation of his own play; Crowley preserves the text as if the quips were ageless. With Leonard Frey, Cliff Gorman, and Laurence Luckinbill. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; April 5-6.)

Brief Encounter (1946)—David Lean directed this romantic expansion of Noël Coward's one-act play "Still Life" (from "Tonight at 8:30")—an evocation of the emotions that lie dormant in respectable, middle-class existence. Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard play the pair who fall passionately in love but agree not to see each other again and return to their responsibilities. And they do this with such touching restraint that they broke many hearts. A celebrated, craftsmanlike tearjerker, and incredibly neat. There's not a breath of air in it. Coward's material is implicitly condescending even while he's making the two heroic. With Stanley Holloway, Joyce Carey, Cyril Raymond, Irene Handl, and Valentine Dyall. Cinematography by Robert Krasker; adaptation by Coward; the music is Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 2. (Thalia; April 4.)

Coup de Torchon (Clean Slate)—Bertrand Tavernier's film is set in some sort of French colonial Dogpatch in Africa, in 1938, and it stars Philippe Noiret as a cuckolded weakling who is jeered at by the brutal white men who exploit the natives. He is also the only officer of the law in the area, and he secretly kills off the exploiters, using his reputation for being cowardly and ineffectual as a cover. The movie is torpid even in the early sequences that aim at sly farce, and its thesis is that even such drastic and half-mad cleanup jobs are hopeless. Tavernier may think he's bringing out the rage behind despair, but all he brings out is his sense of futility. The film chokes on its own unresolvable ambiguities. With Isabelle Huppert, who frisks about nakedly and amusingly, and Jean-Pierre Marielle, Stéphane Audran, Guy Marchand, Eddy Mitchell, Samba Mane, Abdoulaye Diop, and Irene Skobline. The script, by Jean Aurenche and Tavernier, is based on the American pulp novel "Pop. 1280," by Jim Thompson, which was set in the American South. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/24/83.) (Quad Cinema; March 30.)

Crime and Punishment (1935)—Marcel Aymé's adaptation has clarity and power; the director, Pierre Chenal, uses the controversial but interesting technique of conveying the characters' disassociation from their environment by a slight distortion in the settings. As Raskolnikov, Pierre Blanchar is older, more eccentric than one expects: he emphasizes the tortured isolation, the near-madness, of the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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

character. It is in Harry Baur's performance as Inspector Porfiry that the film achieves its stature; Graham Greene long ago described the performance as "the finest in the cinema this year, with his tortoise movements, his streak of cruelty, his terrible good humor." It is one of the great performances of any year. In French. (Thalia; April 7.)

The Diary of a Chambermaid (1964)—Luis Buñuel's version of a film first made by Renoir in 1945 with Paulette Goddard. Buñuel uses Jeanne Moreau as the chambermaid, required to read Huysmans to her old, persnickety employer. One of the best Buñuel films, full of those characteristic small scenes that manage to be both scathing and spiked with pity. In French. (Cinema Studio; April 1-7).

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed (at the age of seventy-two) with exhilarating ease. It's a cosmic vaudeville show—an Old Master's mischief. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and the inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. This episodic story is about a group of six friends—discreetly charming, amoral beasts—whose attempts to have dinner together are always being interrupted: food, that ritual center of bourgeois well-being, keeps eluding them. Buñuel takes an offhand, prankish approach to the medium; he keeps tweaking us, catching us up in an anecdote or a spooky death joke, and then dropping it. With Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (who plays a bishop with supreme finesse), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Paul Frankeur, Bulle Ogier, Milena Vukotic, Claude Piéplu, and Michel Piccoli. Written by Buñuel and Jean-Claude Carrière. In French. (Cinema Studio; through March 31.)

Diva—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Cinema Studio.)

Don Quixote (1934)—An international artistic collaboration of rather overwhelming proportions: under the direction of G. W. Pabst (a German) the Russian basso Feodor Chaliapin appeared in three different-language versions of the Cervantes novel, with three supporting casts. The French version features Dorville as Sancho Panza; in the English version (shown here) George Robey plays the part. The film is not completely satisfying—Jacques Ibert's music is undistinguished and, despite remarkable cinematography and a stunning windmill sequence, the treatment seems rather cold. But if the film fails as "Don Quixote" it allows us to be in the presence of a great performer who is already a legend. Chaliapin was one of the rare great singers who was also a great actor. (There's a suggestion of John Barrymore in his self-awareness.) He isn't just a singer photographed: the voice is part of the actor's equipment. He's magnificent—a master of gesture who seems born to the camera. (Regency; April 3-4.)

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E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Movieland. . . . ¶ U. A. 85th St. East; starting April 1. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; April 1-7.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the diners that it can't be broken up but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel; inadequately acted, but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (Cinema Studio; April 1-7.)

The Fallen Idol (1948)—Carol Reed and Graham Greene collaborated on this tricky, highly original thriller. It's about the muddled attempt of an eight-year-old boy (Bobby Henrey), the son of the French ambassador to England, to protect the embassy butler, Baines (Ralph Richardson), whom he idolizes, from a charge of murder. The plot is just about perfect, and there are two wonderful parallel episodes, when the child attempts to impart vital information, which two sets of adults ignore because they think he's just prattling nonsense. There are terrifying, tense moments, too; the whole movie is very cleverly worked out. Maybe it's too deliberate, though, with its stylized lighting and its rigid pacing—you wait an extra beat between the low-key lines of dialogue. It's too deliberate and too hushed to be much fun. It's a polite thriller—which is close to a contradiction in terms. And the key characters—the decent Baines and the typist (Michèle Morgan) whom he loves—are too ordinary, too controlled, too nice. They're unexciting people. The child actor, however, is wonderfully jittery and intelligent. (Carol Reed had a way with child performers.) And as the unhappy Mrs. Baines, the embassy housekeeper who's a malignant disciplinarian with the child, Sonia Dresdel is really good at evil; she brings the film something out of the ordinary—something clammy and horrible. Greene based the screenplay on his short story "The Basement Room;" cinematography by Georges Périnal. (Thalia; April 4.)

Le Fantôme de la Liberté (1974)—Buñuel's theme is freedom, in the sense of chance: the picture is a random series of anecdotes and paradoxes, and they miss as often as they connect. Buñuel has a great spare, tonic style, but the domesticated surrealism of this picture has no sting and no aftereffect. The film drifts out of your head before it's over. The actors come on in relays: the cast includes Monica Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Adriana Asti. In French. (Cinema Studio; starting April 8.)

48 Hrs.—Walter Hill's fast and brutal action comedy is a roller coaster that hurtles along. Nick Nolte is a San Francisco police detective and Eddie Murphy (making his movie début) is a young hipster thief who outsmarts him by his hustler's verbal finesse and his black man's sense of irony. The two set out as brawling and cursing enemies and, of course, become guffawing pals; the racial infighting is what gives the film its charge. It's like "The French Connection," "Dirty Harry," "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," and a half-dozen other films all put in a compactor, smashed, and pressed into cartoon form. With Annette O'Toole, Frank McRae, James Remar, Sonny Landham, Brion James, Olivia Brown, David Patrick Kelly, and the Busboys. (1/10/83) (Embassy 1.)

Gandhi—A biographical epic, directed by Richard Attenborough, whose sensibility is conventional. Spanning fifty-five years, the picture covers some of the principal events in Gandhi's public life and tidies up his rather kinky domestic relations. Gandhi goes by in a cloud of serenity, and everyone who sees him knuckles under (with the exception of a few misguided fellows, of course). Ben Kingsley, who plays the Mahatma, looks the part, has a fine, quiet presence, and conveys Gandhi's shrewdness. Kingsley is impressive; the picture isn't. The first half builds up considerable interest in Gandhi; the second half is scattered—as if it had been added to or subtracted from at random. From a script by John Briley. (3 hours, 8 minutes.) (12/27/82) (Ziegfeld.)

Giant (1956)—George Stevens directed this handsomely designed, big, glossy version of the profoundly second-rate Edna Ferber novel about a couple of generations of a Texas cattle-ranching family, and James Dean (in a supporting role) ran away with it. This was the last film in his brief, meteoric career, and he was dead when it was released. His appearance here is particularly startling, because he plays his misfit role in the twitchy, self-conscious, "modern" manner of the fifties, while the rest of the movie is in the conventional heavy-going style that had always been deemed appropriate for sprawling family sagas. (This one sprawls for three hours and eighteen minutes.) It's an example of commercial filmmaking straining for prestige, and the performers can't blink an eye without announcing that they're acting—and acting, what's more, to live up to the scale of the production. Yet Stevens' craftsmanship is effective at an unsubtle level, and the movie is often entertaining, with the narrative push that Ferber was so skilled at. Elizabeth Taylor and Rock Hudson are the leads; with Carroll Baker, Dennis Hopper, Rod Taylor, Mercedes McCambridge, Judith Evelyn, Sal Mineo, Jane Withers, Chill Wills, Alexander Scourby, and Earl Holliman. Screenplay by Fred Guiol and Ivan Moffat; music by Dmitri Tiomkin; cinematography by William C. Mellor; designed by Boris Leven, with Ralph Hurst. (Stills of the huge gothic house standing in a vast bare stretch of ground call up the movie as surely as the mention of "Rosebud" calls up "Citizen Kane.") (Beacon; through April 3.)

The Great Santini (1980; "The Ace")—This slice-of-family-life melodrama features Robert Duvall as the military-psychopath father and Michael O'Keefe as the sensitive, thoughtful teen-age son. There's a sequence that is a strong metaphor for the ugly competitiveness inside a father's determination to toughen up a son: a one-on-one basketball game between them. Refusing to accept his defeat, the father follows the boy inside the house and demands another game; walking up the stairs right behind the boy, he tries to goad him by bouncing the ball, hard, off the boy's head and calling him "my sweetest little girl." This is the only sequence that hits home, though. Adapted from Pat Conroy's autobiographical novel, "The Great Santini," the movie is set in 1962 in Beaufort, South Carolina, where Conroy grew up, but (as written for the screen and directed by Lewis John Carlino) it takes place in the TV land of predictability—that plain of dowdy realism where a boy finds his manhood by developing the courage to stick to his principles and stand up to his father. Almost inevitably, since this is the South, the principles involve friendship with a saintly black (Stan Shaw), who is crippled and has a stammer, or at least a hesitation, and is martyred by redneck stupidity and cruelty. With Blythe Danner, who comes close to creating a believable woman out of an idealized mother figure and brings in shadings that help to suggest a real family, though she doesn't have a single scene that is really hers. Also with Lisa Jane Persky as the family comic, Theresa Merritt as the housekeeper, David Keith as the redneck so mean he shoots the black's dawg, and Paul Mantee. Music by Elmer Bernstein. (St. Marks Cinema; through March 31.)

HIGH AND LOW (1963)—A first-rate detective thriller about a kidnapping. It happens to have been made in Japan, but it is very like the best Hitchcock. Directed by Akira Kurosawa, and starring Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (Metro Cinema; April 7.)

INTERRUPTED MELODY (1955)—The interruption is poliomyelitis, and the melody runs from "Madame Butterfly" to "Isolde," at untold length. Eleanor Parker plays a terrifically famous opera singer (Marjorie Lawrence) stricken down in the midst of life. Miss Parker mouths the voice and Eileen Farrell yells it. Eleanor Parker's husband in the film is luckily a doctor. Directed by Curtis Bernhardt; with Glenn Ford, Roger Moore, Cecil Kellaway, and Stephen Bekassy. (Regency; April 7-9.)

THE KING OF COMEDY—Robert De Niro plays Rupert Pupkin, a grossly insensitive, cold-hearted deadhead who is determined to become a TV star like his idol, the comic Jerry Langford, played by Jerry Lewis. The director, Martin Scorsese, must have decided to give us the cold creeps; the shots are held so long that we look for more in them than is there. Scorsese designs his own form of alienation in this mistimed, empty movie, which seems to teeter between jokiness and hate. With Sandra Bernhard as the hysterical Masha, who helps Pupkin kidnap Langford. (Pupkin's ransom demand is a ten-minute guest appearance on Langford's late-night talk show.) Also with Diahnne Abbott and Shelley Hack. From a script by Paul Zimmerman. (3/7/83) (34th St. East, Baronet, and R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin.)

LOCAL HERO—A magical comedy by the Scottish writer-director Bill Forsyth, who observes the people in the movie as if they were one-of-a-kind creatures in a peculiarly haphazard zoo. The story (which involves a rabbit that doesn't turn into anything but a dinner) is about an American mergers-and-acquisitions executive—played by Peter Riegert—who is sent to Scotland to buy a fishing village and experiences something new to him, happiness. He never formulates his infatuation with the villagers, the crescent of beach, the glistening bay, the starlight, and the good, dark beer; we see the effect it all has on him in his wistful, stupefied face. Forsyth is rarely explicit about anything—the picture is like one of those lovely Elizabethan songs that are full of tra-la-la-la-la-las. Denis Lawson—the most relaxed actor of a large, relaxed cast—is Gordon, the village innkeeper, pub-owner, accountant, unofficial mayor, and great lover, and he makes each of Gordon's functions funny in a suavely different high style. (Each has its own form of self-satisfaction.) Burt Lancaster brings an imperial, romantic aura to the role of Riegert's boss—an oil tycoon whose penthouse includes a private planetarium. Also with Peter Capaldi as Danny, Jenny Seagrove as the marine biologist who seems to live in the water and has a hint of iridescence about her, Fulton MacKay as the hermit, Chris Rozycki as the Russian, and Jennifer Black as Gordon's bride. The opening sequence, set in a Houston skyscraper, is heavy handed and coy, and most of the other Houston scenes falter, but the rest of the film has an original, feathery charm. The score is by Mark Knopfler. (3/21/83) (Cinema I.)

LOVESICK—Among the many psychoanalyst characters are the hero Dudley Moore, his crony Wallace Shawn, and Selma Diamond, John Huston, Alan King, Stefan Schnabel, Richard B. Shull, and Alec Guinness (as the shade of a trim, urbane Sigmund Freud). The writer-director, Marshall Brickman, has a dapper, weird precision of tone that's funny, and he starts with a promising (if flimsy) situation: Moore inherits a patient, a young playwright (Elizabeth McGovern), from Shawn, who has fallen in love with her and died of guilt; of course, Moore falls in love with her, too. But Brickman's attention seems to wander away, and the dramatic tension dribbles out. The film's tasteful sprightliness keeps it from being about anything, but there are some terrific comedy performances by Anne DeSalvo, Kent Broadhurst, David Strathairn, Gene Saks, and Renée Taylor. Also with the painter Larry Rivers, his great-bird head held high, as a painter, and Ron Silver as a Hollywood star who resembles Al Pacino. (3/7/83) (Gemini; March 30. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through March 31.)

MUSIC IN THE AIR (1934)—An "adult" Fox musical, with Gloria Swanson and John Boles singing together, and June Lang, Al Shean, Hobart Bosworth, and Reginald Owen. The songs, by Oscar Hammerstein II and Jerome Kern, are on the coy side of romance ("I've Told Ev'ry Little Star," "I Am So Eager," "The Song Is You," "We Belong Together," "One More Dance"). Billy Wilder, newly arrived in Hollywood, collaborated with Howard I. Young on the script; it was Wilder's first American credit. Joe May directed. (Regency; April 5-6.)

MY FAVORITE YEAR—The year is 1954, when Sid Caesar was the king of live TV comedy, and this movie is a fictional treatment of life backstage during the days when many soon-to-be-famous writers worked on his shows, brainstorming together. As the brawny, truculent King Kaiser, Joe Bologna suggests an introverted ox, and Peter O'Toole is King's guest star from Hollywood—the notorious womanizing boozer Alan Swann, who is part John Barrymore and part Errol Flynn. Bologna has an authentic boss-comic aura, and O'Toole plays Swann with a funky daring that is simply astounding. This show-business farce is the first film directed by Richard Benjamin, and it's a creaky job of moviemaking, but it has a bubbling spirit. Bill Macy, Lainie Kazan, Cameron Mitchell, and Anne DeSalvo all have a crack at fresh material. Also with Mark Linn-Baker, Jessica Harper, Selma Diamond, Adolph Green, Lou Jacobi, Tony Di Beneditto, Gloria Stuart, and Basil Hoffman. From a terrific script by Norman Steinberg (who appears in a bit part as Sandy) and Dennis Palumbo. (10/4/82) (Olympia Quad; March 30.)

THE NIGHT OF THE SHOOTING STARS—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "Grand Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. With Omero Antonutti as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

LA NUIT DE VARENNES—Descended from a long line of "Gallic romps," this is a creakingly cultured historical pageant set in the time of Louis XVI. For diverse reasons, assorted historical and fictional personages are travelling by stagecoach to Varennes; the King, who has fled with the Queen, is also on the road, in a coach ahead of them. And what do the ladies and gentlemen who are trailing behind the King do? For two and a half hours, they look knowingly at each other and talk literately. As the decaying Casanova, Marcello Mastroianni (who is made to look toweringly tall) has a couple of superb moments—one with Laura Betti as a jolly touring opera singer, and one with Andrea Ferreol as a wealthy woman who declares her passion for him. Jean-Louis Barrault looks great as the scandalously popular, often pornographic writer Restif de la Bretonne, but the role has been written to make Restif a darling old reprobate, and Barrault just keeps smiling. Also with Hanna Schygulla as a royalist countess; Jean-Claude Brialy, who is almost a comic archetype as her devoted hairdresser; Harvey Keitel as Thomas Paine; and Daniel Gelin and Jean-Louis Trintignant. Written by the director, Ettore Scola, and Sergio Amidei. A French-Italian co-production, in French. (3/21/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

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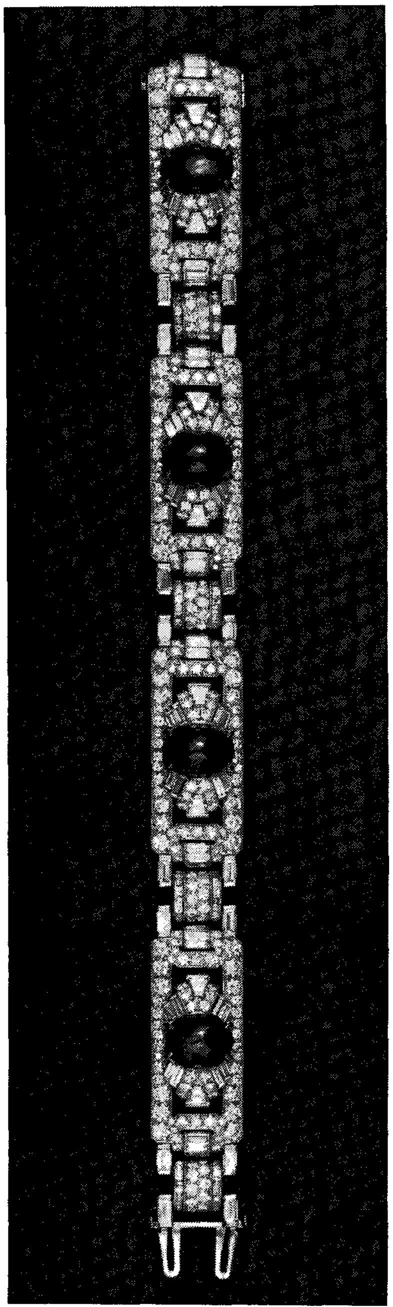

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romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the millworker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bone hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (Embassy.)

Paper Moon (1973)—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who victimizes new widows, and an eleven-year-old tomboy, played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (Thalia; April 5.)

Parsifal—Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's film is thoughtful, inventive, and very ambitious. The musical performance is of high distinction. The visual imagery is arresting, resonant, and colorful. With two young Swiss, Michael Kutter and Karin Krick, in the dual role of Parsifal (the singing is by the Dresden tenor Reiner Goldberg); Edith Clever as Kundry (sung by Yvonne Minton); Robert Lloyd singing and enacting Gurnemanz; and Aage Haugland as Klingsor. The Swiss conductor Armin Jordan, an outstanding Wagnerian, also plays Amfortas (the role is sung by Wolfgang Schone). The Monte Carlo Philharmonic plays with great breadth and beauty of tone and subtlety of solo inflection, and the Prague Philharmonic Choir's singing is firm and full. In German. (2/21/83; under Musical Events.) (Guild; through March 31.)

Pennies from Heaven (1981)—A startling, stylized big M-G-M musical, set in the mythology of the Depression. When the characters can't say how they feel, they open their mouths, and the voices on hit records of the thirties come out of them. And as they lip-sync the lyrics their obsessed eyes are burning bright. Their souls are in those voices, and they see themselves dancing just like the stars in movie musicals. The dance numbers are funny, amazing, and beautiful all at once; several of them are just about perfection. And though some of the dialogue scenes are awkwardly paced and almost static, they still have a rapt, gripping quality. There's something new going on—something thrilling—when the characters in a musical are archetypes yet are intensely alive. Steve Martin, Bernadette Peters, Christopher Walken, Vernel Bagneris, Jessica Harper, Tommy Rall, Robert Fitch, and Jay Garner all seem to be working at their highest capacities. This is also true of Danny Daniels, who did the choreography; Ken Adam, who designed the production; Bob Mackie, whjo did the costumes; Gordon Willis, who was the cinematographer; and Dennis Potter, who wrote the script, which is adapted from his six-segment BBC series. The film was directed by Herbert Ross, who took a plunge but didn't go far enough. The material is conceived in terms of extremes—melodrama and pathos on one side and the dream world on the other. Normal life is excluded. Yet Ross keeps trying to sneak normal life back in: he treats the piled-on sentimental gloom tenderly, as if it were meant to be real. As a result, the picture doesn't come together (as "Cabaret" did). But it's extraordinary. (There are breathtaking re-creations of paintings by Edward Hopper and Reginald Marsh and of famous photographs of the thirties.) (12/21/81) (Thalia; April 5.)

Peppermint Soda (1979)—Adolescence from a woman's point of view. The film is an account of the minor adventures of two French girls, thirteen and fifteen, acted just right by Eleonore Klarwein and Odile Michel. Written and directed with confidence and precision by Diane Kurys. In French. (Metro Cinema; April 6.)

A Place in the Sun (1951)—This George Stevens version of Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," updated to the fifties, features Elizabeth Taylor—in one of her most sensitive (yet steamy) performances—as the rich girl whom a poor, rather weak young man (Montgomery Clift) is drawn to. Perhaps because Stevens' methods here are studied, slow, and accumulative, the work was acclaimed as "realistic," though it's full of murky psychological overtones, darkening landscapes, the eerie sounds of a loon, and overlapping dissolves designed to affect you emotionally without your conscious awareness. Stevens and his scriptwriters (Michael Wilson and Harry Brown) pre-interpret everything, turning the basically simple story into something portentous and "deep." The film is mannered enough for a gothic murder mystery, while its sleek capitalists and oppressed workers seem to come out of a Depression cartoon; the industrial town is an arrangement of symbols of wealth, glamour, and power versus symbols of poor, drab helplessness. The hero's jilted working-class girlfriend (Shelley Winters) is not allowed even to be attractive; part of the impact of the 1931 von Sternberg version, in which Sylvia Sidney was the victim, was that despite the working girl's beauty, her poverty made her, finally, undesirable. If Elizabeth Taylor had played the girl in this production, then the poor could at least be shown to have some natural assets. But Shelley Winters makes the victim so horrifyingly, naggingly pathetic that when Clift thinks of killing her he hardly seems to be comtemplating a crime: it's more like euthanasia. (And Clift himself is perhaps a shade too soft and shrinking—an over-directed pawn.) The conclusion of the film, in which the hero (and presumably the audience) is supposed to be convinced that a man should pay with his life for a murder he didn't commit—but wanted to commit—is bizarre. "Who doesn't desire his father's death?" asked Ivan Karamazov; Stevens and company would send us all up for it. But whatever one's reservations about this famous film, it *is* impressive, and in the love scene between Taylor and Clift physical desire seems palpable. With Raymond Burr, Fred Clark, Keefe Brasselle, Shepperd Strudwick, and Ted de Corsia. Academy Awards for Best Director, Best Screenplay, Cinematography (William C. Mellor), Editing (William Hornbeck), Score (Franz Waxman), Costume Design (Edith Head). (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 8.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark (1981)—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Hitler means to use the Ark's invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Conceived by George Lucas, the picture is an amalgam of Lucas's follies—plot for its own sake, dissociated from character or drama; the affectless heroine, Marion (Karen Allen) who's a tougher version of spunky Princess Leia in "Star Wars"—and effects that Spielberg the youthful magician has already dazzled us with. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. It seems to be edited for the maximum number of showings per day. With John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, Ronald Lacey as Toht, and Denholm Elliott. Cinematography by Douglas Slocombe; score by John Williams. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

The Return of a Man Called Horse (1976)—The stirring, early Westerns had a narrative push forward, a belief in the future of a people. That epic spirit—understandably missing from most seventies Westerns—came back in a new form in this surprising film; here, the surge of elation comes from the spiritual rebirth of an Indian tribe. The hero is John Morgan, an English lord, played by Richard Harris. In "A Man Called Horse" (1970), directed by Elliot Silverstein, Morgan was captured by the Yellow Hand, a tribe of the Sioux nation; he was accepted as a brother and, free, chose to return to his own country. The new picture, directed by Irvin Kershner, shows that Morgan, once having known that brotherhood and accepted its magical religion, is lost as a white man; when he's in his English mansion he's split off from the life around him—his soul has become Indian. The early part of the film, which cuts from an attack on the Yellow Hand to a foxhunt in England, has an emotional power that is almost comparable to that of the early scenes of "The Godfather, Part II." Later, there's a memorable sequence with the dark shapes of buffalo running over blinding, pale-green meadows. Despite a pulpy script (by Jack De Witt) and a lot of awkward, unconvincing acting, this Western, with its Old Testament mysticism, which appears to be authentically Indian as well, is a startling affirmative vision. (When Morgan and some of the Indian children take on themselves the burden of suffering, the mutilation scene is very powerful but it's not disgusting, because you can see how the rituals work in the lives of the people. This sequence has been cut from some prints, though it's vital to the story.) Harris comes through with a strong—and often subtle—performance, especially in his early scenes. With Gale Sondergaard (overacting), Geoffrey Lewis, Claudio Brook, and Enrique Lucero as Raven. Music by Laurence Rosenthal; cinematography by Owen Roizman. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; April 6-7.)

La Salamandre (1971)—A Swiss film (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier); a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau); and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 9.)

Say Amen, Somebody—A documentary on gospel music, directed by George T. Nierenberg. (Reviewed in this issue.) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Shampoo (1975)—This sex roundelay is set in a period as clearly defined as the Jazz Age—the time of the Beatles and miniskirts and strobe lights. When George (Warren Beatty), the hairdresser hero, asks his former girlfriend, Jackie (Julie Christie), "Want me to do your hair?," it's his love lyric. The film opens on Election Eve, November 4, 1968, and ends the day after Nixon's and Agnew's victory; it deals with George's frantic bed-hopping during those forty-odd hours, in which he tries to borrow the money to open his own shop, so he can settle down with this current girlfriend, Jill (Goldie Hawn). The script by Robert Towne, with the collaboration of Beatty (who also produced), isn't about the bondage of romantic pursuit—it's about the bondage of the universal itch among a group primed to scratch. The characters (the others are played by Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher) have more than one sex object in mind, and they're constantly regrouping in their heads. When they look depressed you're never sure who exactly is the cause of their misery. The director, Hal Ashby, has the deftness to keep us conscious of the whirring pleasures of the carnal-farce structure and yet to give it free play. This was the most virtuoso example of sophisticated, kaleidoscopic farce that American moviemakers had yet come up with; frivolous and funny, it carries a sense of heedless activity, of a craze of dissatisfaction. With Jay Robinson, George Furth, Brad Dexter, William Castle, and, in a bit, Susan Blakeley. Cinematography by Laszlo Kovacs. (Metro Cinema; April 4.)

Simon of the Desert (1965)—Luis Buñuel made this short satirical feature (forty-five minutes) in Mexico, just before he did "Belle de Jour." It's a jovial comedy about the temptations of St. Simeon Stylites, the fifth-century desert anchorite who spent thirty-seven years preaching to pilgrims from his perch on top of a column; in both a literal and figurative sense it's a shaggy-saint story. Simon (Claudio Brook) performs his miracles, and the crowds evaluate them like a bunch of New York cabdrivers discussing a parade: whatever it was, it wasn't much. He restores hands to a thief whose hands have been chopped off; the crowds rate the miracle "not bad," and the thief's first act with his new hands is to slap his own child. The Devil, in the female form of Silvia Pinal (much more amusing as the Devil than she is in her guises in other Buñuel films), tempts Simon and at one point frames him in front of the local priests, who are more than willing to believe the worst of him. He fails, of course, because of the animal instincts he has tried to deny. Buñuel couldn't raise the money to finish the film, and he resorted to a bummer of a jokey ending in which the foolish saint is transported to the modern world and left, a lost soul, in a Greenwich Village discothèque full of dancing teen-agers. Up to then, this little film ranks with Buñuel's finest; his technique here is so simple and direct that the movie is an aesthetic assault on bourgeois taste. In Spanish. (Cinema Studio; starting April 8.)

Sophie's Choice—This unusually faithful adaptation of William Styron's Holocaust Gothic comes to us stuffed with literary references and encrusted with the weighty culture of big themes; evil, tortured souls, guilt. The director, Alan J. Pakula, did the screenplay himself. He didn't write it, he penned it. Meryl Streep is Sophie the Catholic; Kevin Kline is Nathan the mad-genius Jew, who is her lover and tormentor; and Peter MacNicol is Stingo the Protestant, the young heir to Southern chivalry (and stand-in for Styron)—he moves into the Brooklyn house they live in and becomes involved in their sadomasochistic trials. The movie is a novel being talked to us, and it has the kind of plotting that points relentlessly at a character's secret and then has to have the character lying constantly, so that the lies can be stripped away. Meryl Streep is colorful in the first, late-forties scenes, when she does amusing nervous bits of business, like fidgeting with a furry boa—her fingers twiddling with our heartstrings. But when the flashbacks to Sophie's past start up and the delayed revelations are sprung on us, it's apparent that the whole plot is based on a connection that isn't there—the connection between Sophie and Nathan's relationship and what the Nazis did to the Jews. (12/27/82) (Manhattan, and Greenwich Playhouse. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace; through March 31.)

Tootsie—Marvellous fun. Dustin Hoffman plays Michael Dorsey, a brilliant, "uncompromising" New York actor whom no one wants to hire because he makes things hell for everybody. When Michael's girlfriend (Teri Garr) goes up for an audition for a role in a soap and is rejected, he makes himself up as a woman, presents himself as Dorothy Michaels, and lands the job. And Michael finds himself when he's Dorothy—he's such a dedicated, fanatical actor that he comes fully alive only when he's playing a role. Michael is still in the guise of Dorothy when he meets his dream girl—Jessica Lange, who's like a shock absorber to him. With Bill Murray, Charles Durning, George Gaynes, Doris Belack, Dabney Coleman, and, as Michael's agent, Sydney Pollack, who also directed. Pollack does some of his best work yet in the opening sequences—a crackling, rapid-fire presentation of the hopes versus the realities of out-of-work actors' lives. The script is credited to Larry Gelbart and Murray Schisgal, but Don McGuire wrote the first draft, and Elaine May and many others worked on it. (12/27/82) (R.K.O. Century Art, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through March 31.)

The Verdict—When Sidney Lumet gets serious, his energetic, fast-moving style falls apart. The camera sits like Death on the dark, angled images of this anguished movie about a Boston Irish lawyer, played by Paul Newman, who was hurt by those closest to him and became a booze-soaked failure. When the lawyer goes into court to fight the powerful Archdiocese of Boston, his faith in the judgment of the ordinary people who sit on the jury enables him to redeem himself. It's a Frank Capra setup given art-film treatment. Newman plays his role for all it has got, but it'a a tired old show-business view of "a good man." In its own sombre, inflated terms, the picture is effective, but it's dragged out so self-importantly that you have time to recognize what a hopelessly naïve, incompetent, and untrustworthy lawyer the hero is. With Charlotte Rampling, James Mason, Jack Warden, Lindsay Crouse, Milo O'Shea, Edward Binns, Julie Bovasso, Lewis Stadlen, and Wesley Addy. The script, by David Mamet, is based on a novel by Barry Reed. (1/10/83) (Gramercy, 72nd Street East, New Yorker, and Criterion Theatres.)

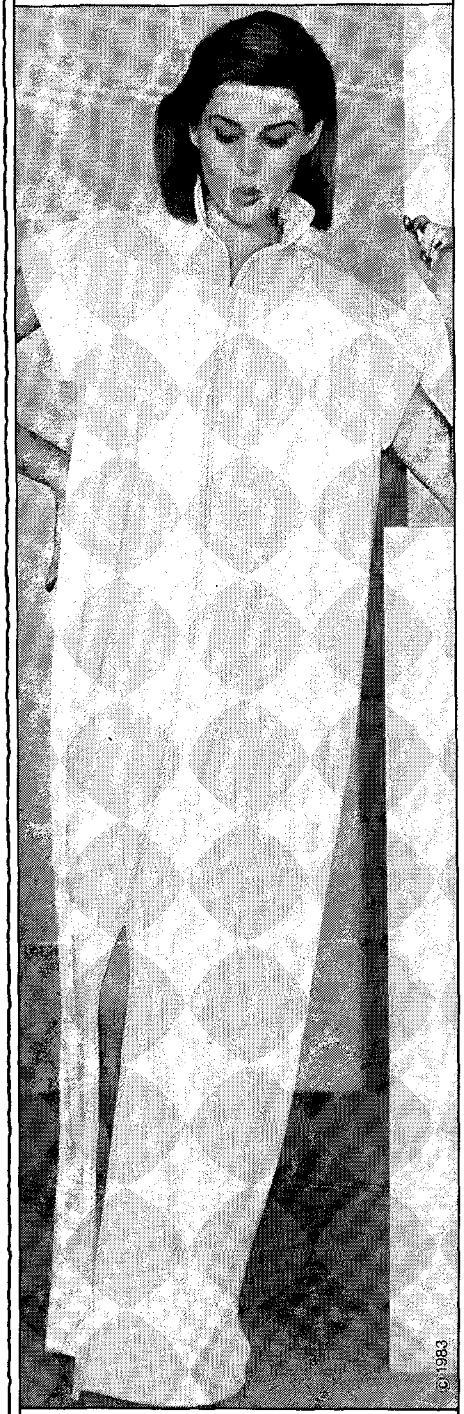
Victor/Victoria (1982)—The writer-director Blake Edwards' rough-and-tumble boudoir farce centers on Julie Andrews as Victoria, an English singer stranded in Paris in 1934, who pretends to be a man so that she can get work as a female impersonator. As an aging homosexual entertainer who trains Victoria to pass as Victor, Robert Preston brings an unholy glee to his work. He plays a sentimental stereotype so heartily and likably that he redeems the musty material. James Garner, with a mustache and acting like a funny, scowly Clark Gable, is a night-club owner from Chicago, and, as the girlfriend he discards when he falls for Victoria, Lesley Ann Warren, gone blond, does dippy, exaggerated versions of Jean Harlow's nasal petulance. This picture features speeches about sexual politics that are the latest in show-biz enlightenment; it also features a chorus line, headed by Lesley Ann Warren, that may be the most contemptuous display of women's bodies ever seen in a major-studio movie. With Alex Karras as Garner's bodyguard. The songs, by Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse, are bland and forgettable. (5/3/82) (Olympia Quad; March 30.)

Viridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Cinema Studio; through March 31.)

The Year of Living Dangerously—Peter Weir's romantic adventure film is set in Indonesia in 1965, during the political upheavals that shook President Sukarno's unstable government, and centers on the Caucasian community of journalists and diplomats in Jakarta. Linda Hunt has the pivotal male role of the goblinlike Billy Kwan, a half-Chinese, half-Australian cameraman who plays matchmaker and brings together Mel Gibson, as a newly arrived Australian foreign correspondent, and Sigourney Weaver, as the assistant military attaché at the British Embassy. A new-style old-time "dangerous" steaminess builds up as Gibson and Weaver eye each other. And though Billy Kwan is the movie's walking conscience and higher moral purpose, Linda Hunt's lyric intensity and concentration help to purify the lines she speaks. Filmed in the Philippines and Australia. With Bill Kerr, Michael Murphy, Bembol Roco, and Noel Ferrier. Based on C. J. Koch's highly readable 1978 novel. (2/21/83) (Manhattan, and Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through March 31.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—School as seen through the eyes of children. Jean Vigo's forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy about a schoolchildren's revolt is one of the most poetic films ever made and one of the most influential, both in theme (as in Truffaut's "The 400 Blows" and Lindsay Anderson's "If . . .") and in its leaping continuity (as in Godard's "Breathless"). Vigo himself was clearly influenced by Abel Gance's pillow-fight sequence in "Napoléon." In French. (Metro Cinema; April 5.)

THE ROBE FOR ALL REASONS…



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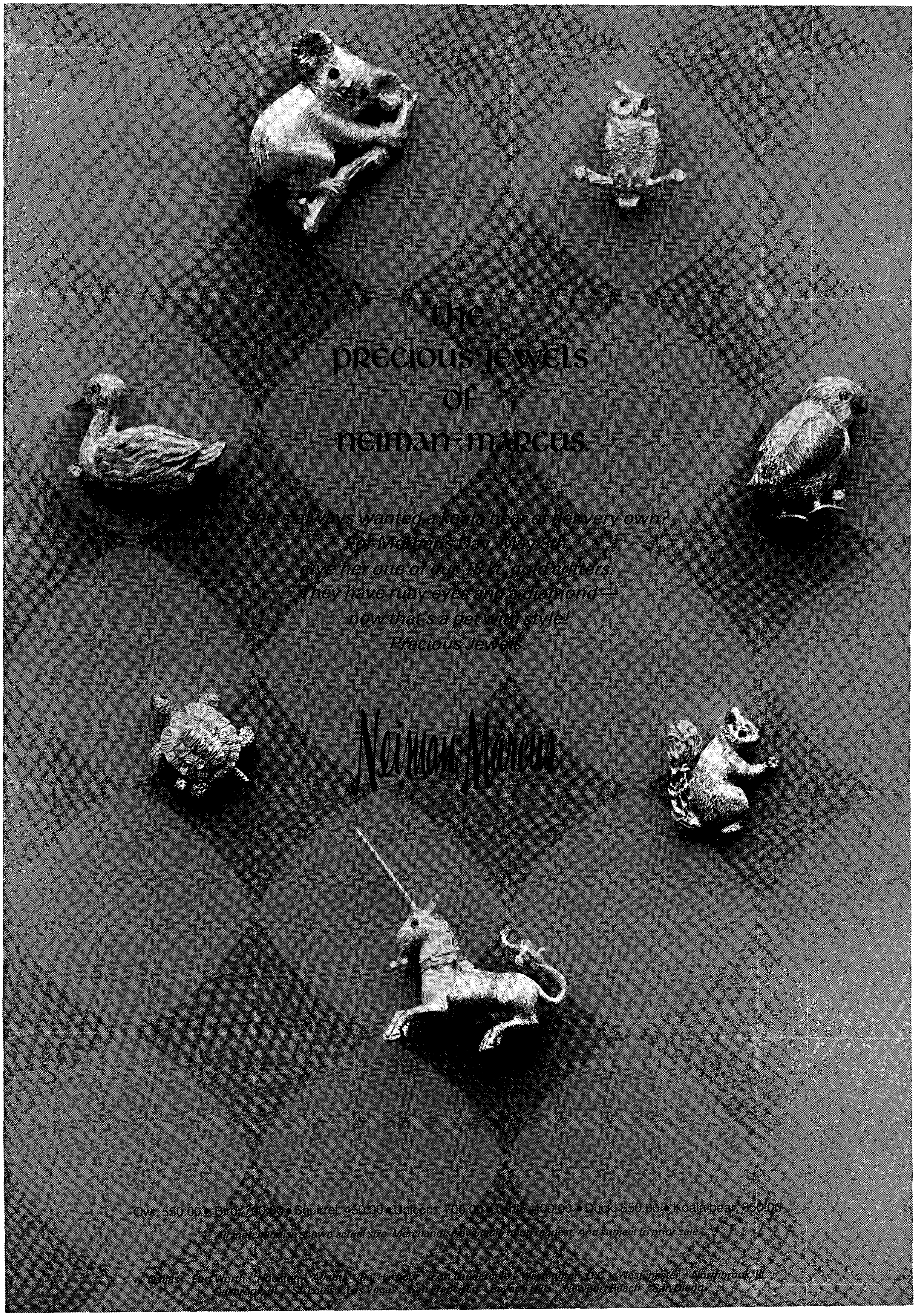

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

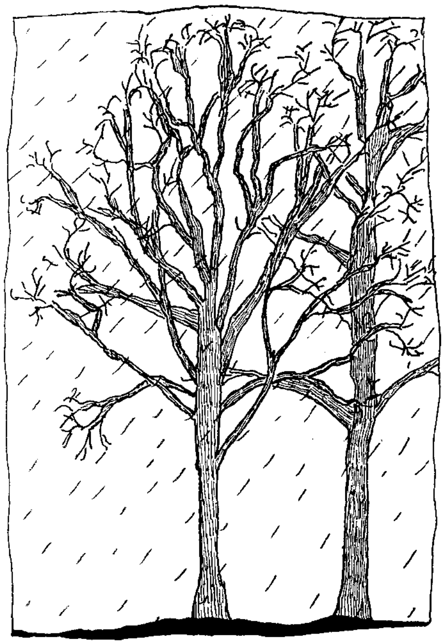
Notes and Comment

A WOMAN we know writes:

According to a new study of how Central Park is used by visitors, 20.2 per cent of the people who go there on weekdays go there to think. On weekends, the figure drops to 13.2 per cent. I have lived near the Park for almost fifteen years and, in the course of rearing my daughter, have spent a great deal of time there. In fact, I estimate that I have put in at least four thousand hours in the Park, or nearly half a year solid. During those hours, let's say that I was thinking between thirteen and twenty per cent of the time. A single, fleeting thought can involve the orchestration of millions of transmissions of electrochemical impulses—an incalculable number of what psychologists call "brain events," which are said to be the basic units of thought. And so the number of brain events I have experienced in Central Park is probably comparable to, say, the number of atoms in the known universe. And yet when I read that Parks Department statistic and tried to remember what I might have been thinking in the Park over the years, I was hard put to it to come up with anything specific except the following five thoughts:

(1) I was walking around the Reservoir one fall afternoon, furious at my boyfriend. I don't remember now why I was so angry—and anyway he was in Boston. I looked through the mesh fence and saw a flock of mallards swimming in the Reservoir. Looking through mesh does something strange to the perception; it's quite different from looking through clear air or looking through, say, pickets. The scene is broken down into a grid of small, regular spaces. I watched the mallards, and the sunlight striking their deep-green feathers, and the shiny furrows their paddling left on the surface of the water, and I thought, These ducks don't know that I'm furious, that I have every right to be furious. These ducks don't know about my boyfriend or about Boston. Then I felt much better.

(2) I was sitting in the playground at 100th Street watching my daughter in the sandbox playing with a yellow cup when some large teen-aged boys swept past and one of them grabbed my purse. I jumped up and ran after them, shouting "Thief! Thief!" I followed them along a path, past people sitting on benches. I felt that everything around me had stopped and that the boys and I were all that moved in a silent, motionless world. Finally, they met some friends and slowed down, and one of them held up my purse by its strap as a trophy. I ran up and grabbed it from him, and even though I am only five feet five and not one of those kids was under eight feet I was ready to beat them all up. Then a thought came to me, arriving very slowly, as from a great distance: That is not a good idea. Trembling, I clutched my purse to my chest and walked back to the playground.



(3) I was with my friend Helen near the carousel and we bought cherry ices from a vender. She told me that when she was five, in Baton Rouge, her favorite aunt died, and she herself, instead of going to the funeral, was taken to the drugstore for an ice-cream cone. When she told me this, her voice took on an aggrieved tone, and her face contracted and went dark. I thought, She must be thinking that she still feels cheated.

(4) I was holding my daughter's small, plump hand and we were walking along the path we followed every day to the playground. She was about three. "You know that tree with the green leaves coming out?" she began. "Which one?" I asked, and she said, "*You* know." She could not believe I didn't know which tree she meant—it was obviously one she knew well. When we came to a ginkgo in new leaf, she ran up and hugged its trunk. "We always see this tree!" she said. I then thought, She knows many of the trees along the path not by their names but by their singularity, and she thinks that everyone else knows them this way, too.

(5) I was with some friends having a picnic under a big oak on the open grassy slope north of the Reservoir. It was a summer afternoon. From far away came the steady beat of bongos. At that time, many women wore their hair long, with a band tied around the forehead. I was secretly in love with someone who was not there. A bag of apples was passed around, and I took one. Its side was scarred and dented. I

held it up, and I found myself thinking, This apple is perfect, just as it is.

• •

Eggs on End

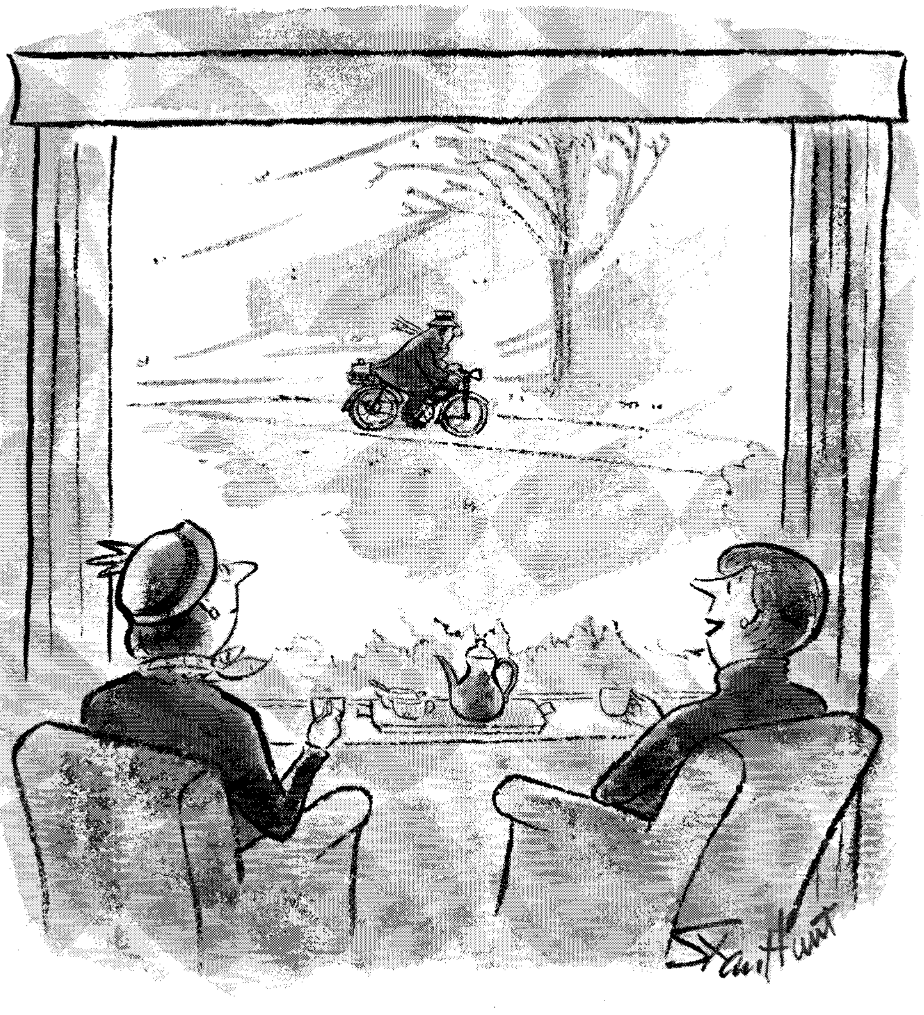
BY nature, we list slightly toward skepticism. So when Donna Henes told us of her plan to fire off fifty-two highway-emergency flares and stand three hundred and sixty eggs on end while chanting, all in the name of world peace, we may have rolled our eyes a little. We may even have said to ourself "Hmmm." But if we did we were wrong. Our report follows:

Donna chose the date and hour for her ceremony with care. On March 20th, at twenty-one minutes before midnight, the sun would cross the equator, ushering spring into our hemisphere. At that precise moment of vernal equinox—and only at that moment—hens' eggs could be balanced on their fat end, or so Donna assured us. Donna, a thirty-seven-year-old woman who is by profession what she describes as an "artist and ritual-maker," and who is committed to international harmony, also put a lot of thought into selecting the proper site for the event, which she has presided over at various sites for six straight years. Finally, this February, she hit on Ralph J. Bunche Park, at Forty-second Street and First Avenue. "It turns out to be the perfect place," she said—perfect because it is right across from the United Nations, perfect because it is in the shadow of the Isaiah Wall, with its famous chiselled rendering of the "swords into plowshares" line, and perfect because a tall modernistic sculpture by Daniel LaRue Johnson, "Peace Form One," which dominates the park, provides a good surface for balancing eggs. "You wouldn't believe how hard it is to find a nice platform in Manhattan," Donna said. Surprisingly, Donna didn't spend much time selecting the eggs, which were donated by the Jersey Coast Egg Producers. "When I first did this, I thought you *obviously* had to use organic eggs. But it turned out you didn't," Donna said. She added that she has no dreaming idea why eggs balance at the moment of the equinox. "They just do, is all. I've had friends tell me you can even use eggs right out of the fridge. They don't even have to be room temperature."

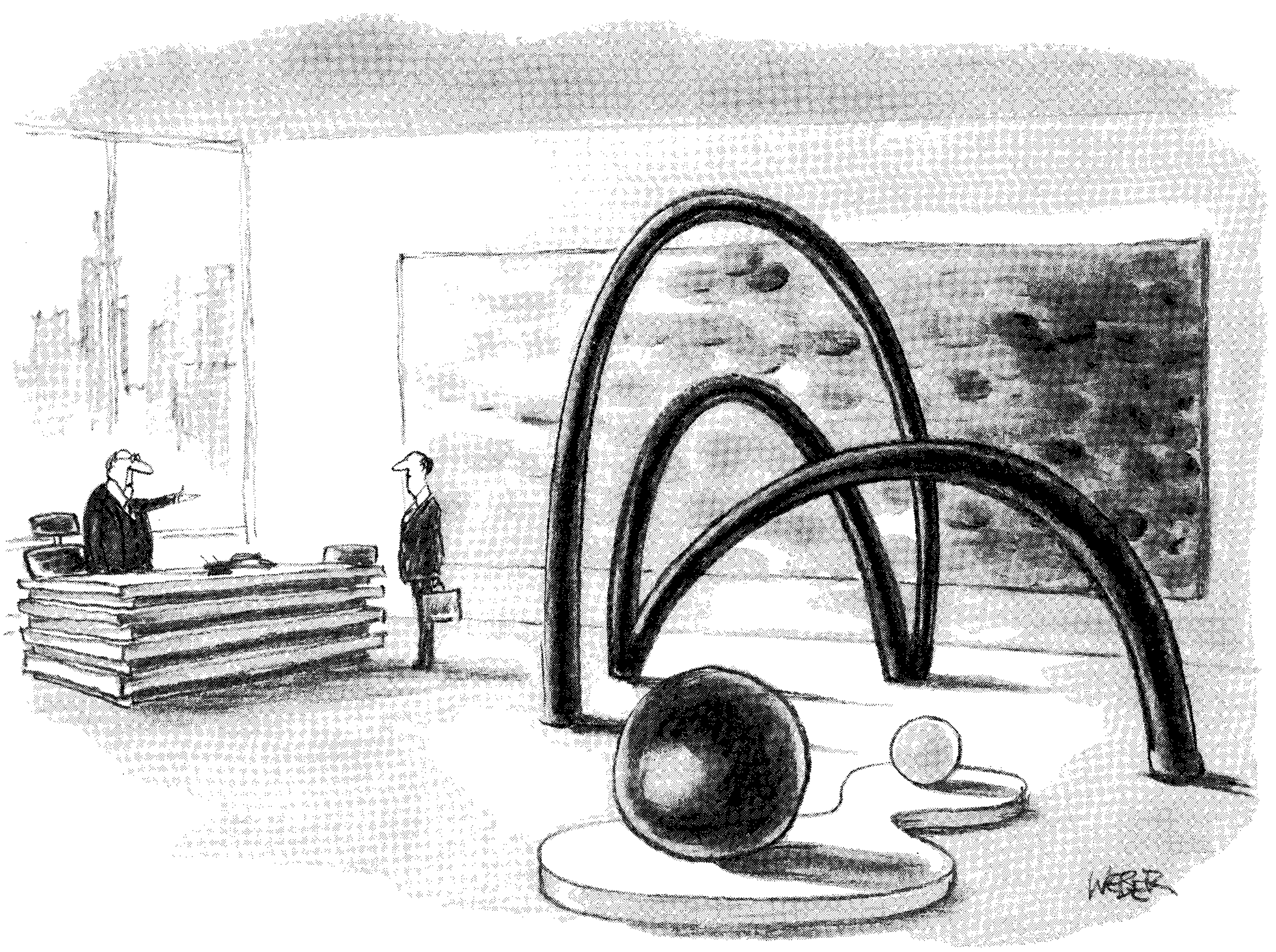
We joined Donna and a crowd of close to a hundred like-minded souls at the park shortly after eleven, when winter had twenty minutes left to blow and thrash. At first, it felt a little chilly, but then—perhaps it was only our imagination—we seemed to notice that the breeze carried no edge. If anything, there was a breathy touch of warmth. Still, it was a long way from being hot enough to fry an egg on the sidewalk.

During the wait for the equinox, some members of the milling company made music. We counted two ocarinas, two saxophones, one sleigh bell, one harmonica, four tin whistles, and one tambourine. "This is an instrument sort of event," said one man with an ocarina, who could also play two recorders simultaneously, out of the two sides of his mouth. A couple of people shared a joint, but most were content to sniff a small vial of "Yandi's Peace Oil" which was circulating from hand to hand. A bearded, overalled man shouted several times "New York City is a playground! New York City is a playground!" but then he was distracted by a boxer dog, which he petted ferociously, all the while crooning "Nice pussycat, nice pussycat." The more industrious in the crowd scrawled peace messages on thin strips of orange plastic and tied them to the iron railings that bordered the park. Several hundred of these "peace streamers" flapped in the breeze; our favorite slogans included "World Friendship! Let's Have It Now, Hurray! Why Not? Let's Go!," "Learn to Play Nice, Stop Playing Rough," "The Universe Spreads Out Before Us, Ineffably Profound," and "If Peace Comes to the Earth, Donna Will Be Largely Responsible."

Speaking of Donna, she was at this point preoccupied with the flares, one for each week of the year, which she set off shortly after eleven-thirty. Then, in the orange glow, she distributed eggs from a laundry basket. "You have to promise you won't try to balance them until the right moment—until eleven-thirty-nine," she said as she parcelled the eggs out. The



"Of course, his time between here and the office varies somewhat depending upon wind direction, the weather, and how pooped he is."



"Before we sit down, Mr. Beasley, may I draw your attention to the art works?"

• •

wait was tense—partly because of a debate between members of the crowd about the correct time. "My watch is *always right*, and my watch says *eleven-thirty-three*," one man insisted. Finally, at more or less eleven-thirty-nine, Donna—who had been softly chanting her peace chant for several minutes—knelt down next to the flat base of the statue, cradled an egg in her hands for perhaps thirty seconds, until it was steady, and then slowly pulled her hands away. The egg stood bolt upright. "Spring is here," Donna said happily. Everyone in the crowd, us included, got busy balancing eggs. Honest to God, it worked. We got our egg to stand steady on our first try, and all around us others met with similar success. An egg on end is a wondrous, disorienting sight, and a few hundred eggs on end, in the flickering light of several dozen flares, left us strangely delighted. We wandered slowly around the park for a long time, watching people balance white eggs and brown eggs, eggs that had been daubed with peace oil and eggs that were being serenaded by ocarinas. Some people balanced eggs on the pavement and some on the thin iron railing. One especially proficient balancer told us his parents had been married on the equator. Another man, dodging cars, stood an egg up on a traffic stripe of First Avenue, where it remained proudly upright until it was sideswiped by a Checker cab. At eleven-fifty-four, a gust of wind knocked over a number of eggs, but most were righted fairly easily. The magic of the equinox works for some time on either side of the actual moment, Donna explained as she rubber-stamped the eggs of participants with the legend "THIS EGG STOOD UP, 3/20/83."

After more than an hour, we left for home, still marvelling, but also a little bothered by the words of a young physics student who had happened by the event. "I don't think there's anything to it. I think it's all a matter of rough surfaces, or something. I think it's just a joke," he had said. So the next morning we set ourself to finding out. Consultations with several scientists and mathematicians proved inconclusive—none had heard of the phenomenon, and none could think of any reason that equinoxes should affect egg stability, though one did point out that water drains out of washbasins in different directions depending on which side of the equator the washbasin stands on. Eventually, we were referred to James (The Amazing) Randi, who resides in New Jersey, earns his keep as a magician, and has lately gained considerable fame by raining on other people's parades—mostly people who in his opinion pass off conjuring tricks as miracles. In this case, Randi declared, we were mistaking the mundane, not even the magic, for the meaningful. "You can balance an egg any time—at eleven this morning, or a week from Monday. Any surface that's the least bit rough will do for balancing an egg. And there are a dozen ways to fake it—you can just crack the egg a little bit on the bottom, for instance." Though Randi said he'd never heard of the equinox ritual, he added, "It probably got started the same way the Easter Bunny and Santa Claus did—old wives' tales."

Well, Randi is very likely right; he is, after all, amazing. And we certainly can't explain why eggs should be willing to balance at the moment of the vernal equinox. But this we do know—we balanced our egg fair and square in about fifteen seconds on March 20th at 11:39 P.M. Two days later, at three-thirty in the afternoon, we stopped at Kane's Delicatessen, at Second Avenue and Forty-fourth Street, and picked up a dozen Grade A large eggs. We carried them to Ralph J. Bunche Park—to the very spot at the base of the statue where we had been two days before. For twenty minutes, we tried to balance one of our eggs, stopping only to explain to curious diplomatic observers what we were about. Again and again, we cradled it tenderly, held it absolutely still, began to pull our hands away, and watched it roll gently onto its side.

The trouble may have been that we didn't want the egg to balance—that we wished to see Donna Henes proved right. Something she had said to us shortly after the equinox kept running through our mind. "When I hold an egg at just that moment," she had said, "I feel as if the whole universe were in the palm of my hand. And when it balances, when it stands there, it's very calming. I feel so protected. It's as if the whole universe were working fine."

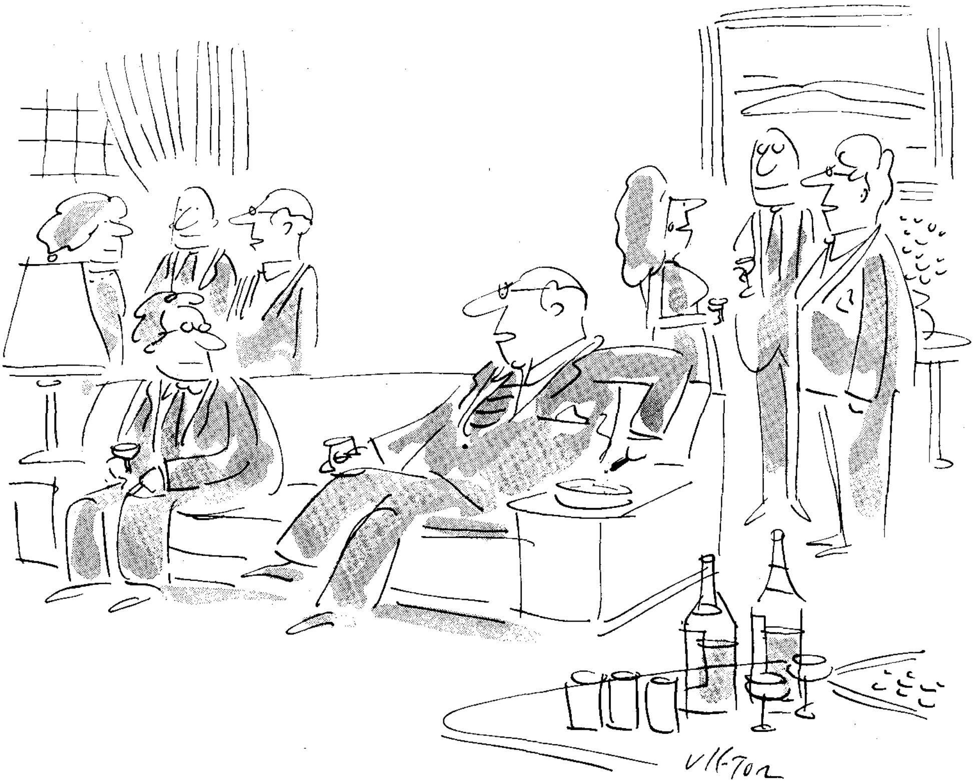
Signs

HOWEVER that may be, rain—steady, pelting, incessant, relentless—is what greeted us on the first full day of spring. When it let up, sort of, around 3 P.M., we dashed outside. In front of a gloomy hotel near Times Square, a red-haired man in red plaid pants extended a ratty black overcoat, asking, "Sir, you want to buy a coat?" On Broadway, a parked car's burglar alarm was going *wow-wow-wow-wow*, and everybody in sight looked like a suspect. Outside a porno movie on Eighth Avenue, a man was putting up a handmade poster with Scotch Tape. "A Surprise Hit!" it said. At a parking lot west of Eighth, an employee was repeatedly hurling himself at a car door that would not close; the owner stood by, rocking on his heels. In the basement window of a brownstone nearby was a sign: "FOR LEASE. SUITABLE FOR RESTAURANT PIANO BAR." An old man with a cigar and a cane stood motionless on the south side of the street, gazing north. On the north side, a younger man, a cigarette in his mouth, stood gazing east. Neither noticed the other, but they formed a heraldic team, making a coat of arms of the street. Not far away, a woman dressed entirely in green was standing near the entrance of a restaurant taking photographs of a menu taped to the window. A lean old man in a blue baseball cap came out of a grocery on Ninth Avenue carrying an orange box that said "Table Talk Junior Pie." His dog—a German shepherd—was waiting for him. The dog sniffed at the pie as they crossed the street together and went up the steps of a brownstone. The dog sat down on the steps. The owner bent over him. We thought he was giving the dog the Table Talk Junior Pie. He was not; he was putting a leash on the dog and attaching it to the stair rail. Then he and his pie went inside. In a window of a crowded laundromat on Ninth Avenue, a hand-lettered sign said "No Hot Water." "WE HAVE THE LARGEST SELECTION OF UFO-OCCULT BOOKS IN TIMES SQUARE," said a sign in a store around the corner. Walking east, we saw another sign—this one taped to the large, dark window of a bar—and at last something that day smacked of spring. "Basia Had a GIRL!" it said.

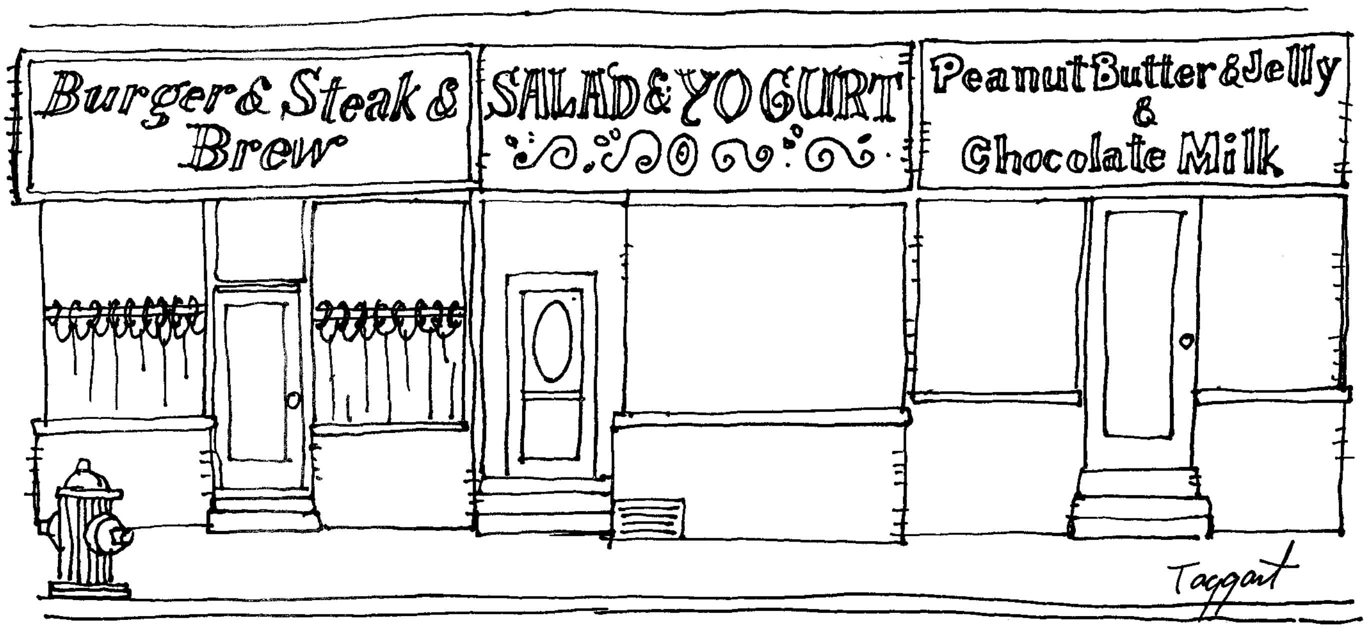
"You!"

"YOU"-ING, truly a spectator sport, overshadowed much of the on-court action at the recent city-wide public-high-school basketball championships. The mechanics of "you"-ing are not complex. When a player commits a flagrant foul, or walks with the ball, or does anything else proscribed by the rule book, the fans from the opposing school jump up as one. Forefinger pointing at the offender, they jab the air again and again, crying "You! You! You! You! You!" Thus, humiliation is added to penalty: not only has the player been caught out by the officials but he has also been condemned by a Greek chorus. Taking the long view, we worry about damage to vulnerable young psyches. Someday, a former high-school hoop star is going to cheat on his income tax, or maybe take an extra dessert. And then his ears are going to start to ring, and the pressure will build up behind his temples, and that horrible chant will sound again in his ears. And then some attorney is going to have a new defense to try out on a jury.

But we should not be passing judg-



"Is there any payoff for all this chitchat?"



ment. Truth to tell, we did a little "you"-ing ourself, caught up in the passion that a good game of high-school basketball can induce. The eagle helped, too. The eagle had yellow feet with orange toenails, green running shorts, a green-and-white baseball jersey, a grayish-green head, and a yellow beak. His tail was a green-and-yellow pom-pom; his job was to incite the fans from Springfield Gardens High School; and his name was Barry. We know this last fact because we witnessed a bizarre encounter in a corridor beneath the stands during halftime—an encounter that developed like this:

Tournament official, enraged at some high jinks the eagle had been attempting: "I'll throw you out of here, dammit! What are you trying to do?"

Eagle: Silence.

Tournament official (whose tie might have looked a bit loud in different company): "I'll throw you out of here, dammit! What's your name, dammit?"

Eagle: "Barry."

Tournament official (looking up at the yellow beak): Stony silence.

Eagle (making stiff attempt to stare down at its orange toes): "I'm sorry, sir. It won't happen again, sir."

Luckily for Springfield Gardens, which could spare no edge, the eagle was allowed to return to his courtside aerie for the second half. Then, three starters having been sidelined with five fouls apiece, the green and gold nearly handed the contest to the favored Rams of Alexander Hamilton High School, whose star player carried the nickname Bug. As in a poster we saw that read "Bugs May Fly and Bugs May Crawl, But We've Got the Best Bug of Them All!" As in the repeated plea of the young man sitting behind us, who said with increasing desperation, when one Hamilton comeback after another fell short, "It's time for a little Bug action here. Hey, it's time for a little Bug action!" Bug notwithstanding, Springfield Gardens finally won by three, 86–83, and that meant that the team members got to cut down the net while the eagle ran around slapping them on the rear.

The Springfield triumph capped a long day of hoop. Fans started arriving in midmorning for the B Class Boys game, which pitted Printing of Manhattan against Walton of the Bronx. Before they could actually get into the gym, the spectators had to pass through several security checks, including a search for what a guard with a bullhorn termed "controlled substances." Everyone seemed to know what he was talking about. As a result of the tight precautions, violence was confined to the court, where a fourth-quarter brawl erupted between two young men, Juan Morales and Tyrone McKelvey. Both players seemed to have more interest in standing five feet or so apart and making vaguely menacing gestures with their fists than in either smacking or being smacked; they trotted meekly off the floor when the referee ejected them.

The best basketball of the day, we thought, came in the early afternoon, during the citywide Girls' Championship game. August Martin High School of Queens, unbeaten all season, was an overwhelming favorite; one sportswriter sitting near us opined that it was "inconceivable" that August Martin would lose. August Martin did everything right—snappy calisthenics designed to intimidate the opposition, fancy warmup gear with nicknames ("Munchkin," "Speedy," "Radar," "Squeak," "Boo") printed on the back, lots of pre-game "you"-ing from its fans. But none of this seemed to faze lightly regarded Kennedy High School of the Bronx, and certainly none of it psyched out Kennedy's No. 30, Da Shawn Martin, who put on a performance. A performance! Sweeping up rebounds like a hyperkinetic Hoover machine, directing the Kennedy fast break like Patton in a whippet tank, passing, scoring—*everything*. With the help of her teammates, Da Shawn kept Kennedy in the game until, with fifty-two seconds left on the clock, she fouled out. Her! Her! Her! And then, as we had known in our heart would happen, August Martin squeezed out a two-point win.

Still, there was no question about the star, and we sought her out for a quick chat. "What are you going to do next year?" we asked Da Shawn, who is a senior.

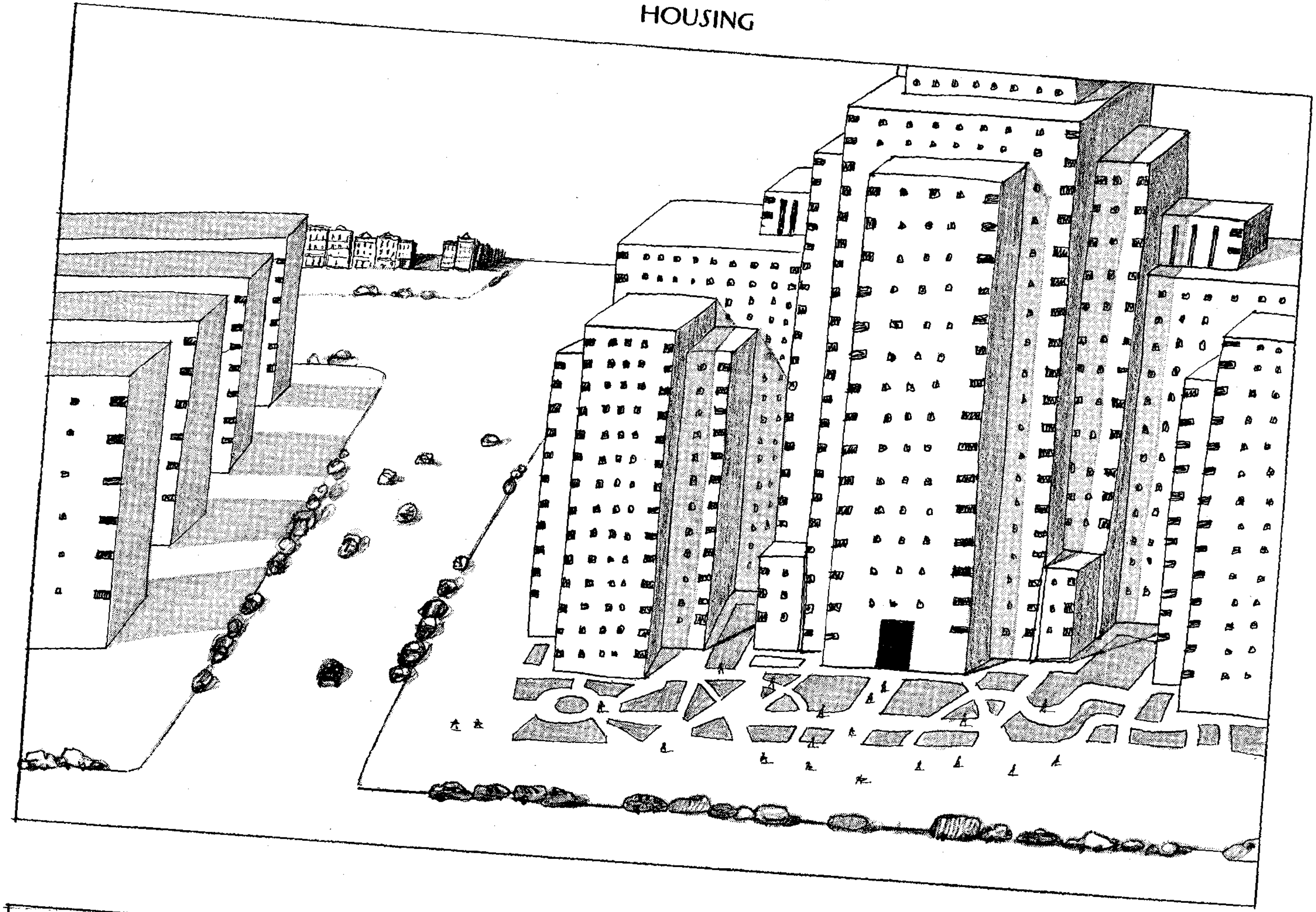
"Play college ball," she replied, in a tone that let us know it had been a silly question.

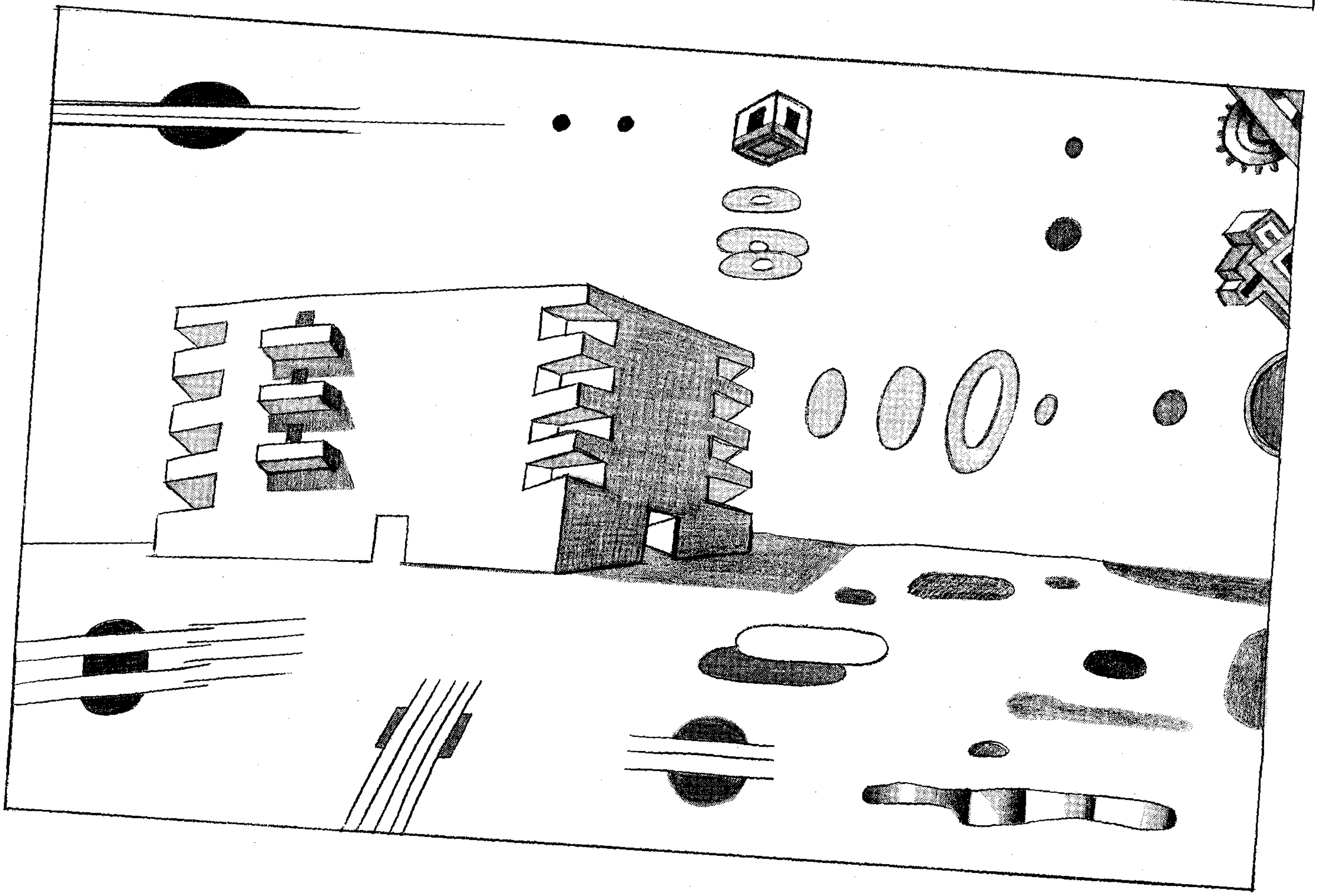
"How did you feel when you fouled out?" we asked.

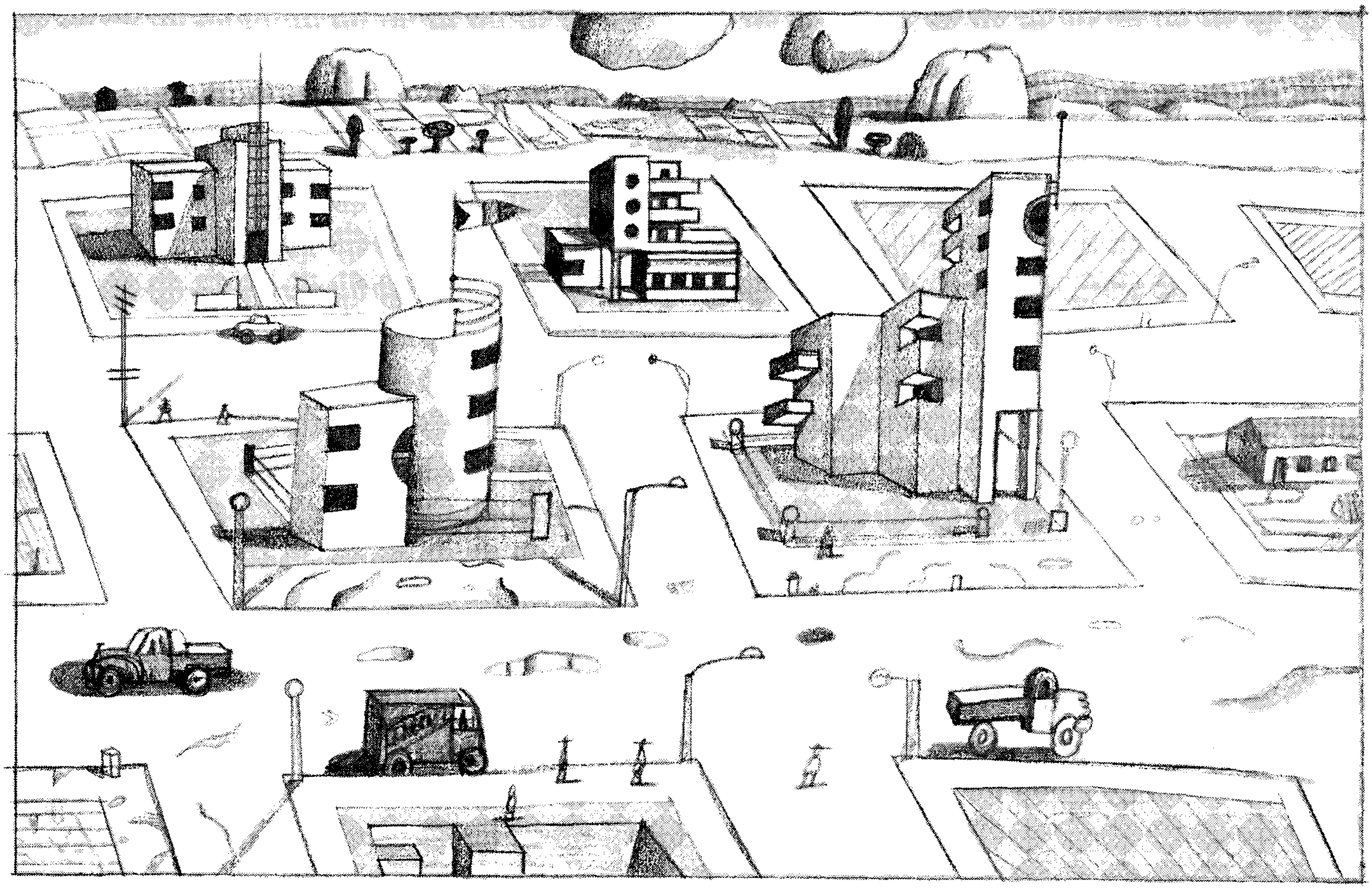
"Real crummy," she said, in much the same tone.

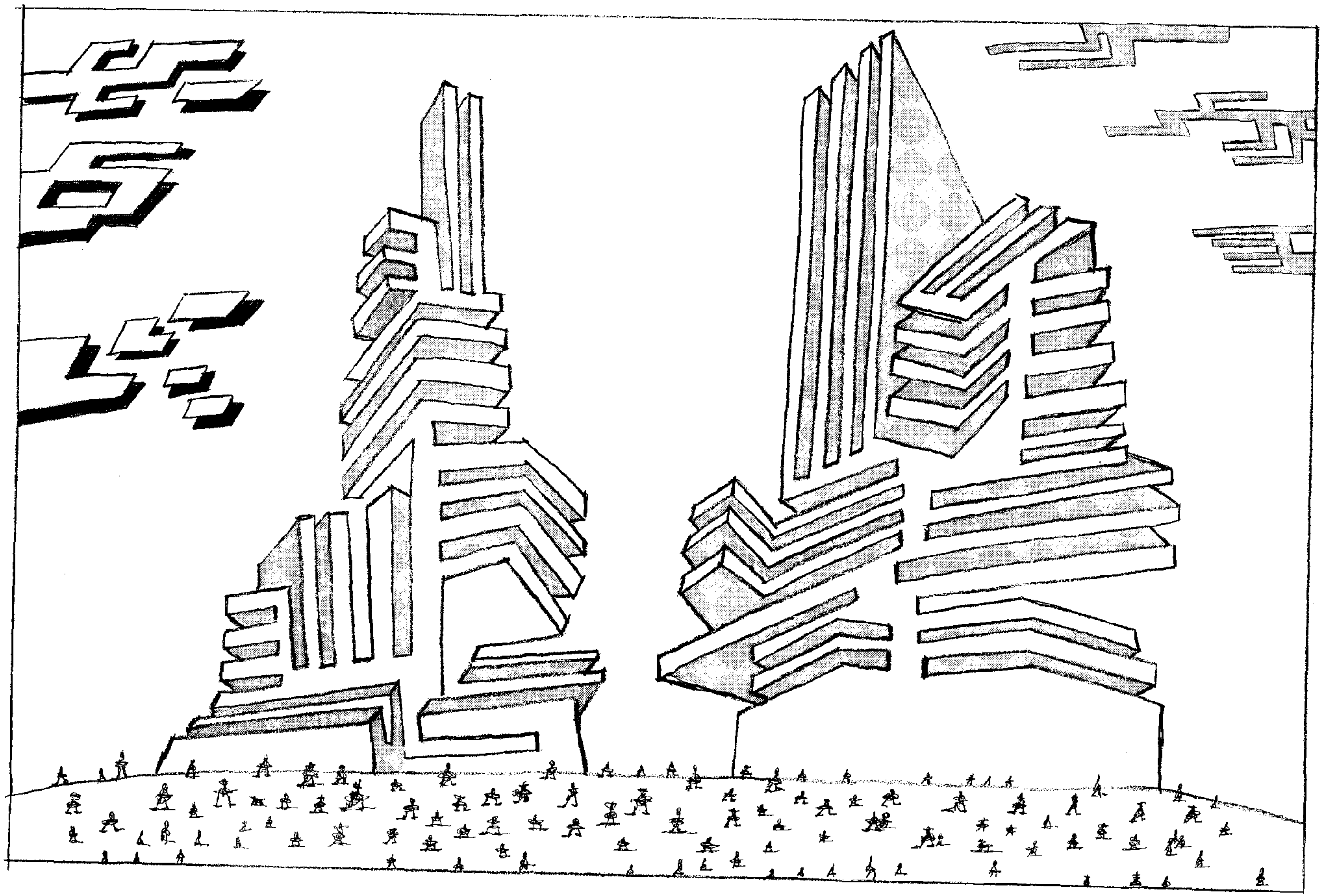
ARCHITECTURE

HOUSING







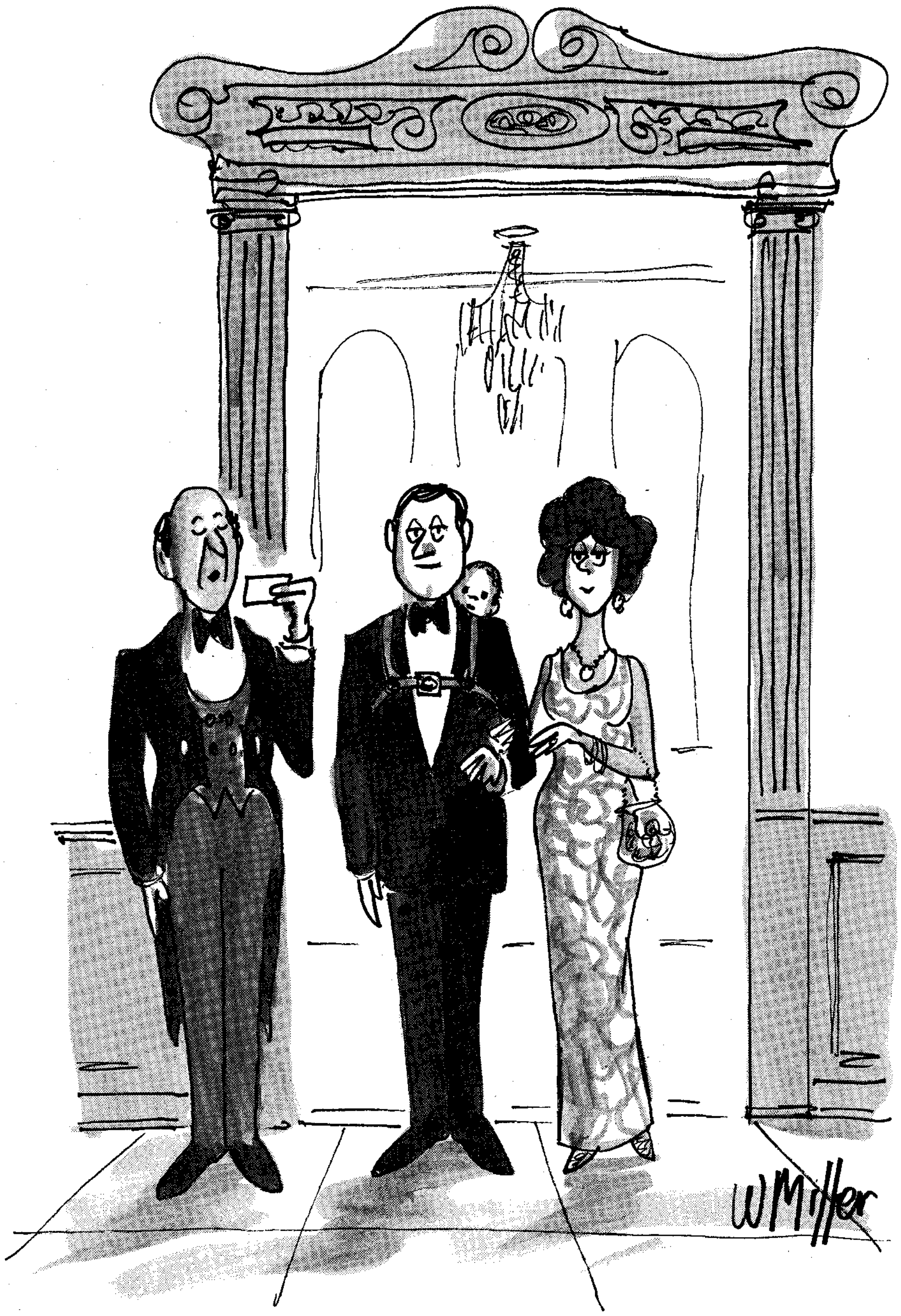


STEINBERG

BRUNS

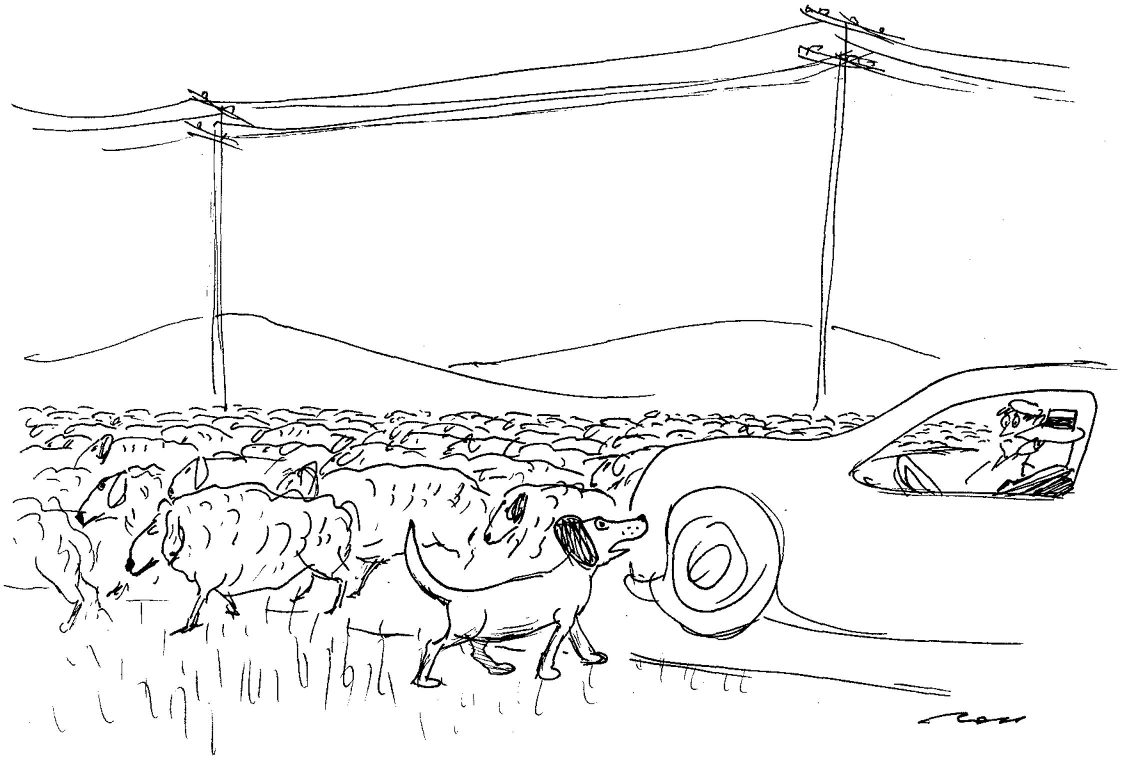
POOR Bruns. They hated him so much it was baroque. But then so is Keteng baroque, everything about it.

Probably the Boers were going to hate Bruns no matter what. Boers run Keteng. They've been up there for generations, since before the Protectorate. When independence came, it meant next to nothing to them. They ignored it. They're all citizens of Botswana, but they are Boers underneath forever, really unregenerate. Also, in Keteng you're very close to the border with South Africa. They still mostly use rands for money instead of pula. Boers slightly intrigue me. For a woman, I'm somewhat an élitist, and hierarchy always interests me. I admit these things. The Boers own everything in Keteng, including the chief. They wave him to the head of the queue for petrol, which he gets for free, naturally, just like the cane liquor they give him. They own the shops. Also they think they really know how to manage the Bakorwa, which actually they do. You have to realize that the Bakorwa have the reputation of being the most violent and petulant tribe in the country, which is about right. All the other tribes say so. And in fact the Boers do get along with them. In fact, the original whites in Keteng—that would be the Vissers, Du Toits, Pieterses . . . seven families altogether—were all rescued by the Bakorwa when their ox wagons broke down in the desert when they were trekking somewhere. They started out as bankrupts and now they own the place. It's so feudal up there you cannot conceive. That is, it has been until now.



"Mr. and Mrs. Richard P. Endicott III and Master Richard P. Endicott IV."

I know a lot about Keteng. I got interested in Keteng out of boredom with my project. Actually, my project collapsed. My thesis adviser at Stanford talked me into my topic anyway, so it wasn't all that unbearable when it flopped. At certain moments I can even get a certain vicious satisfaction out of it. Frankly the problem is partly too many anthropologists in one small area. We are thick on the ground. And actually we hate each other. The problem is that people are contaminating one another's research, so hatred is structural and I don't need to apologize. At any rate, I was getting zero. I was supposed to be showing a relationship between diet and fertility among the Bakorwa up near Tsopong, in the hills. The theory was that fertility would show some seasonality because the diet in the deep bush was supposedly ninety per cent hunting-gathering, which would mean sharp seasonal changes in diet content. But the sad fact is you go into the middle of nowhere and people are eating Simba chips and cornflakes and drinking Castle lager. The problem is Americans, partly. Take the hartebeest-domestication project, where they give away so much food and scraps and things that you have a kind of permanent beggar settlement outside the gate. And just to mention the other research people you have encumbering the ground—you have me, you have the anthropologists from the stupid Migration Study and the census, and you have people from some land-grant college someplace following baboons around. By the way, there were some baboon attacks on Bakorwa gathering firewood around Keteng, which they blame on the Americans for pestering the baboons. Or Imiricans, as the Boers would say. America gets the blame.



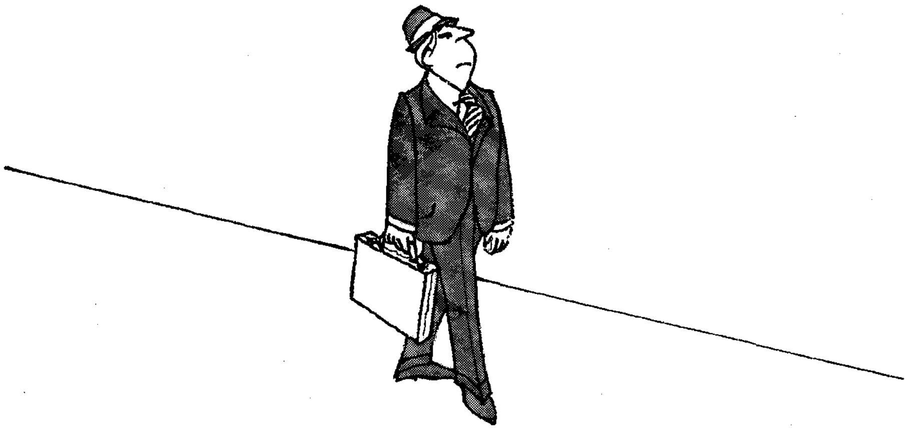
"We regret the inconvenience, sir. We are experiencing technical difficulties. Please stand by."

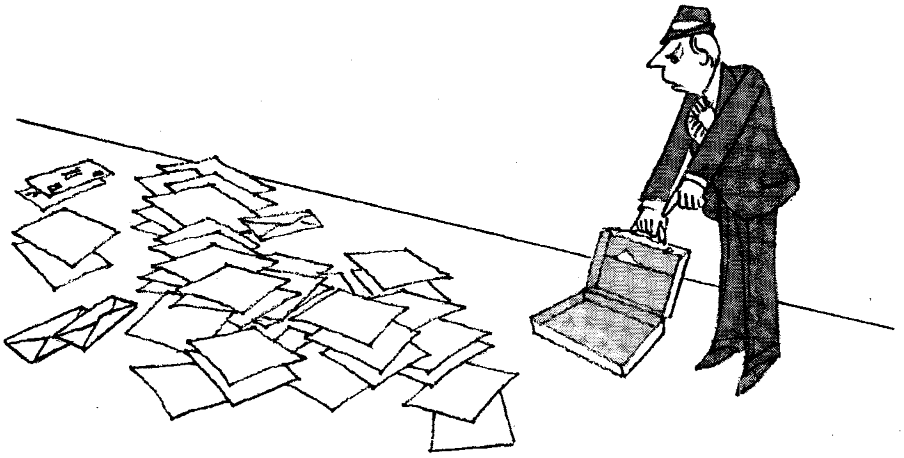
The other thing is that Keteng is remote. It's five hours from the rail line, over unspeakable roads, through broiling-hot empty thornveldt. In one place there's no road and you just creep over red granite swells for a kilometre, following a little line of rocks. So the Boers got used to doing what they wanted, black government or not. They still pay their farm labor in sugar and salt and permission to crawl underneath their cows and suck fresh milk. It is baroque. So I got interested in Keteng and started weekending. At my project site, camping was getting uncomfortable, I should mention, with strange figures hanging around my perimeter. Nobody did anything, but it makes you nervous. In Keteng I can always get a room from the sisters at the mission hospital and a bath instead of washing my armpits under my shirt because you never know who's watching.

The place I stay when I descend into Keteng is interesting and is one reason I keep going back. I can see everything from the room the sisters give me. The hospital is up on the side of a hill, and the sisters' hostel is higher than that, on the very top. My room is right under the roof, the second story, where there's a water tank and therefore a perpetual sound of water gurgling down through pipes, a sound you get famished for in a place so arid. Also, in tubs on the roof they have vines growing that drape down over the face of the building, so you have this green-curtain effect over your window. The sisters have a little tiny enclosed locked-up courtyard where they hang their underthings to dry, which is supposed to be secret and sacrosanct, which you can see into from my room. You can also see where Bruns stayed—a pathetic bare little shack near the hospital with gravel around the stoop and a camp stool so he could sit in the sun and watch his carrots wither. At the foot of the hill the one street in Keteng begins at the hospital gate and runs straight to the chief's court at the other end of town. Downtown amounts to a dozen one-story buildings—shops—with big houses behind them. You can see the Bakorwa wards spreading away from the center of Keteng—log kraals, mud rondavels with thatch, mostly, although cement-block square houses with sheet-metal roofs held down by cobbles are infiltrating the scene. Sometimes I think anthropology should be considered a form of voyeurism rather than a science, with all the probing into reproductive life and so forth we do. I'm voyeuristic. I like to pull my bed up to the window and lie there naked, studying Keteng. Not that the street life is so exotic. Mostly it's goats and cattle. I did once see a guy frying a piece of meat on a shovel. The nuns have really hard beds, which I happen to prefer.

POOR Bruns. The first thing I ever heard about him was that there was somebody new in Keteng who was making people as nervous as poultry, as they put it. That's an Afrikaans idiom. They meant Bruns. He was a volunteer from some Netherlands religious outfit and a conscientious objector like practically all the Dutch and German volunteers are. He was assigned to be the fleet mechanic at the mission hospital. He was a demon mechanic, it turned out, who could fix anything. Including the X-ray machine, for example, which was an old British Army World War I field unit, an antique everybody had given up on. Of course, what do the Boers care, because when they get even just a little cut it's into the Cessna and over the border into the Republic to Potgietersrust or even Pretoria. But other people were ecstatic. Bruns was truly amazing. People found out. A few of the Bakorwa farmers have tractors or old trucks, and Bruns, being hyper-Christian, of course started fixing them up for free in his spare time. On Saturdays you'd see Bakorwa pushing these old wrecks, hordes of them pushing these three or four old wrecks toward Keteng for Bruns. So, number one, right away that made Bruns less than popular around Du Toit's garage. Du Toit didn't like it. It even got a little mean, with some of Bruns's tools disappearing from his workroom at the hospital until he started really locking things up.

The other thing that fed into making people nervous right away was





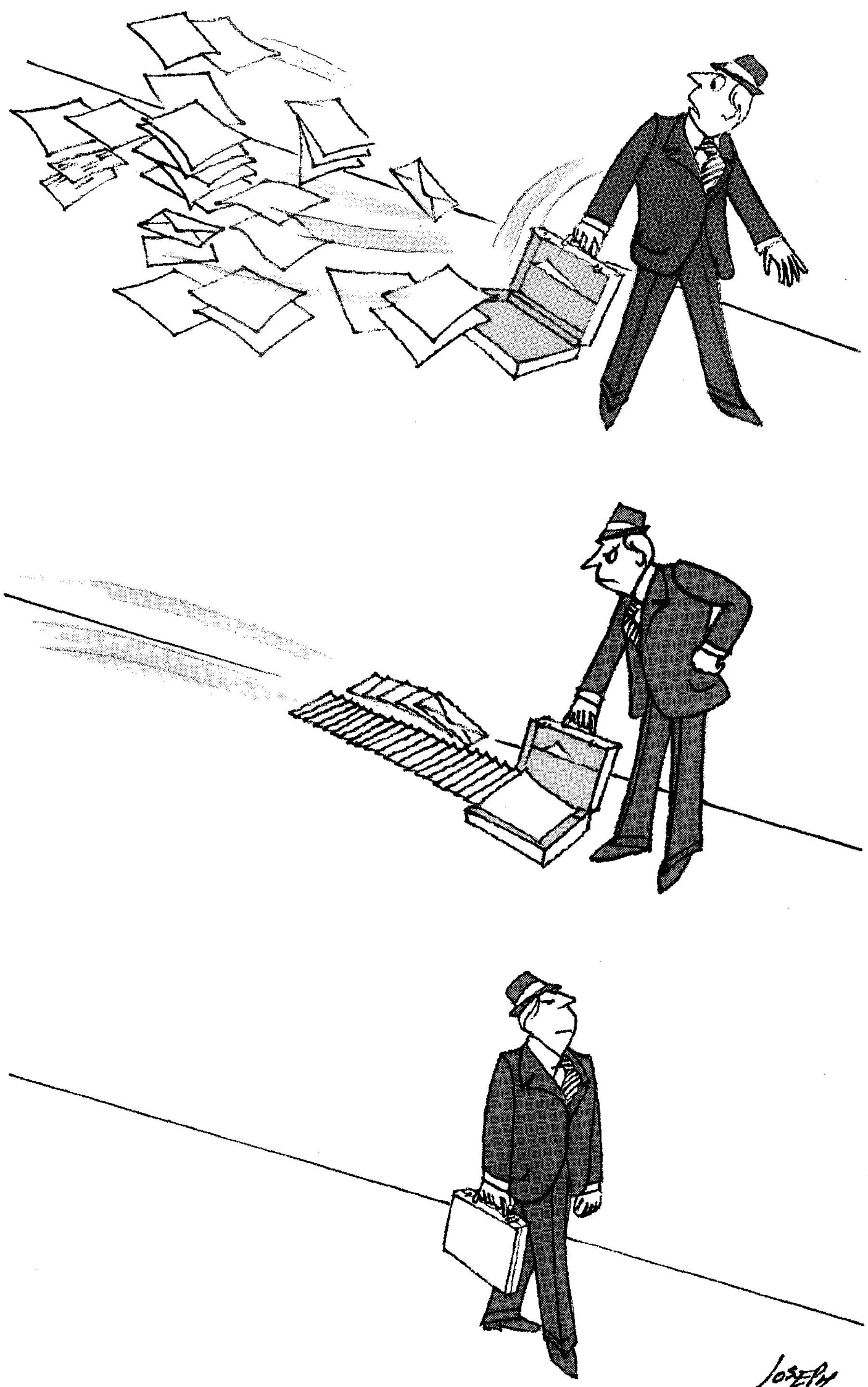
Bruns physically. He was very beautiful, I don't know how else to put it. He was very Aryan, with those pale-blue eyes that are apparently so de rigueur for male movie stars these days. He had a wonderful physique. At some point possibly he had been a physical culturist, or maybe it was just the effect of constant manual work and lifting. Also I can't resist mentioning a funny thing about Boer men. Or, rather, let me back into it: there is a thing with black African men called the African Physiological Stance, which means essentially that men, when they stand around, don't bother to *hold their bellies in. It might seem like* a funny cultural trait to borrow, but Boer men picked it up. It doesn't look so bad with blacks because the men stay pretty skinny, usually. But in whites, especially in Boers, who run to fat anyway, it isn't so enthralling. They wear their belts underneath their paunches, somewhat on the order of a sling. Now consider Bruns strictly as a specimen walking around with his nice flat belly, a real waist, and, face it, a very compact nice little behind, and also keep in mind that he's Dutch, so in a remote way he's the same stock as the Boer men there, and the contrast was not going to be lost on the women, who are another story. The women have nothing to do. Help is thick on the ground. They get up at noon. They consume bales of true-romance magazines from Britain and the Republic, so incredibly crude. They do makeup. And they can get very flirtatious in an incredibly heavy-handed way after a couple of brandies. Bruns was the opposite of flirtatious. I wonder what the women thought it meant. He was very scrupulous when he was talking to you—it was nice. He never seemed to be giving you ratings on your secondary sex characteristics when he was talking to you, unlike everybody else. He kept his eyes on your face. As a person with large breasts I'm sensitized on this. Boer men are not normal. They think they're a godsend to any white woman who turns up in this wilderness. Their sex ideas are derived from their animals. I've heard they just unbanned "Love Without Fear" in South Africa this year, which says something. The book was published in 1941.

On top of that, the Dutch-Boer interface is so freakish and tense anyway. The Dutch call Afrikaans "baby Dutch." Boers are a humiliation to the Dutch, like they are their ids set free in the world or something similar. The Dutch Parliament keeps almost voting to get an oil boycott going against South Africa.

Also it wasn't helpful that Bruns was some kind of absolute vegetarian, which he combined with fasting. He was whatever is beyond lactovegetarian in strictness. You have never seen people consume meat on the scale of the Boers. As a friend of mine says, Boers and meat go together like piss and porcelain. Biltong, sausages, any kind of meat product, pieces of pure solid fat—they love meat. So there was another rub.

Bruns was so naïve. He apparently had no idea he was coming to live in a shame culture. Among the Bakorwa, if you do something wrong and somebody catches you they take you to the customary court and give you a certain number of strokes with a switch in public. They wet it first so it hurts more. This is far from being something whites thought up and imposed. It's the way it is. The nearest regular magistrate is—where? Bobonong? Who knows? Bakorwa justice is based on beatings and the fear of beatings and shame, full stop. It's premodern. But here comes Bruns wearing his crucifix and wondering what is going on. The problem was he had an unfortunate introduction to the culture. You could call wife beating among the Bakorwa pretty routine. I think he saw an admission to the hospital related to that. Also he himself was an ex-battered child, somebody said. I'm thinking of setting up a course for people who get sent here. I can give you an example of the kind of thing people should know about and not think twice about. The manager of the butchery in one of the towns caught two women shoplifting and he made them stand against the wall while he whipped them with an extension cord instead of calling the police. This shamed them and was probably effective and they didn't lose time from work or their families. You need anthropologists to prepare people for the culture here. Bruns needed help. He needed information.

Bruns belonged to some sect. It was something like the people in England



who jump out and disrupt fox hunts. Or there was a similar group, also in England, of people who were interposing themselves between prizefighters, to stop prizefighting. Bruns was from some milieu like that. I think he felt like he'd wandered into something by Hieronymus Bosch which he was supposed to do something about.

The fact is that the amount of fighting and beating there is in Bakorwa culture is fairly staggering to a person at first. Kids get beaten at school and at home, really hard sometimes. Wives naturally get beaten. Animals. Pets. Donkeys. And of course the whole traditional court process, the *kgotla*, is based on it. I think he was amazed. Every Wednesday at the *kgotla* the chief hears charges and your shirt comes off and you get two to twenty strokes, depending. Then there's the universal recreational punching and shoving that goes on when the locals start drinking. So it's not something you can afford to be sensitive about if you're going to work here for any length of time.

Bruns decided to do something. The first thing he tried was absurd and made everything worse.

He started showing up at the *kgotla* when they were giving judgment and just stood there watching them give strokes. He was male, so he could get right up in the front row. I understand he never said anything, the idea being just to be a sorrowful witness. I guess he thought it would have some effect. But the Bakorwa didn't get it and didn't care. He was welcome.

Maybe I'm just a relativist on corporal punishment. Our own wonderful culture is falling apart with crime, more than Keteng is, and you could take the position that substituting imprisonment for the various kinds of rough justice there used to be has only made things worse. Who knows if there was less crime when people just formed mobs in a coöperative spirit and rode people out of town on a rail or horsewhipped them, when that was the risk you were running rather than plea bargaining and courses in basket weaving or some other fatuous kind of so-called rehabilitation? I don't.

Bruns convinced himself that the seven families were to blame for all the violence—spiritually to blame at least. He was going to ask them to do something about it, take some kind of stand, and he was going to the center of power, Deon Du Toit.

There's some disagreement as to whether Bruns went once to Du Toit's house or twice. Everybody agrees Du Toit wasn't home and that Bruns went in and stayed, however many times he went, stayed talking with Marika, Du Toit's slutty wife. The one time everybody agrees on was at night. Bruns started to turn away when the maid told him Du Toit wasn't there. But then somehow Bruns was invited in. That's established. Then subsequently there was one long afternoon encounter, supposedly.

Bruns was going to blame the families for everything—for making money off liquor, which leads to violence, for doing nothing about violence to women and not even appearing in *kgotla* for women who worked for them when they were brutalized by their husbands or boyfriends, for corrupting the chief, who was an incompetent anyway, for doing nothing about conditions at the jail. I can generate this list out of my own knowledge of Bruns's mind: everything on it is true. Finally there was something new he was incensed about. The drought had been bad and Du Toit had just started selling water for three pula a drum. You know a drought is bad when cattle come into town and bite the brass taps off cisterns. A wildebeest charged an old woman carrying melons and knocked her down so it could get the moisture in the melons.

We know what Du Toit did when he came back and found out Bruns had been there. First he punched the housemaid, Myriad Gofetile (her twin sister also works for Du Toit), for letting Bruns in or for not telling him about it, one or the other. And Marika wasn't seen outside the house for a while, although the Boers usually try not to mark their women where it shows when they beat them.

Those are two people I would love to see fighting, Deon and Marika Du Toit, tooth and nail. It would be gorgeous. Both of them are types. He's fairly gigantic. Marika has skin like a store dummy's. She's proud of it. She's one of those people who are between twenty-five and forty but you can't tell where. She has high cheekbones you can't help envying, and these long eyes, rather Eurasian-looking. She wears her hair like a fool, though—lacquered, like a scoop around her head. Her hair is yellowish. She hardly says anything. But she doesn't need to because she's so brilliant with her cigarette, smoking and posing.

Deon was away hunting during the time or times Bruns visited. The inevitable thing happened, besides beating up on his household, when Deon found out. This was the day he got back, midmorning. He sent a yard boy to the hospital with a message to the effect that Bruns is ordered to drop whatever he's doing and come immediately to see Deon at the house.

Bruns is cool. He sends back the message that he's engaged on work for the hospital and regrets he isn't free to visit.

So that message went back, and the yard boy comes back with a new command that Bruns should come to Du Toit's at tea, which would be at about eleven. Bruns sends the message back that he doesn't break for tea, which was true.

Suddenly you have Deon himself materializing in the hospital garage, enraged, still covered with gore from

MY MOTHER'S LIPS

Until I asked her to please stop doing it and was astonished to find that she not only could
but, from the moment I asked her, in fact would stop doing it, my mother, all through my childhood,
when I was saying something to her, something important, would move her lips as I was speaking
so that she seemed to be saying, under her breath, the very words I was saying as I was saying them.

Or, even more disconcertingly—wildly so now that my puberty had erupted—*before* I said them.
When I was smaller, I must just have assumed that she was omniscient. Why not?
She knew everything else—when I was tired, or lying; she'd know I was ill before I did.
I may even have thought—how could it not have come into my mind?—that she *caused* what I said.

All she was really doing, of course, was mouthing my words a split second after I said them myself,
but it wasn't until my own children were learning to talk that I really understood how,
and understood, too, the edge of anxiety in it, the wanting to bring you along out of the silence,
the compulsion to lift you again from those blank caverns of namelessness we encase.

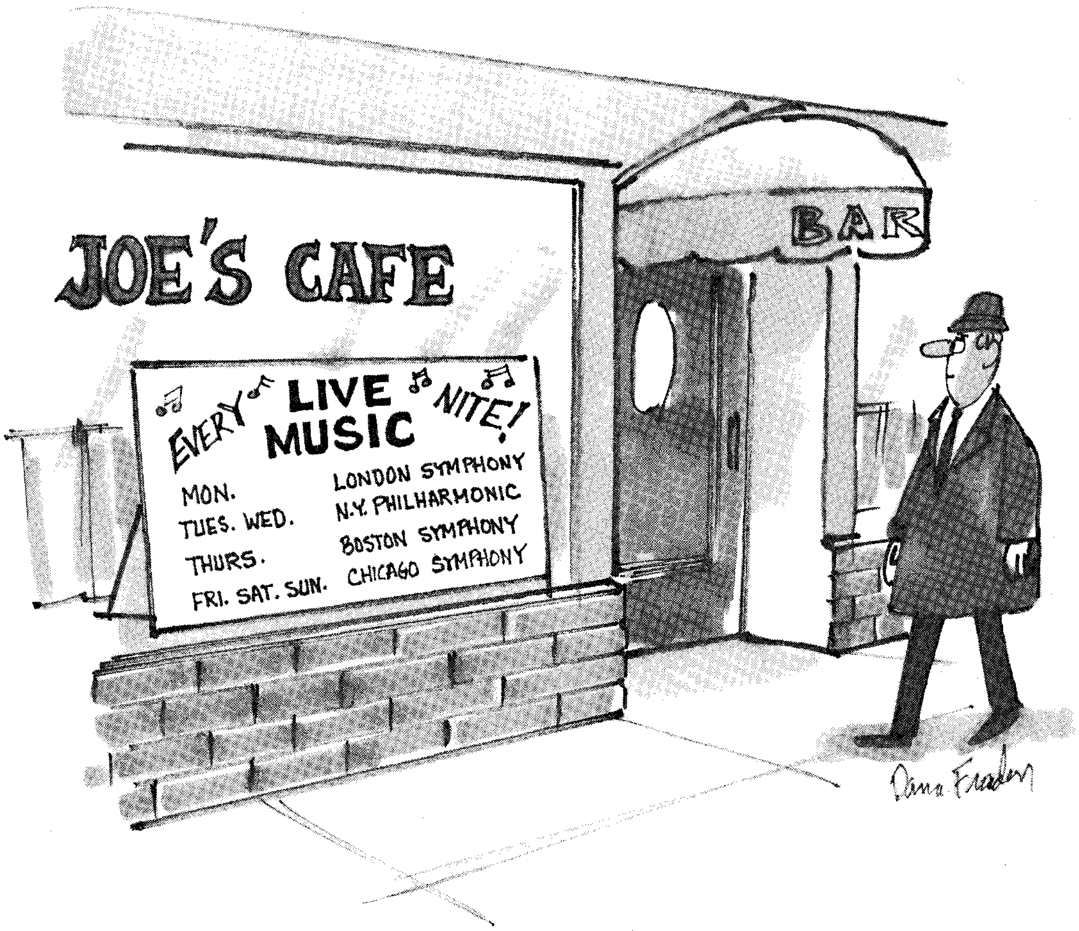
That was long afterward, though; where I was now was just wanting to get her to stop,
and, considering how I brooded and raged in those days, how quickly my teeth went on edge,
the restraint I approached her with seems remarkable, although her so unprotestingly,
readily taming a habit, by then three children and a dozen years old, was as much so.

It's endearing to watch us again in that long-ago dusk facing each other, my mother and me.
I've just grown to her height, or just past it: there are our lips moving together,
now the unison suddenly breaks; I have to go on by myself, no maestro, no score to follow.
I wonder what finally made me take umbrage enough, or heart enough, to confront her?

It's not important. My cocoon at that age was already unwinding; the threads ravel and snarl.
When I find one again, it's that two o'clock in the morning, a grim hotel on a square,
the impenetrable maze of an endless city, when, really alone for the first time in my life,
I found myself leaning from the window, incanting in a tearing whisper what I thought were poems.

I'd love to know what I raved that night to the night, what those innocent dithyrambs were,
or to feel what so ecstatically drew me out of myself and beyond . . . Nothing is there, though,
only the solemn piazza beneath me, the riot of dim, tiled roofs and impassable alleys,
my desolate bed behind me, and my voice, hoarse, and the sweet, alien air against me like a kiss.

—C. K. Williams



hauling game out of his pickup. He had shot some eland.

"You don't come by my wife when I am away!" He ended up screaming this at Bruns, who just carried on fixing some vehicle.

He now orders Bruns to come to his house at lunch, calling him a worm and so on, which was apropos Bruns being a pacifist.

Bruns took the position that he had authority over who was present in the garage and ordered Du Toit to leave.

Then there was a stupid exchange to the effect that Bruns would come only if Du Toit was in actual fact inviting him to a meal at noon.

Throughout all this Bruns is projecting a more and more sorrowful calmness. Also, everything Bruns says is an aside, since he keeps steadily working. Deon gets frantic. The sun is pounding down. You have this silent chorus of Africans standing around. There is no question but that they are loving every moment.

It ends with Deon telling Bruns he had better be at his house at noon if he expects to live to have sons.

OF course, after the fact everybody wanted to know why somebody didn't intervene.

Bruns did go at lunchtime to Deon's.

The whole front of Deon's place is a screened veranda he uses for making biltong. From the street it looks like red laundry. There are eight or nine clotheslines perpetually hung with rags of red meat turning purple, air-drying. This is where they met. Out in the road you had an audience of Bakorwa pretending to be going somewhere, slowly.

Meat means flies. Here is where the absurd takes a hand. Deon comes into the porch from the house. Bruns goes into the porch from the yard. The confrontation is about to begin. Deon is just filling his lungs to launch out at Bruns when the absurd thing happens: he inhales a fly. Suddenly you have a farce going. The fly apparently got rather far up his nostril. Deon goes into a fit, stamping and snorting. He's in a state of terror. You inhale a fly and the body takes over. Also you have to remember that there are certain flies that fly up the nostrils of wildebeests and lay eggs that turn into maggots that eat the brains of the animals, which makes them gallop in circles until they die of exhaustion. Deon has seen this, of course.

The scene is over before it begins. Deon crashes back into his living room screaming for help. It is total public humiliation. The Bakorwa see Bruns walk away nonchalantly and hear Du Toit thrashing and yelling.

Marika got the fly out with tweezers, I heard. By then Bruns was back at work.

HERE is my theory of the last act. Deon's next move was inevitable—to arrange for a proxy to catch Bruns that same night and give him a beating. For symbolic and other reasons, it had to be one of the Bakorwa. At this point both Bruns and Deon are deep in the grip of the process of the Duel, capital "D." Pragmatically, there would be no problem for Deon in getting one of the Bakorwa to do the job and probably even take the blame for it in the unlikely event he got caught. This is not to say there was no risk to Deon, because there was, some. But if you dare a Boer to do something, which is undoubtedly the way Deon perceived it, he is lost. An example is a man who was dared to kiss a rabid ox on the lips, at the abattoir in Cape Town. It was in the *Rand Daily Mail*. By the way, the point of kissing the ox on the lips is that it gives rabies its best chance of getting directly to your brain. So he did it. Not only that, he defaulted on the course of rabies injections the health department was frantically trying to get him to take. Here is your typical Boer folk hero. Add to that the Duel psychology, which is like a spell that spreads out and paralyzes people who might otherwise be expected to step in and put a stop to something so weird. Still, when someone you know personally like Bruns is found dead, it shocks you. I had cut this man's hair.

I'm positive two things happened

the last night, although the official version is that only one did.

The first is that Deon sent somebody, a local, to beat Bruns up. When night falls in Keteng it's like being under a rock. There's no street lighting. The stores are closed. The whites pull their curtains. Very few Bakorwa can afford candles or paraffin lamps. It can seem unreal, because the Bakorwa are used to getting out and about in the dark and you can hear conversations and deals going down and so on, all in complete blackness. They even have parties in the dark where you can hear *bojalwa* being poured and people singing and playing those one-string tin-can violins. There was no moon that night and it was cloudy.

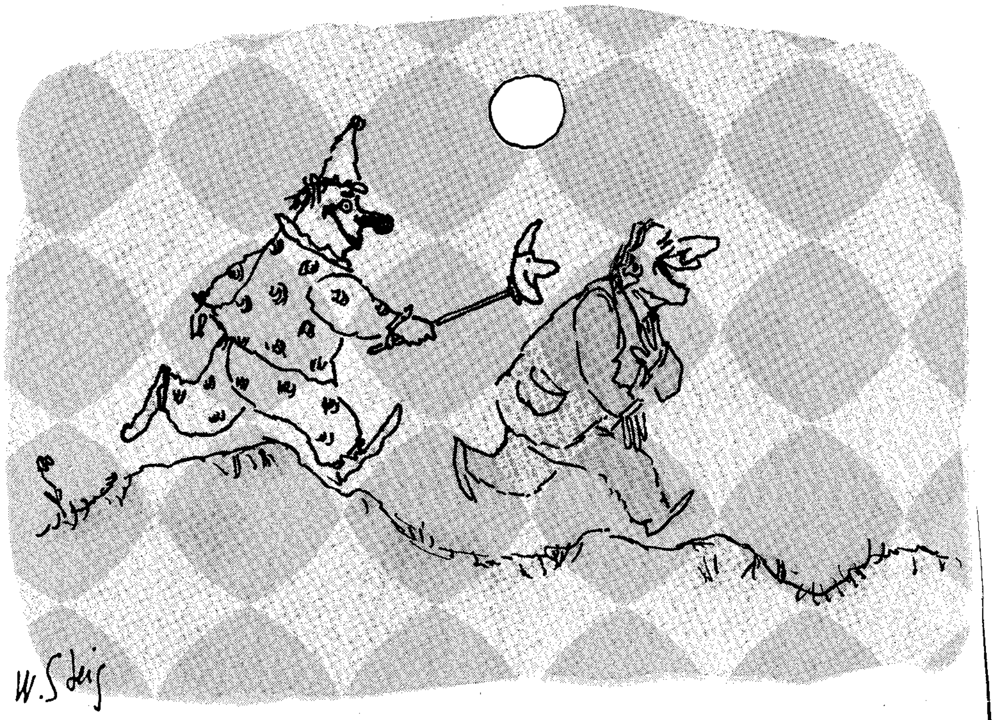
Bruns would often go out after dinner and sit on one of the big rocks up on the hill and do his own private vespers. He'd go out at sunset and sit there into the night thinking pure thoughts. He had a little missal he took with him, but what he could do with it in the dark except fondle it I have no idea.

So I think Bruns went out, got waylaid and beaten up as a lesson, and went back to his hut. I think the point of it was mainly just to humiliate him and mark him up. Of course, because of his beliefs, he would feel compelled just to endure the beating. He might try to shield his head or kidneys, but he couldn't fight back. He would not be in the slightest doubt that it was Bakorwa doing it and that they had been commissioned by Du Toit. So he comes back messed up, and what is he supposed to do?

Even very nice people find it hard to resist paradox. For example, whenever somebody who knows anything about it tells the story of poor Bruns they always begin with the end of the story, which is that he drowned, their little irony being that of course everybody knows Botswana is a desert and Keteng is a desert. So poor Bruns, his whole story and what he did is reduced to getting this cheap initial sensation out of other people.

As I reconstruct the second thing that happened, it went like this: Bruns wandered back from his beating and possibly went into his place with the idea of cleaning himself up. His state of mind would have to be fairly terrible at this point. He has been abused by the very people he is trying to champion. At the same time, he knows Du Toit is responsible and that he can never prove it. And also he is in the grip of the need to retaliate. And he is a pacifist. He gets an idea and slips out again into the dark.

They found Bruns the next morning, all beaten up, drowned, his head and shoulders submerged in the watering trough in Du Toit's side yard. The police found Deon still in bed, in his clothes, hung over and incoherent. Marika was also still in bed, also under the weather, and she also was marked up and made a bad exhibit. They say Deon was struck dumb when they took him outside to show him the body.



Relentless Joker

Here's what I see. Bruns goes to Deon's, goes to the trough and plunges his head underwater and fills his lungs. I believe he could do it. It would be like he was beaten and pushed under. He was capable of this. He would see himself striking at the center of the web and convicting Du Toit for a thousand unrecorded crimes. It's self-immolation. It's nonviolent.

Deon protested that he was innocent, but he made some serious mistakes. He got panicky. He tried to contend he was with one of the other families that night, but that story collapsed when somebody else got panicky. Also it led to some perjury charges against the Vissers. Then Deon changed his story, saying how he remembered hearing some noises during the night, going out to see what they were, seeing nothing, and going back in and to bed. This could be the truth, but by the time he said it nobody believed him.

THE ruin is absolute. It is a real Götterdämmerung. Deon is in jail, charged, and the least he can get is five years. He will have to eat out of a bucket. The chief is disgraced and they are discussing a regency. Bruns was under his protection, formally, and all the volunteer agencies are upset. In order to defend himself the chief is telling everything he can about how helpless he is in fact in Keteng, because the real power is with the seven families. He's pouring out details, so there are going to be charges against the families on other grounds, mostly about bribery and taxes. Also, an election is coming, so the local member of Parliament has a chance to be zealous about white citizens acting like they're outside the law. Business licenses are getting suspended. Theunis Pieters is selling out. There's a new police compound going up and more police coming in. They're posting a magistrate.

There is ruin. It's perfect.

—NORMAN RUSH

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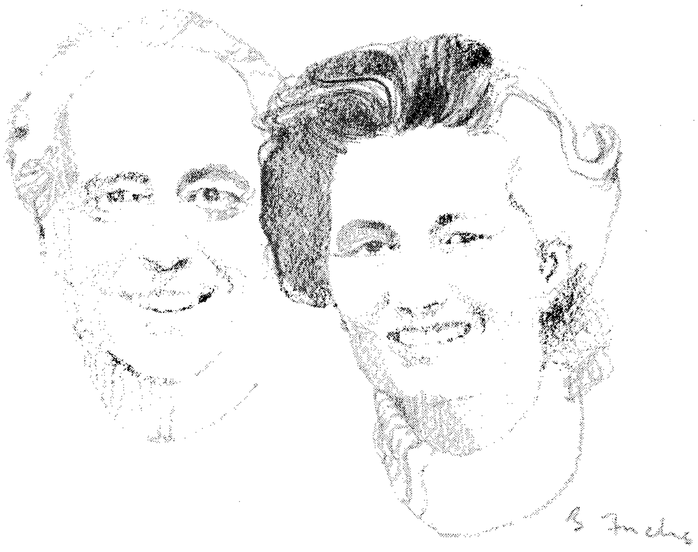
A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Manchester* (*N.H.*) *Union Leader*]

Yet it was not until one learned, through Sunday's slide lecture by the photographer, of the individual happenstances surrounding the posing, taking, and developing of these photos, thus gaining insight into the celebrated life and the life of Rollie McKenna. For without the artist there would be no art.

❋ P R O F I L E S ❋

FINDING OUT IS BETTER



Peter Opie *Iona Opie*

IT is a sunny spring day in the village of Liss, Hampshire, in England, and I am accompanying Iona Opie on her weekly visit to the Liss County Junior School, where, for the past eleven years, she has come to observe the games and listen to the rhymes of the local schoolchildren. Walking east down the main shopping street, we pass a fishmonger's shop with a Noah's Ark in imitation stone at the top of the building (Mrs. Opie informs me that the original owner's name was Noah Carpenter), a bank, a news dealer, the Pixie Café, the Jack and Jill clothing store for children, an old forge now occupied by solicitors, and a Sunday-school annex of the Evangelical Church. After crossing the street, we pass through a gate in a wire fence and walk into the yard of a brick-and-tile building with what looks like a dovecote on top—a standard eighteen-seventies schoolhouse, with several buildings of modern classrooms nearby. It is a few minutes before noon as Mrs. Opie and I stand outside waiting, alone, everything quiet. Suddenly, hundreds of shouting children ranging in age from seven to eleven rush out of the buildings like a swarm of enraged bees, spreading out in waves. In buzzing confusion, there are children dashing around—forming groups, dispersing, and regrouping—as Mrs. Opie, calmly holding a reporter's spiral notebook and a pen, watches two boys racing over to the nearby wire fence. A girl approaches us, looks warily at me, and withdraws. At this point, Mrs. Opie suggests gently that since the children aren't as used to me as they are to her perhaps I should stand on the other side of the fence. I edge my way outside, relieved to be a little distant from the crowd. One group of girls is shouting and chanting and clapping, several groups are skipping rope—in one, six girls are jumping together—and another group is twirling and spinning, then breaks up and re-forms on the other side of the yard. Meanwhile, a few boys are playing leapfrog, while others are, variously, pushing each other and boxing and racing and playing ball and playing dead and chasing girls. Mrs. Opie—insouciantly, almost invisibly—wends her way through the hurtling mob, stopping occasionally to talk to children and take notes. A whistle blows as several teachers come out to end the recess.

Just then, three boys come running up to the fence and offer me some Army insignia.

"Where do you live?" one of them says, and, when I tell him, exclaims incredulously, "America? You've come all that way to see us playing our games?"

The second boy points to a tough-looking, closely cropped teen-ager across the street. "There's a skinhead over there—they like to menace us."

"My brother wants to be a punk," the third boy informs me.

"And what about you?" I ask.

"I want to be a human being," he says, and they all run off as a teacher calls them back to class.

Then, as suddenly as the tumult began, stillness returns—a preternatural calm, as if storm winds had come and gone. Mrs. Opie stands looking over her notes, and as she comes out to meet me I notice three starlings flying into the yard to pick up the crumbs from the potato chips that some of the children had just been eating.

Walking back with me through the village, Mrs. Opie, wearing a brown pants suit and a tan scarf, says, "I'm neither fish nor fowl nor good red herring in the playground. The children can't place me, but that doesn't bother them now, because they know I have this special role in life, which is listening to what they explain to me. I'm not a teacher and I'm not a parent—just an unknown species. Occasionally, a new pupil will come up and say, 'That boy's been hitting me.' And all I do is guy it up, make a bit of an act of writing down what's been said, and by the time I've written it the children think it's so funny that they've forgotten all about the complaint."

She is silent for a few moments and then says, "The best way of settling squabbles is to have everybody dissolve in giggles. If only the nations of the world could think how funny they were being. Just think of those medieval knights dressing up with plumes on their heads. How ludicrous to stick three feathers on yourself, take a pointed stick—slightly elaborated and now made of metal—and launch yourself at somebody else! And when spring comes to Liss playground, as it has done now, the girls start skipping rope and the boys start making war. And I'm afraid that's how it is. I simply go in there and the children tell me things. I'm very passive about it; it's just that I know what to look for—I already know the games. In the early days, I asked one of the teachers, 'What are they playing?' 'Nothing. They don't play games as I used to.' And I said, 'What's that game over there? I wonder what it's called here.' 'I shouldn't think they call it anything.' A thoroughly negative attitude all around—simply because it's not a teacher's job to notice games. And, in fact, I think the children would get very worried if the teachers went around asking what they were playing. It's the only time the children have in which to do anything they like.

"I sort of moon around. I'm sort of a typical village idiot, really, because I never even know how to play marbles, I can't always follow the game, and I

GETTING AWAY

We had brought our love there—to a lake by a forest—
And by nightfall at the firelit hearthstone lay
Together to whisper it, to become it,
To dream it. But something wanted out of the closet.

The rat-scratching began at the inner threshold,
Moved up the jamb and scratched at the lintel,
And went scuffling left and right along bare walls,
Searching a way out, but falling and scrabbling.

We had met life from the woods already, gray-and-white
Mouseheads peeking tremulously between floorboards,
And had heard them tip-tailing carefully from spring
To spring in the love seat, holding their nesting ground,

And in their behalf, and in love's, had decided to live
And let live, to share the bread we'd broken
Under this roof where they were as safe from claws
As we were from new preachments and old orders.

But this was no subtle, mousy, deferential
Skittering. It was an unabashed declaration
Of independence by something as good as lovers
At making and having its way and getting away.

We tried pounding the door, imagining wood rats
Like city rats would have the self-regard
To quit and go into hiding and come back later
When they would have themselves to themselves, like us.

But the scratches went on, not pausing, went on
And on without fear, without flinching, without shifting
To the ceiling or underfoot on whatever passage
This fellow-creature had gnawed and wriggled through.

So at last with brooms and boots and the righteous courage
Of tenancy (our self-possession being
Nine points of our law) we braced ourselves
To face the tenth, having propped the porch door wide

To tempt it into the hospitality
Of the night, where it would be welcome naturally,
And opened the closet door, while cringing sideways,
And saw the tawny-backed, slender snow-breasted weasel

Standing erect, the small paws dangling, gazing
From brooms to us more calmly than possible
And tilting a small, incredibly sinuous head
And neck on its shoulderless body, slowly deciding

To let us go on being where we were
Whatever we were, whatever we meant to be,
And it bent at the baseboard and glided on all fours
Around the corner and out the door down the stairs

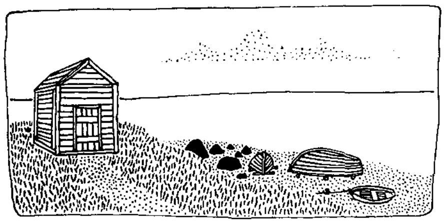
More smoothly and silently than the evening
Had climbed them, and disappeared into the darkness
And left us and the mice in that good house
Where nothing stirred but all of us till morning.

—David Wagoner

• •

have to get the children to explain. And they love explaining—they know more than I do. Playtime is the one time when children are the 'superiors.' Adults sometimes ask us why my husband and I use the word 'people' in our book on children's games—as in 'You need six people to play a game.' But that's what they themselves say. We'd never like at all to make fun of children, because this isn't what we'd want to have done to us. So if a child makes a mistake in saying a word we would never print it that way. But if it's his ordinary way of talking, that's fair enough, that's the right way of saying things.

"I find that my being there has no effect on the games. I've sometimes wondered when on earth the children were going to skip rope again, because, even though I have great faith in the continuity of games, every now and then I lose faith, thinking, Has skipping disappeared forever? And then they jolly well skip when they think on their own that they haven't done so for a long time. It's the period of time between strong crazes that interests me. If the children have a violent craze for hopscotch—as they did a few years ago, when the whole playground was covered with hopscotch diagrams, as if it were one enormous Oriental carpet—then, all of a sudden, they won't play it anymore. It is as if it were a disease they have got out of their system. And then a new game will arrive—like one called Shirley Temple. Some girl brought that down from Wales—it was previously unknown in this playground. It's a circle game, with a girl in the middle being Shirley Temple while the others sing, 'Come, Shirley Temple, the girl with curly hair,' as she goes through all the motions, curling her hair with her finger. And, of course, the boys, who like looking and gawking at the girls, go 'Oooh' and whistle, because the game involves the girls' hitching their skirts up a little at the side—'She wears her skirt to *there*.' I wondered what on earth had happened when I arrived one day, because literally *everyone* was playing it; the circle must have contained fifty girls. They arrange games like lightning, then play them and get tired of them. It's the speed of modern living, the speed of childhood living. And now, as always, I go home and immediately write up what I've heard and seen."



Mrs. Opie's report for today reads:

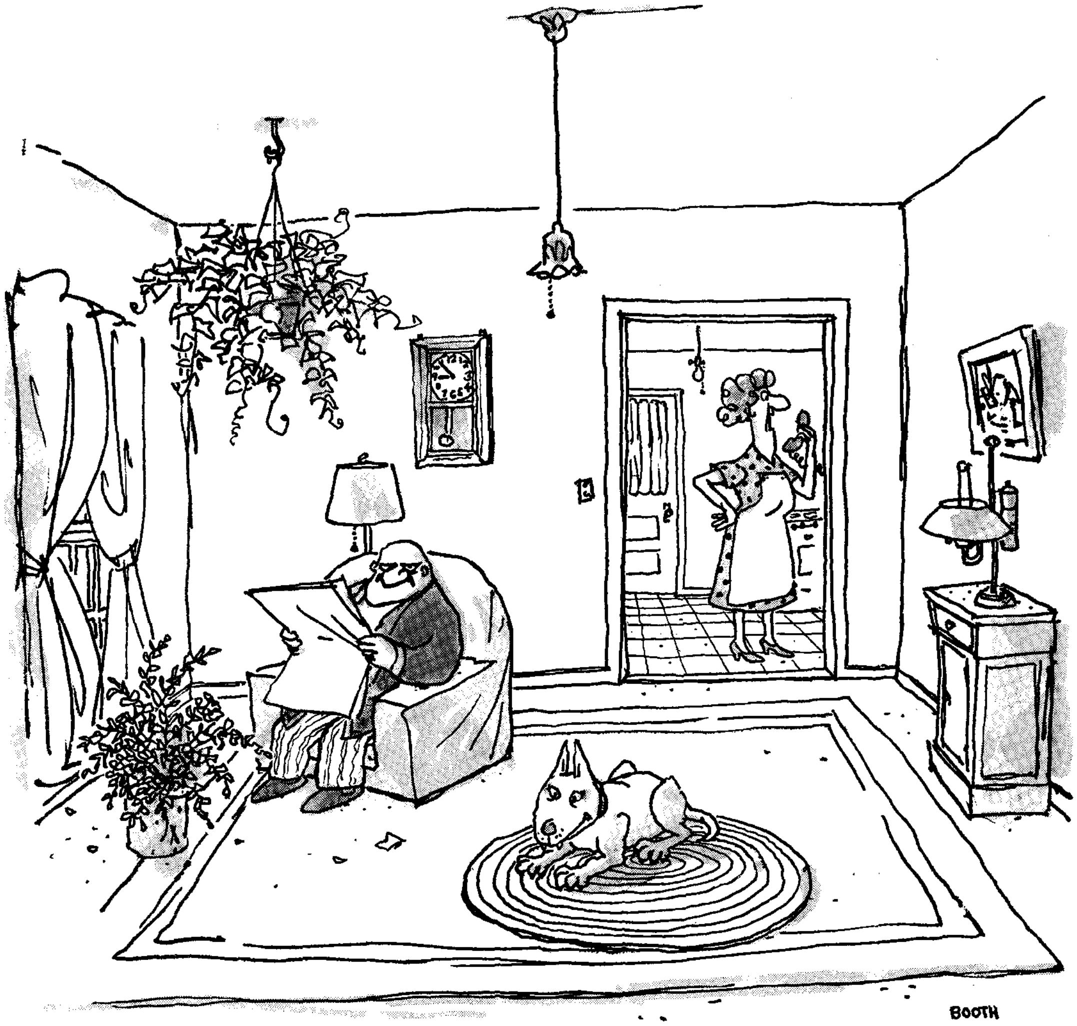
Liss Thursday 7 May 1981. "Dry, quite sunny, and warm," as the weatherman said it would be; and the village was May-entranced already, with Queen Anne's lace high by the footpath and bluebells like dream-pools in the ditch.

Two little toughs came racing across the playground to the roadside fence, flung their arms in the air, fists clenched, and both shouted "First!" One, a merry copernob, explained: "He was racing against his class, and I was racing against mine." He sighed with satisfaction. "We *both* won."

An eight-year-old, with a white face under her dark fringe, took a pinch of my jacket and led me to a quiet corner. She recited a rhyme I must have first heard when her mother was her age:

I'm Popeye the sailor man,
I live in a caravan;
There's a hole in the middle
Where I go to piddle—
I'm Popeye the sailor man,
Too-too!

She gave a rich, fruity chuckle, and said "There's another one that I am not going to tell you." ("Too-too!"



"I have a stuffed chair and a rag rug that are going out in the spring sunshine today, Elsie!"

• •

seems to be the latest of the exclamatory endings, following "Sexy!" and Basil Brush's "Boom-boom!" They are the verbal equivalents of a dig in the ribs.) I asked my usual question, "Where does it come from?" She looked down at the dimpled darling standing by her side, who said "My brother made it up." (Confirmation yet again, if confirmation is needed, of our observation in "The Lore and Language of Schoolchildren" that "children are, in fact, prone to claim the authorship of a verse when they have done no more than alter a word in it, for instance substitute a familiar name for a name unknown to them; and they tend to be passionately loyal to the presumed genius of a classmate, or of a child who has just left their school, who is credited with the invention of each newly heard composition.")

Another girl had been waiting with awful persistence and no expression on her face. "Now I want to tell *my* jokes," she said. "What's green and goes up and down?—A gooseberry in a lift. I got it from my joke book. What is red, white and black?—A sun-tanned zebra. Where do frogs leave their coats?—In the croakroom. What do Chinese frogs say?—Oke, Oke." "I don't understand that last one," I muttered. "Nor do I," she said, "And it doesn't say anything in my joke book."

All the while I had been aware of the hum-and-buzz that girls make when the chanting games are "in." A girl called Jackie, who had been lingering near, started clapping with her small friend. I listened to the words, which seemed different from when I last heard the rhyme. "How does it go?" I asked. "'Si, si, my playmate'?" Jackie giggled at her friend and said with scorn "'Si, si, my playmate'!—no, it's 'Si, si, my *baby*.'" "Well, let's have all the words," I said, and they clapped and chanted:

Si, si, my baby,
I cannot play with you,
Becos I've got the flu,
Chicken pox and measles too, too, too;
Flush down the lavatory
Into the drainpipe,
And that's how it goes, goes, goes.

It did not seem to me an improved version, but it was the one everyone knew today. The playground was dotted with groups of girls hand-clapping, and as well as "Si, si, my baby" I heard the strains of "My name is Alli alli, Chickerlye chickerlye."

The joke-teller was still lingering about. I did not really want more jokes from a joke book, so I said "Skipping seems to be the thing now—is that right?" "Yeh," she said, "I'm going to do some skipping. I'm going to ask my friend." She went off and Jackie came back saying "I've just thought of a joke. You have to say 'Behind the bush' each time." So we went into the familiar routine, though with a script that was new to me:

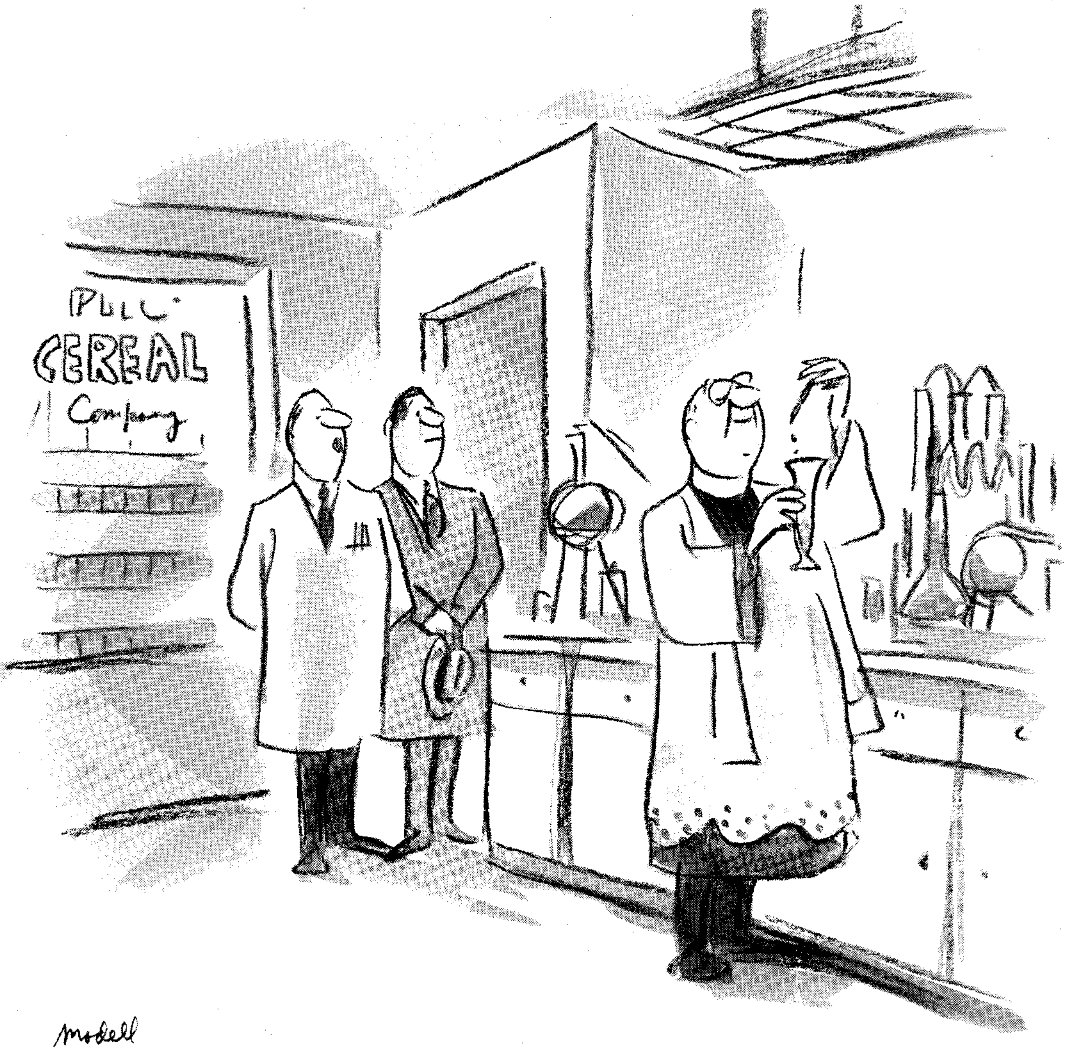
There was this young man and lady.
 Behind the bush.
And they took their clothes off.
 Behind the bush.
They snogged.
 Behind the bush.
Where was you last night?
 Behind the bush—

She clapped her hand to her mouth and ran off squealing with simulated horror, which left me free to go and watch the skipping.

But I was intercepted by a girl who wanted me to hear her monster jokes. (Monsters seem to have become part of the inner-circle of children's acquaintance; more unruly than teddy bears yet almost as lovable.) "What is the monsters' favourite soup?—Scream of tomato. What did the vampire say when he left the dentist's?—Fangs very much." I tore myself away and worked towards the skipping, realising as I went that there were also numerous games of leapfrog that I had not noted. I stood by one long rope and gazed round. A boy rushed by holding up a finger with a plastic wound on it, shouting "Look, I cut my finger!" Two girls hurtled up with "A new game—it's called Blue Slime. We have this blue ball and we pretend it's slimy and it keeps on jumping into our hands and we have to keep throwing it away." When the excitement had died down, I asked the girls how many skipping ropes they could see, saying I had counted four. "You can only see three now," said the bounciest of the girls, "Because that one over there has just vanished, because someone tripped and hurt theirselves."

One of the awkward squad barged up and said "Excuse me, Miss, can you shift out the way? Cos I want to do my jumps with this." He held out a large die-cast vehicle of the most expensive sort. "All right," I said, and shifted. "Oh, you're not a teacher," he murmured, and went back to the edge of the playground where the grass meets the asphalt. I was not sure whether this was a compliment—it sounded like one. I followed him. The cliff the boys were hurling their cars over was now steep and pebbly, exposed by last winter's rain. He looked up and said "We try and get the cars off the side so they land upright. It'd be a good idea for a fête, we'd get pounds."

The bell had gone and the girls had begun to queue for the second- and third-



"And here's where we put in the goodness."

• •

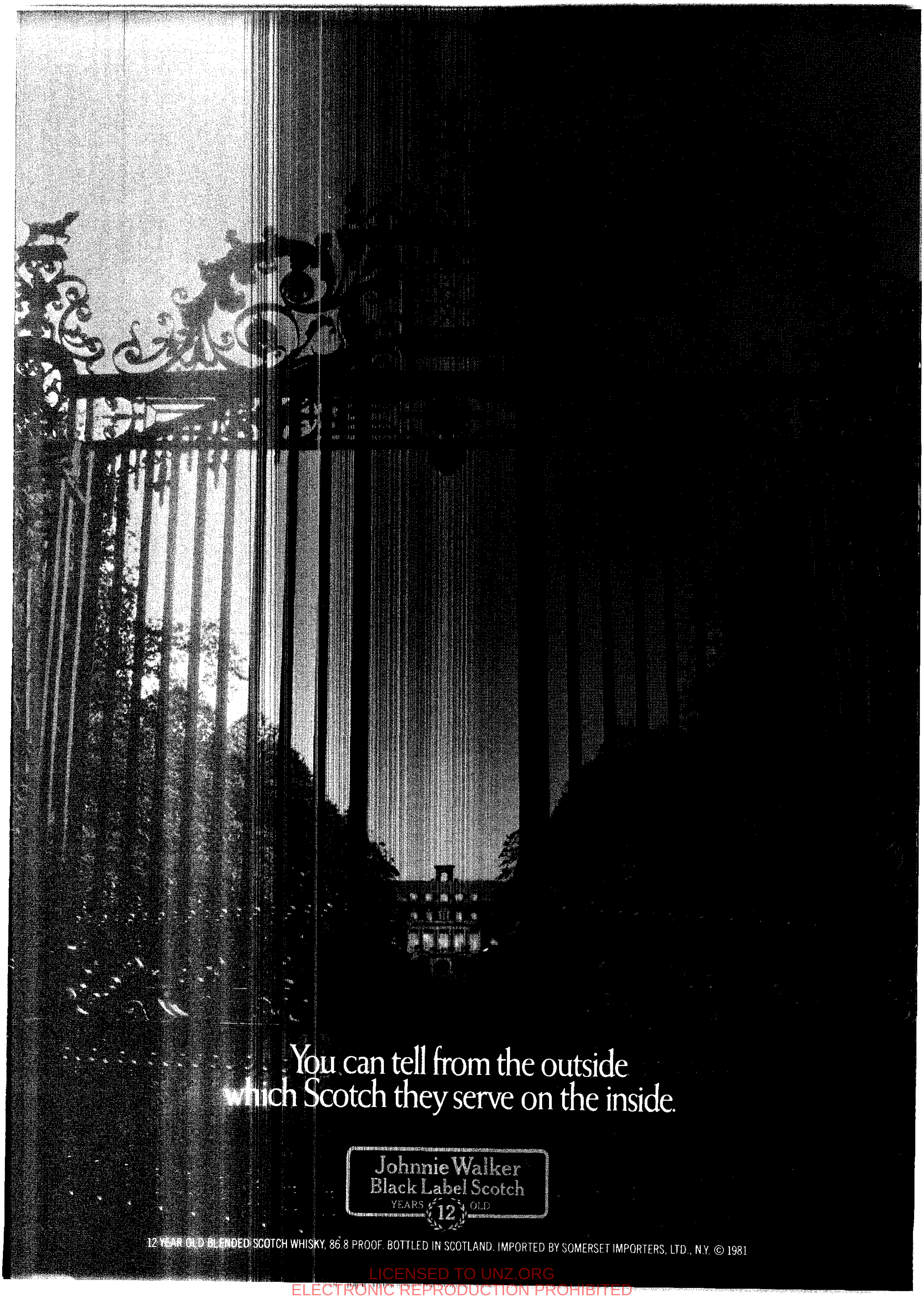
year classrooms, giving me a chance to talk to some of the skippers, but they said they had only been playing the usual games: "On the mountain stands a lady," "Bluebells, cockleshells," "Building up Bricks," "I'm a little bumper car," and "Salt, pepper, vinegar, mustard," where, they said, "you go quickest if you land on *mustard*."

A boy with a pink determined face asked if he could borrow my pencil and paper. "I've bin following you all morning," he complained, "I've got some picture stories." He began drawing and saying "There was a castle and a king lived in it and he went for a walk and tripped over and fell into a pond and what does it end up as?" It looked a bit rude to me, but I guessed "A key?" and it was. Some other boys gathered round and said "Do another!" so he got down on the ground and drew a circle, and added to it saying:

"This is a pond, and a man fell in the pond and a swarm of bees jumped in after him. *There's* two caves up round the top, and two long caves down the side—and it turns out to be a dog."

A boy in the group started spluttering and said "Ponds remind me of something." He gabbled his "something" so quickly I had to ask him to say it again. "Well," he said, "You take someone's hand—it's a fortune sort of thing. You tell them 'You're going to have three wives, and two Rolls-Royces, and four houses, and—say—three sons, and a fifty-acres garden, and a pond in it' and then you spit in their 'and." He looked flushed by the time he had finished. He sat back on his heels, took a comb out of his trouser pocket and began combing his hair. "That's fun," I said, not letting on that the trick is an antique. "You'd better go in now."

ABOUT two hours after Mrs. Opie and I left the playground, and about a mile due northwest of the village, her husband and collaborator, Peter Opie, wearing a brown Harris-tweed jacket, a striped tie, and brown slacks, is walking with me to an open cart shed that adjoins some old stables—now used for storage—on their property. "I'm bringing you here so that you can see where the swallows live," he says as we enter the dark and damp shed. "They gather here, build here, have their young here, then they go back to Africa, but every year they come back to this particular place. Now, Gilbert White, the eighteenth-century country clergyman, who lived just up the road, by the way, and who wrote 'The Natural History of Selborne'—it's one of my favorite books—observed the comings and goings of the village birds: swallows and swifts and martins. And in the same way Iona goes down to the playground every single week and notices when a game starts and when it finishes its season. And it's exactly what Gilbert White was doing with the birds and animals in Selborne. In his notebooks, White noted when the children started playing marbles, but as far as we're aware of, nobody has watched the children in a village week after week, year after year in order to say whether or not games appear seasonally. What I want to point out is this: Gilbert White found it almost impossible to believe that swallows migrated to Africa and then came back to this region. And he did everything he could to show that it wasn't true; he thought that in winter they hibernated in the village—he had all the thatch off of one house to find them!—or went into the marshland. Because, being a practical man, he found it much too extraordinary to believe that this tiny little bird could go to Africa, live there, and then fly all the way back to exactly the same place each year. Now it's the same for us: because we're practical, it seems utterly extraordinary that a children's rhyme or a nursery rhyme or a fairy tale—all the things we study—can come across half the world unchanged. Whereas if you're a romantic it's easy—you can just go through the centuries or around the world without bothering too much about it. The romantic can believe anything. If you tell him that something is one thousand or two thousand years old (it doesn't make any difference to him), he doesn't understand that that means one year or one generation after another. But if you're a practical person, and you're really looking at what actually happens, then the world is so much more


You can tell from the outside
which Scotch they serve on the inside.
Johnnie Walker
Black Label Scotch
YEARS 12 OLD

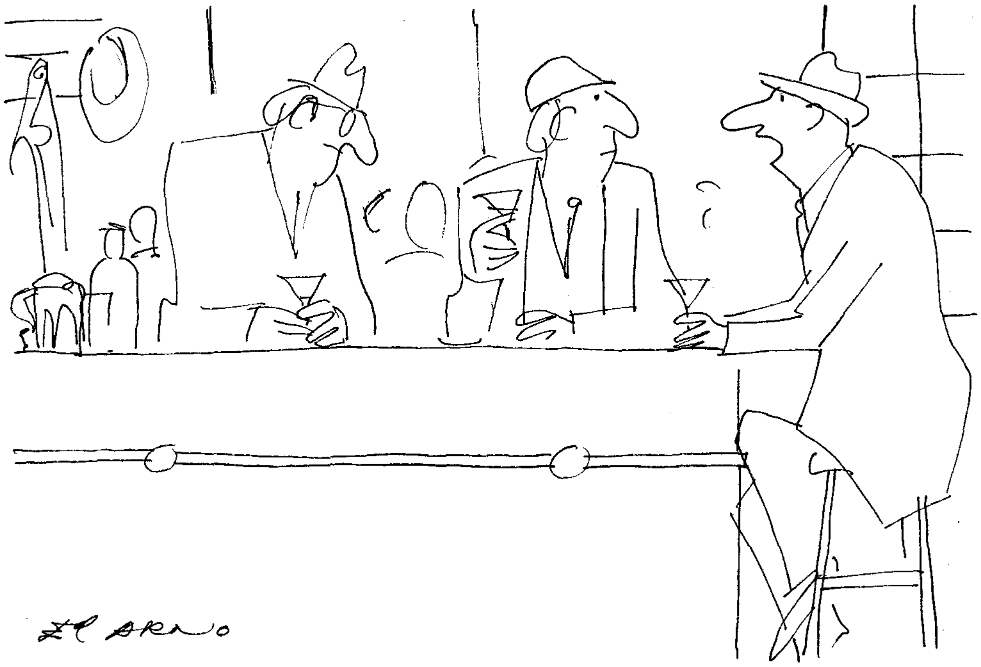
12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y. © 1981

"Oh, I just wanted to kiss you good night."
Reach out and touch someone.
Bell System

marvellous. So to me it is more exciting to get a thing back a couple of hundred years than a couple of thousand. Of course, if a rhyme, say, has gone back two hundred years, then there's no reason it might not have gone back a further couple of hundred, and so on. And if people say, 'Well, the rhymes and games deteriorate and change,' it still seems to us much more extraordinary that they're recognizably the same after two centuries. To my mind, it's the similarities that are extraordinary, not the variations.

"Gilbert White was the first person to observe that swallows copulated in midair. He was the first to distinguish between various animals, such as a stoat and a weasel. He was the first actually to look at these creatures in their natural environment and wonder how they worked and where they fed, and then he wrote down what was happening day after day. I can remember a time twenty-five years ago when it used to be said that zoology was a dying discipline, because there was no more to learn or classify. And then look what happened! People suddenly began studying animals not in zoos but in the wild, and a whole new world was opened up.

"There are antiquarians who read and write about children's games in ancient Greece and try to make out how they worked—while their very own children are playing those games outside their own homes, and it never occurs to them simply to ask their sons and daughters to help them with a classical text. But Iona and I are both library workers *and* collectors in the field—our roles are interchangeable—and this is what is so difficult for most people, since they just don't have the time. One must have read one's stuff before one goes into the field; otherwise, one doesn't know what to look for. You can go down to that playground and think that the children are just 'mobbing around,' as we used to say—you don't see a structure to what they're doing. And I think Mark Twain put it best when he said, 'Supposing is good, but finding out is better.' "



"Damn it, Eddie! If you don't believe in nuclear war and you don't believe in conventional war, what the hell kind of war *do* *you believe in?"*

• •

THE Swedish feminist Ellen Key, in her book "The Century of the Child," wrote that "the desire for knowledge, the capacity for acting by oneself, the gift of observation—all qualities children bring with them to school—have, as a rule, at the close of the school period, disappeared." And these qualities are exactly the ones that Iona and Peter Opie have shared with children and never lost. On the simplest level, the Opies' observation of children between the ages of six and fourteen is a function of their work as folklorists. It was the Englishman William John Thoms who coined the term "folk-lore," in 1846 (as a substitute for "popular antiquities"), when, as the late American folklorist Richard M. Dorson states, "members of the educated gentry discovered with astonishment that an alien culture of the 'lower orders' surrounded them and was expressed in collections of local tales, customs, and beliefs." Substitute the word "children" for "lower orders" and one discovers the key to the Opies' approach. "Certainly our attitude to the young has changed since the nineteenth century," the Opies have written, "when Herbert Spencer could complain that men of education felt the rearing of fine animals to be a fitter subject for attention than the bringing up of fine human beings."

Like the original, pioneer members of the Folk-Lore Society, which was founded in 1878—Andrew Lang, George Laurence Gomme, Edward Clodd, Alfred Nutt, and Edwin Sidney Hartland—the Opies, who are members of this still functioning organization, are part of an increasingly small circle of self-supporting, independent scholars. "We had a little money in the beginning," Peter Opie told me. "Less than what we would have got on a grant—but we wouldn't have received a grant anyway, because thirty years ago people didn't know that the subject we wanted to investigate even existed. And we are two of the last persons following the tradition of the private scholar—like Gilbert White—which is very strong in this country but is no longer practical. It ceased being so after the First World War, but there were still a few such scholars left. Our blessing has been that everybody else's interest in social history has increased. So, while our books aren't on the Harold Robbins level of best-sellers, they are best-sellers on a scholarly level, and keep us going."

As collaborators, Iona and Peter Opie have resembled no one so much as the Brothers Grimm, about whom Donald Ward has written, "The two complemented one another in their thoroughness in assembling data and collecting materials, in their ability to sense valuable sources, in their painstaking philological work, in their devotion toward the simpler folk of their homeland, and in their almost childlike fascination with what to others was trivia." These words could be applied equally well to the Opies. "I'm the one who sits and stews," Peter Opie said. "And Iona is the one who does the action, so to speak: she collects, records, and then says that I've got it all wrong when I've written it down. It never occurred to me that I would marry someone whom I *wouldn't* work with. The work is more important than the part either one of us plays in it. And the breakthrough comes when you don't mind the other person's criticizing what you're doing."

In 1959, the Opies published the first of their major studies on "the simpler folk of their homeland"—a book titled "The Lore and Language of Schoolchildren," which, for the first time, uncovered and thoroughly explored "the curious lore passing between children aged about 6-14, which . . . continues to be almost unnoticed by the other six-sevenths of the population." Based on the contributions of five thousand children attending seventy schools in parts of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, the Opies' book presents the riddles, epithets, jokes, quips, jeers, pranks, significant calls, truce terms, codes, superstitions, strange beliefs, and rites of the modern schoolchild, examining and commenting on them with fascinating historical annotation and comparative material that suggest the extraordinary continuity of the beliefs and customs of the tribe of children. The Opies write:

> Boys continue to crack jokes that Swift collected from his friends in Queen Anne's time; they play tricks which lads used to play on each other in the heyday of Beau Brummel; they ask riddles which were posed when Henry VIII was a boy. Young girls continue to perform a magic feat (levitation) of which Pepys heard tell ("One of the strangest things I ever heard"); they hoard bus tickets and milk-bottle tops in distant memory of a lovelorn girl held to ransom by a tyrannical father; they learn to cure warts (and are successful in curing them) after the manner which Francis Bacon learnt when he was young. They call after the tearful the same jeer Charles Lamb recollected; they cry "Halves!" for something found as Stuart children were accustomed to do; and they rebuke one of their number who seeks back a gift with a couplet used in Shakespeare's day. They attempt, too, to learn their fortune from snails, nuts, and apple-parings—divinations which the poet Gay described nearly two and a half centuries ago; they span wrists to know if someone loves them in the way that Southey used at school to tell if a boy was a bastard; and when they confide to each other that the Lord's Prayer said backwards will make Lucifer appear, they are perpetuating a story which was gossip in Elizabethan times.

The Opies' second work on the child tribe, "Children's Games in Street and Playground," published in 1969, is concerned with "the games that children, aged about 6-12, play of their own accord when out of doors, and usually out of sight." They write in their preface, "We are interested in the simple games for which, as one child put it, 'nothing is needed but the players themselves.' " Based on a survey of more than ten thousand schoolchildren, "Children's Games" studies the games not as archeological remains—as Lady Gomme did in her classic "Traditional Games of England, Scotland, and Ireland" (1894-98)—but, in the Opies' words, as "living organisms which are constantly evolving, adapting to new situations, and renewing themselves or being replaced." The result is a book that reveals not only the continuity but also the internationality of children's amusements. The Opies write:

> These games that "children find out for themselves when they meet," as Plato put it, seem to them as new and surprising when they learn them as the jokes in this week's comic. Parties of schoolchildren, at the entrance to the British Museum, secretly playing "Fivestones" behind one of the columns as they wait to go in, little think that their pursuits may be as great antiquities as the exhibits they have been brought to see. Yet, in their everyday games, when they draw straws to see who shall take a disliked role, they show how Chaucer's Canterbury pilgrims determined which of them should tell the first tale. When they strike at each other's plantains, trying to decapitate them, they play the game a medieval chronicler says King Stephen played with his boy-prisoner William Marshal to humour him. When they jump on a player's back, and make him guess which finger they hold up ("Husky-bum, Finger or Thumb?") they perpetuate an amusement of ancient Rome. When they hit a player from behind, in the game "Stroke the Baby," and challenge him to name who did it, they unwittingly illuminate a passage in the life of Our Lord. And when they enter the British Museum they can see Eros, clearly depicted on a vase of 400 B.C., playing the game they have just been told to abandon.

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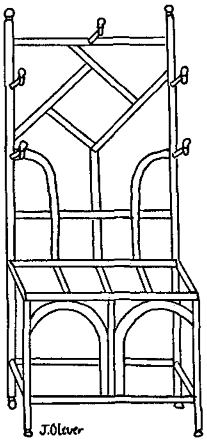
When "Lore and Language" first appeared, a reviewer for the *Times* of London wrote that the Opies were "the Frazers of the tribal life of children." And on the publication of "Children's Games" the anthropologist Edmund Leach wrote in *The Listener* that "the earlier book still stayed within the conventions of orthodox folklore studies," and went on, "The emphasis was on the surprising perpetuation of children's rhymes down the centuries, the plotting of distributions, the tracing of origins. . . . But now they have become anthropologists: they have come to realise that it is not so much the games that are interesting as the children who play them, so the emphasis has partly shifted towards a record of the child's astonishing 'natural' capacity for organisation and rule-making and learning and teaching."

What the Opies did in this second book was to divide the games (every one of the twenty-five hundred names mentioned in the text is listed in the index) into twelve basic types (chasing games, catching games, seeking games, hunting games) and then to arrange each type according to the basic motif of the individual games (the touch having noxious effect, the chaser at disadvantage, equal number of players hiding and seeking). The Opies' next problem was, as they state it, "to present our findings in a form in which the facts are readily available, yet not so prosaically that the spirit of street play, its zest, variety, contradictions, and disorderliness, is entirely lost." And in the captivating and beautifully written little essays that report their findings the Opies describe, define, compare, contrast, annotate, ruminate, and expatiate, and theorize with extraordinary grace, wit, and perspicaciousness about, for example, the differences between "play" and "games." ("Play is unrestricted, games have rules. Play may merely be the enactment of a dream, but in each game there is a contest.") They consider the way in which each stage of a game—the choosing of leaders, the determining of which side shall start—is almost a game in itself, "more akin to ceremonies than competitions." They examine the possible reasons for the avoidance of the disliked role of the chasing or seeking "he" or "it" (with a discussion of the role's possible supernatural or satanic connotations). They delve into the origins of dips and

Chinese counting formulas (used to determine the role of chaser) that begin "Eenie, meenie, macca, racca" and "Inty, tinty, tethery, methery" (with a discussion of the "shepherd's score," the numerals that were supposedly used in the northwest of England in past times "by shepherds counting their sheep, by fishermen assessing their catch, and by old knitting women minding their stitches"). The writers' inescapable impression is that "children do not really enjoy competitive athletics." They explain, "The only running-race that comes to them naturally is the one that follows the challenge 'Last one there is a sissy!' (or, as Samuel Rowlands reported in 1600, 'Beshrow him that's last at yonder stile')." They present the idea that "the more insignificant a game appears, the more remarkable is its history" (for example, Stroke the Baby, a game that they trace back to a wall picture in a tomb at Beni Hasan in Egypt, c. 2000 B.C., which shows "a player on his knees while two others, unseen by him, thump his back with their fists;" or the two-thousand-year-old Crusts and Crumbs, a game in which Crusts chase Crumbs, then Crumbs chase Crusts, and which Plato refers to in a passage in "Phaedrus" in commenting upon how lovers and loved ones often exchange roles). They point out that children and adults once played the same games, reminding us that in 1855 Palgrave, Jowett, and Tennyson diverted themselves during the Christmas gambols at Farringford by playing blindman's buff—"in one form or another the sport seems to be part of the social history of the world"—after the children had been put to bed. They examine the way in which, in the ball game Kingy, "those who are not He have the ball hurled at them, without means of retaliation, and against ever-increasing odds, an element that obviously appeals to the national character." They suggest the likelihood that in acting games like Old Man in the Well, Fox and Chickens, and Mother, the Cake Is Burning, "children may be preserving for us, in however vestigial form, some of the most genuine folk-plays performed in Britain." And they present the apodictic conclusion that in their games "the young do not commonly invent, merely imitate. . . . What passes as original is due not to art but to artlessness, to mishearings, to imperfect understanding, to the three-foot-high viewpoint which sees a palace roof in a table top, and fears a thunderstorm when the dog snores."

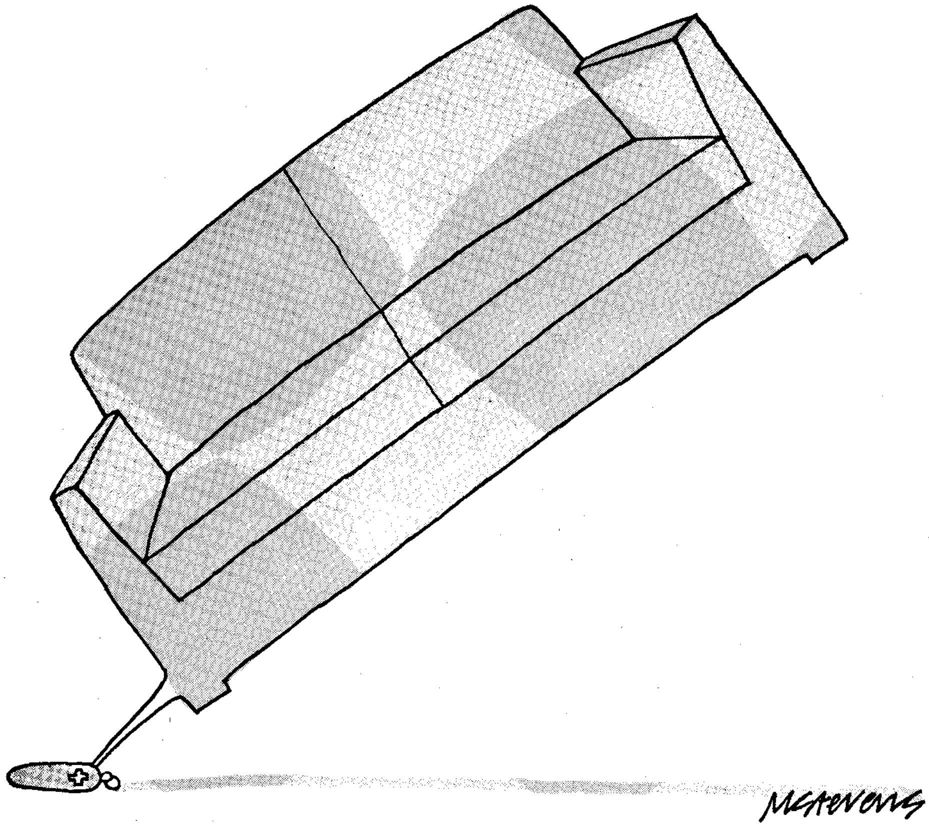
In the 1958 book "Man, Play, and Games," the French sociologist Roger Caillois quotes the ancient proverb "Tell me what you play and I shall tell you who you are." Certainly many of the games described by the Opies reveal children to be mirrors of the adult world. In the New York *Times* of March 12, 1982, John Darnton, reporting from Krakow, Poland, tells of how a group of Army officers who represented the ruling Military Council went on a tour of a nursery school. Darnton writes, "The acronym for the Council, WRON, is uncomfortably close to the Polish word for crow, *wrona*, which has become its universal nickname. The children swarmed around the officers, chanting a ditty: 'The black crow, it crows darkly and sees the world only in black.' " And in "Children's Games" the Opies point out that "in Berlin, when the wall was built (1961), West German children began shooting at each other across miniature walls," and continue, "In the United States, after the death of President Kennedy (1963), children were found playing 'Assassination.' Throughout time, it seems, juvenile performances have varied only as their surroundings have varied. In classical Rome, where the law was administered in public, Seneca observed Roman boys playing at judges and magistrates, 'the magistrates being accompanied by little lictors with fasces and axes.' . . . And during the Second World War children in Auschwitz concentration camp, well aware of the reality, were seen playing a game that proved the most terrible indictment ever made against man, a game called 'Going to the Gas Chamber.' "



In another sense, many children's amusements seem to reflect—and preserve—the atavistic behavioral patterns of early man's hunter-gatherer way of life; and the hierarchical, territorial, and aggressive aspects of these games might be seen to derive from what Paul MacLean has called the reptilian, or R-complex, part of the brain. (Carl Sagan has wondered "whether the frequent ritualistic behavior in young children is a consequence of the still incomplete development of their neocortices.") But if children's games do perhaps reflect social and neurological realities they are often also forms of human communication, types of learning situations, and symbolic models of conflict and resolution. As usual, the Opies cut through much theoretical clutter, simply observing, "In the security of a game [a child] makes acquaintance with insecurity, he is able to rationalize absurdities, reconcile himself to not getting his own way, 'assimilate reality' (Piaget), act heroically without being in danger. . . . He can be confident, too, in particular games, that it is his place to issue commands, to inflict pain, to steal people's possessions, to pretend to be dead, to hurl a ball actually at someone, to pounce on someone, or to kiss someone he has caught. In ordinary life either he never knows these experiences or, by attempting them, makes himself an outcast."

What is most significant and remarkable about the Opies' approach is that they never becloud with superciliousness or sanctimoniousness the clarity of their observations; in no instance do they abandon their role as mediums through which to present and explain the energy and impulses behind the games that children play and the rhymes that they recite. In "Children's Games," they write:

> Children seem to be instinctively aware that there is more to living than doing what is prudent and permitted. In a boy's world trees are for climbing, streams are for jumping over, loose stones are for throwing, and a high wall is a standing challenge to be mounted and walked along. . . . So it is that the juvenile tribe holds ritual games, almost as part of the process of growing up, in which the faint-hearted are goaded into being courageous, and the foolhardy stimulated to further foolhardiness. . . .
>
> We have noticed that when children are herded together in the playground, which is where the educationalists and the psychologists and the social scientists gather to observe them, their play is markedly more aggressive than when they are in the street or in the wild places. . . . Often, when we have asked children what games they played in the playground, we have been told "We just go round aggravating people." . . .
>
> Such behaviour would not be tolerated amongst the players in the street or the wasteland; and for a long time we had difficulty reconciling these accounts with the thoughtfulness and respect for the juvenile code that we had noticed in the quiet places. Then we recollected how, in our own day, children who had seemed unpleasant at school (whose term-time behaviour at boarding school had indeed been barbarous) turned out to be surpris-



SWISS ARMY COUCH

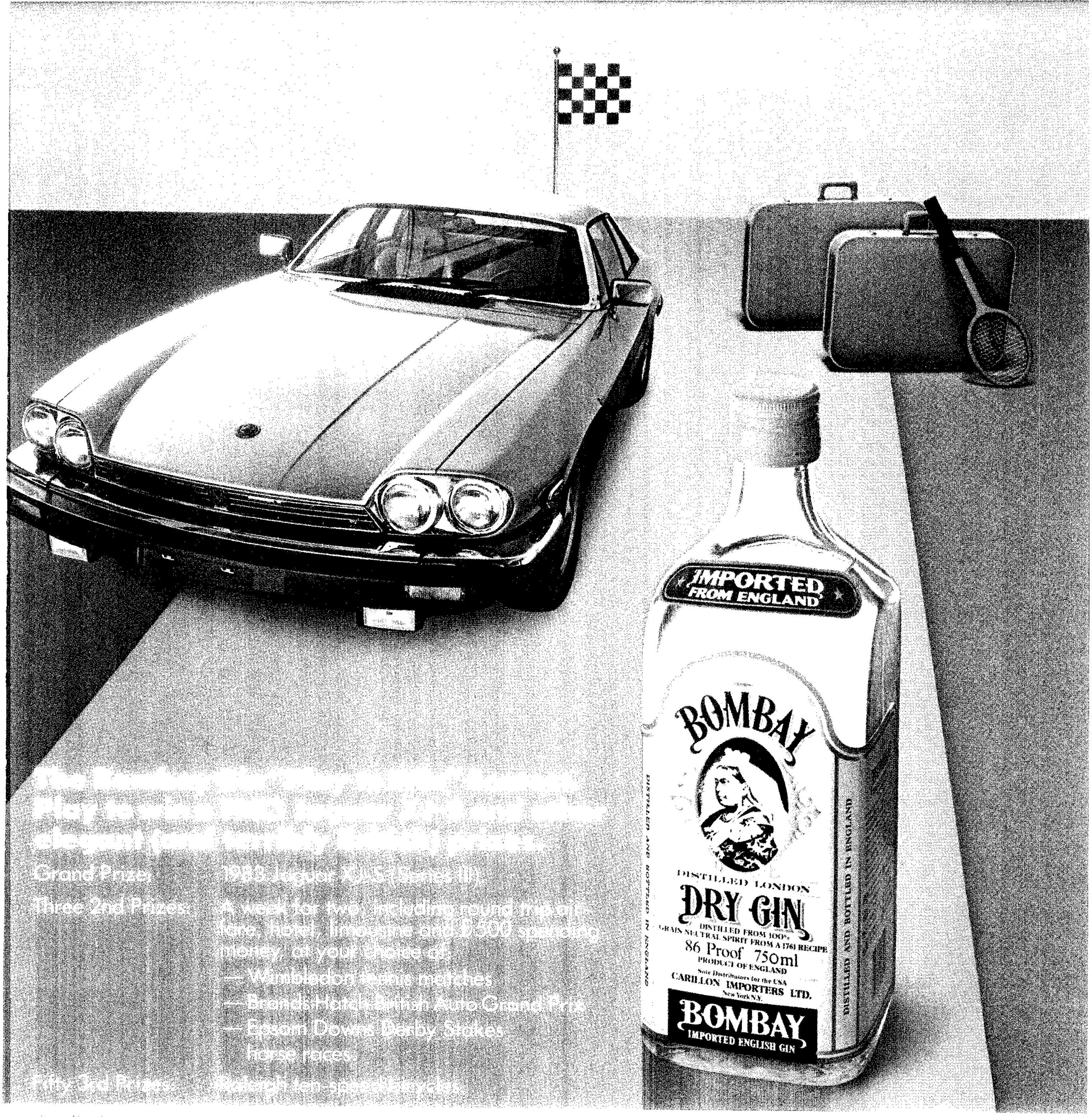
> ingly civilized when we met them in the holidays. . . . It seems to us that something is lacking in our understanding of the child community, that we have forgotten Cowper's dictum that "Great schools suit best the sturdy and the rough," and that in our continual search for efficient units of educational administration we have overlooked that the most precious gift we can give the young is social space: the necessary space—or privacy—in which to become human beings.

If the Opies had written only "Lore and Language" and "Children's Games," they would be regarded as two of the most important folklorists and anthropologists of our time. (They have been called "the greatest living experts on the folklore, games, and beliefs of childhood," and the words "Opie-esque" and "Opie-ise" have already entered the language.) But they have done much more. In their preface to "Children's Games," they assert, "Many folklorists . . . seem to be magically insulated from literature not strictly within their discipline; and neither [W.W.] Newell [author of "Games and Songs of American Children," 1883], one of the founders of the American Folklore Society, nor Lady Gomme seems to have been aware of the juvenile books on children's games which had long existed, even in their day, both in Britain and in the United States. This extensive literature has been examined systematically for the present work, apparently for the first time." The Opies' involvement with children's books goes back forty years. Justin G. Schiller, the distinguished New York antiquarian bookseller specializing in children's literature, has stated, "I can't think of anyone who can speak with more authority than they on the structural development of historical children's literature in the English language."

The Opies' first major work, "The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes," appeared in 1951 and has been reprinted eleven times. One of the best of all bedside books, it points to the origins of the rhymes in songs, adult jests, proverbial maxims, prayers, charms, lampoons, barrack-room refrains, country ballads, mummers' plays, and political squibs, thereby questioning many folklorists' presuppositions about the "folk" making folklore; attempts, in the captivating notes to each rhyme, "to find the earliest recording of each piece no matter in what kind of literature it appeared, to offer the possible circumstances of its origin, to illustrate changes in the wording through the years, and to set it beside its forebears or companion pieces from other lands;" and lambastes and refutes what the Opies consider to be many "worthless" speculations concerning the meanings of the rhymes by those whom the editors call the "happy guessers" (that, for example, Little Bopeep is Mary, Queen of Scots; that "Ring-a-ring o' roses" dates back to and refers to the Great Plague; that in "Sing a song of sixpence" "the maid is a sinner; the blackbird, the demon snapping off the maid's nose to reach her soul, &c."). To this day, the "Dictionary" remains, in Mr. Schiller's estimation, "the primary reference bibliography of English nursery rhymes." And in this and two additional collections—"The Oxford Nursery Rhyme Book," of 1955, and "The Puffin Book of Nursery Rhymes," of 1963—the Opies have presented us with more than a thousand rhymes, many in different versions ("because we don't want them to become solidified," Peter Opie explained).

In 1973, the Opies brought out "The Oxford Book of Children's Verse," which arranges three hundred and thirty-two poems chronologically, from Chaucer to Ogden Nash; traces each of them back to its first printing or earliest known record; and, at the end of the book, comments briefly on the author and sources of each. The anthology gives many examples of admonishing, exhortatory, and overedifying poems—the kind of poetry parodied by Lewis Carroll in "Speak roughly to your little boy, And beat him when he sneezes." As the Opies comment in their preface, "children cannot be surprised by the extraordinary who have not been made aware of what is ordinary." And "The Oxford Book of Children's Verse" is an excellent historical overview and accounting of the often "ordinary," sometimes "extraordinary" poetry that English-speaking children have heard and read during the past seven hundred years.

In 1974, the Opies published "The Classic Fairy Tales," consisting of twenty-four stories ("Cinderella," "Beauty and the Beast," "Rumpelstiltskin," "Jack and the Beanstalk") as they were first printed in English or in their earliest surviving English texts. In addition, the editors summarize "the history and points of interest in each tale, particularly from the tex-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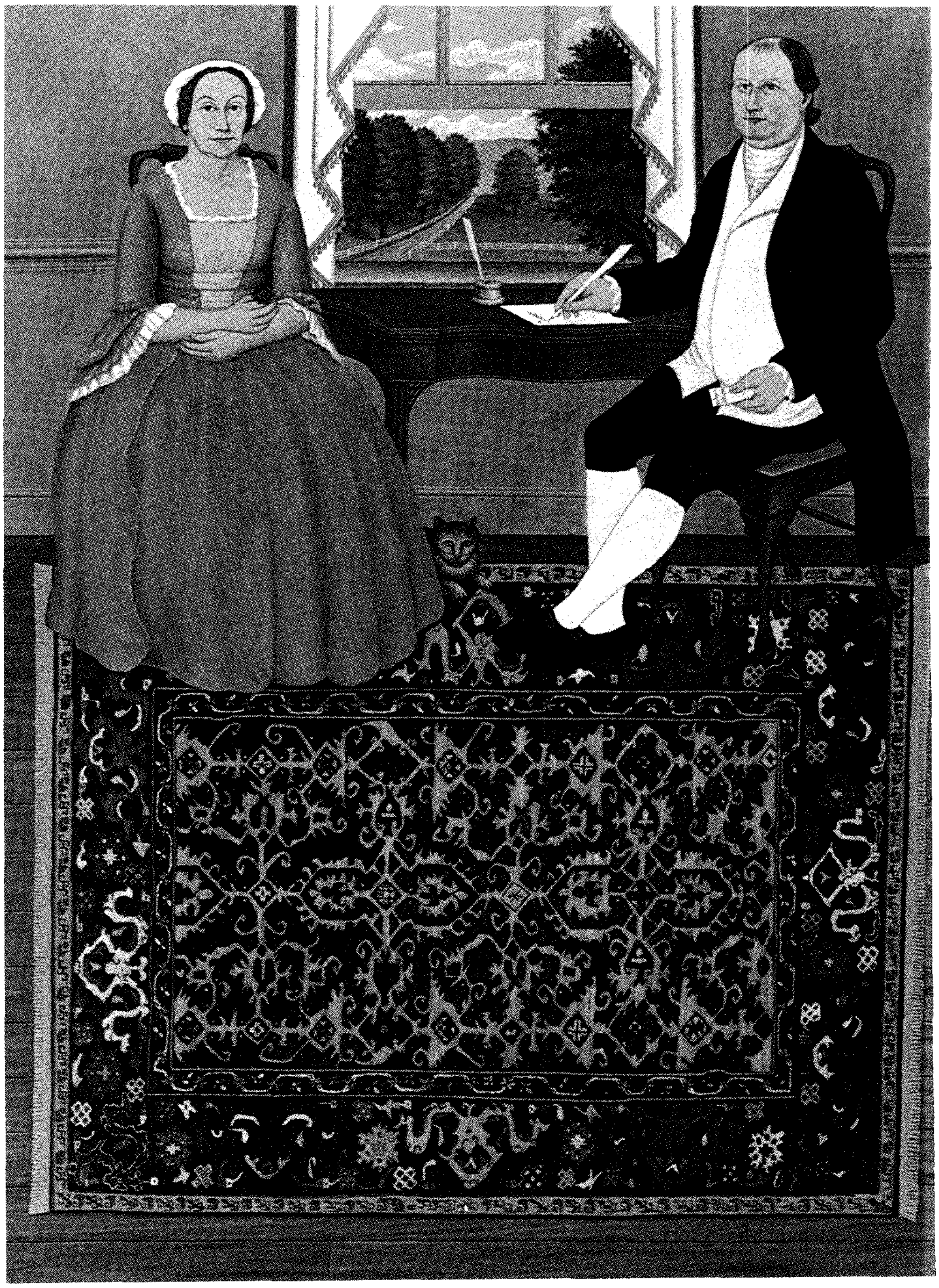

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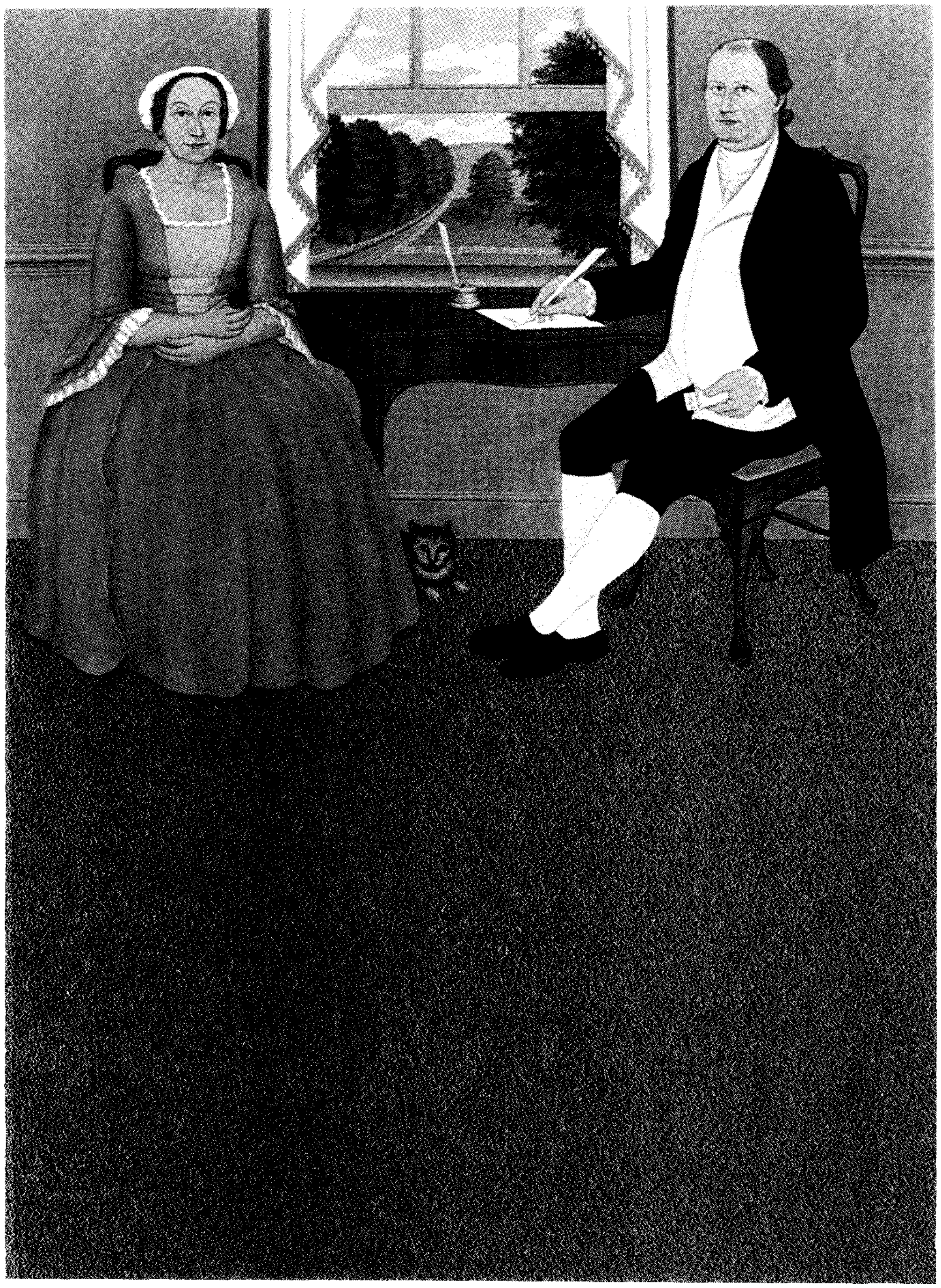

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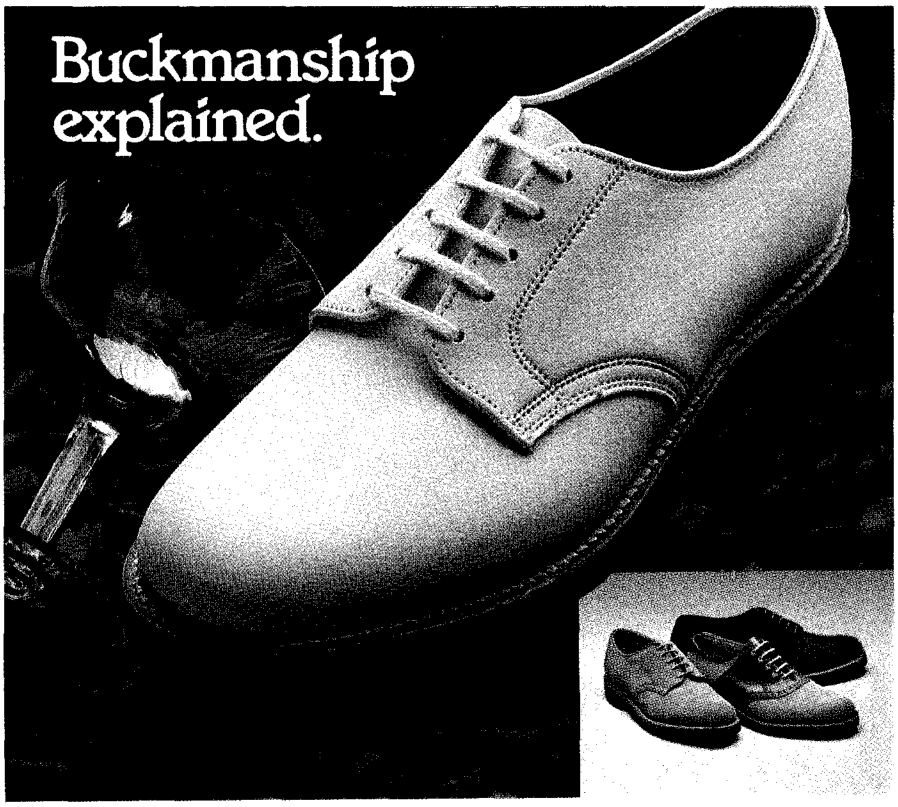

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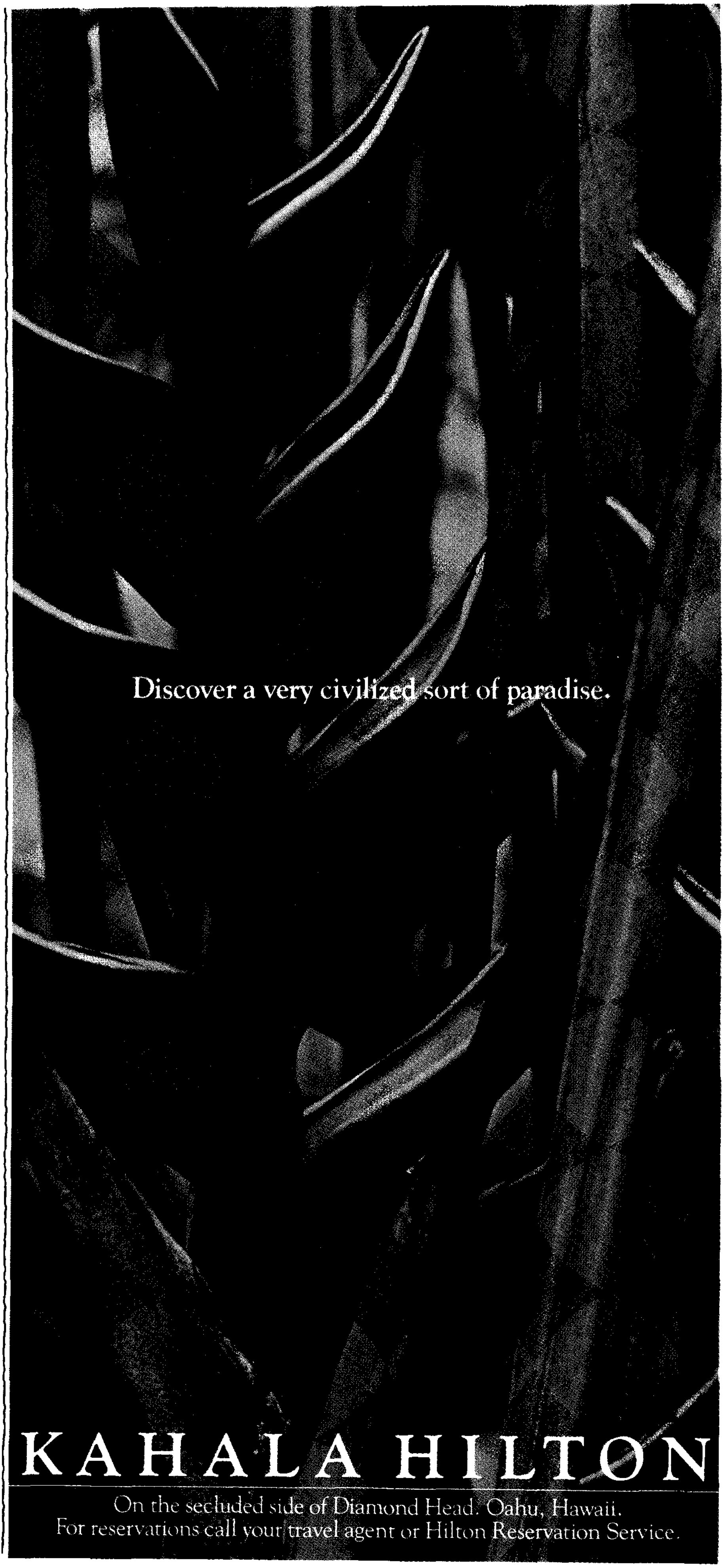
tual point of view" and show by their selection of illustrations "how the tale has been depicted at different periods." In their preface, they write, "The reason such a work has not been attempted before is not immediately apparent. It may be that folklorists today are so preoccupied with orally communicated texts that literary research has become unpalatable. . . . The folklorist today commonly eschews texts that have come under literary influence, even when these texts are the sources of the most-loved stories of a nation; and the fact that an amount of material of literary origin continues to be found in folklore collections is due, as Dr. Linda Dégh has observed, 'solely to the ignorance of the researchers concerning the field of cheap literature.' " And, in their usual manner, the Opies dismiss many of the "conjectures of the symbolists and mythologists" and proponents of "all-embracing theories" concerning the origins and meanings of fairy tales, pointing out that "the magic in the tales (if magic is what it is) lies in people and creatures being shown to be what they really are. The beggar woman at the well is really a fairy, the beast in 'Beauty and the Beast' is really a monarch, the frog is a handsome prince, the corpse of Snow White a living princess. . . . The wonderful happens, the lover is recognized, the spell of misfortune is broken, when the situation that already exists is utterly accepted, when additional tasks or disappointments are boldly faced, when poverty is seen to be of no consequence, when unfairness is borne without indignation, when the loathsome is loved. Perhaps, after all, fairy tales are to be numbered amongst the most philosophic tales that there are."

Finally, in their most recent collection—"A Nursery Companion," published in 1980—the Opies bring together, and reproduce, in color, twenty-seven nursery booklets from the Regency period. These are brilliant, inventive, and joyous works—limericks, metrical and alliterative alphabets, rhyming histories, grammars, tongue twisters, nursery tales, and game books—that influenced and inspired, among others, John Clare, Dickens, Ruskin, and Edward Lear. (Two of the booklets, it's interesting to note, feature texts by the ten-year-old Mary Shelley and the eleven-year-old Caroline Norton.) In this collection, the Opies happily rediscover for us an astonishingly modern world of children's literature that had previously either been overlooked or remained unknown. "The books that give immediate delight, and are passed on delightedly from one reader to another, are seldom the ones that are set aside for posterity," the editors point out. "Some of the booklets reproduced here are now so scarce they are not to be found even in the largest libraries; and we must admit to having been assembling them for this volume for more than thirty years." And to explain the reason for the precocious blossoming of these exhilarating works the Opies write:

> The children's books produced in the first quarter of the nineteenth century have an alertness and grace not achieved in any other period. The reader has the feeling from them, as is sometimes portrayed within them, of a period in which cultured parents possessed the inclination as well as the leisure to walk hand in hand with their children, and together look at the world around them in wonder. But the temper of the times was soon to change. The belief in progress, and the possible perfectibility of man, was once again to take hold of men's minds; and, as always happens in periods of moral advancement, light-heartedness was to be frowned upon. . . . By 1832 and the no-nonsense days of the Reform Bill, the inhabitants of the nursery were once again being looked upon as little pudding-bags to be stuffed with knowledge. The wonder is, perhaps, that people had ever thought otherwise; and the suspicion cannot be avoided that, in part, nonsense had been allowed entry to top nurseries through a misapprehension.

IN 1959, after residing for ten years in nearby Alton, Iona and Peter Opie chose a home in West Liss (about fifty miles southwest of London)—a ten-room late-Victorian ironstone house—encouraged, in part, by the knowledge that the building's walls, one and a half feet thick, would allow for as much as nine tons of pressure from their enormous collection of books. In the preface to "The Oxford Book of Children's Verse," the Opies write, "Sometimes our texts have been established only after collating four or more printings, an undertaking that would have been arduous, if not impractical, had we not (with a foresight which now amazes us) made our permanent home within a library of early children's books."

All their research was based on the study of primary material—they made use of the British Library and the Victoria and Albert Museum (among other places), but those institutions will often call up the Opies for books or documents that *they* are missing—and to this end, as Mr. Schiller com-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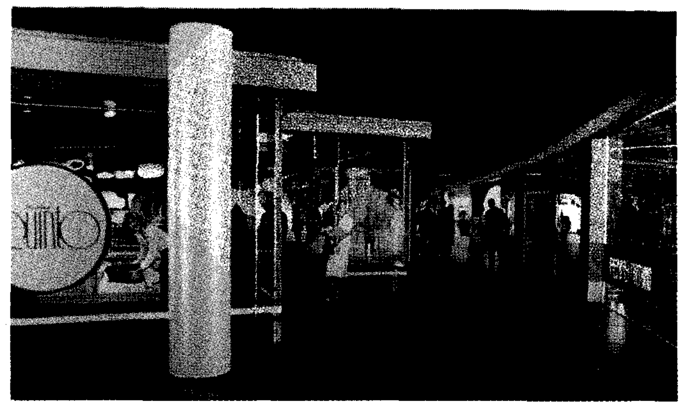

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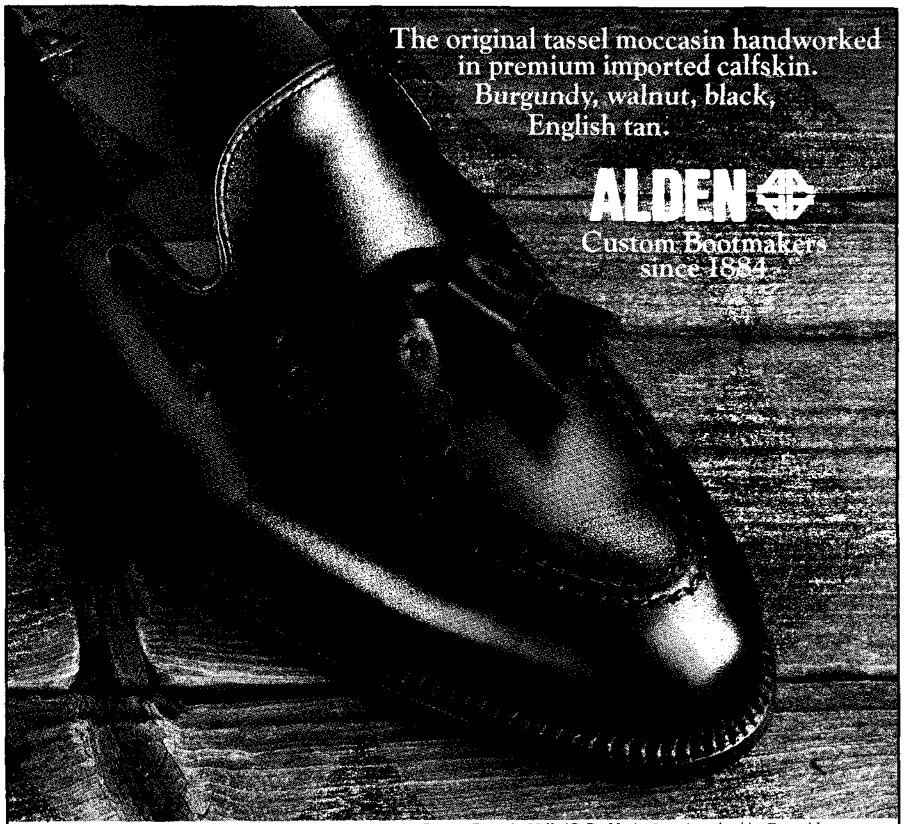

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ments, "the Opies have assembled one of the finest collections of English children's literature anywhere extant." They also have what is probably the greatest private collection of everything related to children and childhood—toys, dolls, rocking horses, marbles, children's medicines, clothespins, rattles, prams—from the past three centuries.

When I arrived at the Opies' home for a four-day visit, in early May of 1981, Peter Opie greeted me at the door, and, noticing that I was gazing in amazement at the library in one of the front rooms, said, "It takes five hours to see the house and the collection. So let's have lunch, and talk for the next day or two, and then we'll take the tour."

As Iona Opie arrived to say hello, she said, "The place is run like a factory. Breakfast is at eight, lunch at one, high tea at six—it's what the Scottish call a 'meat tea,' of sandwiches or a snack on toast, tea, and cakes—then a bowl of cornflakes at ten o'clock with the television news. So please come into the kitchen."

As we sat down, Peter Opie asked, "How was your train ride down from London?"

"It was a bit crowded in the beginning," I said, "but at a stop called Haslemere almost everyone got off."

"That's the station where Tennyson used to get off, too," he said. Mrs. Opie added, "And William Allingham, the poet—he's in our children's-verse anthology—used to pace up and down the platform there, thinking. It was a writer's discovery, Haslemere, and it was considered to be healthy because of all the pine trees. And later George Bernard Shaw moved to a spot near there—and then some other person of a literary nature moved there, too, and called his house Undershaw because it was lower down the hill from Shaw's."

"We used to live in Alton, you know," Mr. Opie said. "That's where Jane Austen's doctor and solicitor lived."

Mrs. Opie interjected, "Her really productive years were at Chawton, nearby. From here to Selborne is four and a half miles, and another four and a half gets you to Alton. Then, almost attached to Alton, is Chawton. She used to go into town in a little donkey cart."

A bit later, our conversation turned to reading, and Mr. Opie again mentioned "The Natural History of Selborne," by Gilbert White. I asked him about other favorite books.

"Dr. Johnson's essays, and the essays of Robert Louis Stevenson," he replied.

Mrs. Opie added, "We're very fond of Stevenson, because he was brilliant but not at all tough. He was staggering through life, as we are." A minute later, she reminded her husband, "And don't forget Emerson! In fact, Emerson was your companion about twenty years ago, and you've only just gone back to him."

"But first of all there was Thoreau—long before Emerson," he responded. "And Thoreau led to Emerson. I think I was given four volumes of Emerson by the women's liberation army—"

"That's right," Mrs. Opie broke in. "When we were expecting an invasion, Peter had a collection of very fierce women."

"Guerrilla fighters," he said. "I had been an officer in the Army, and then I was asked to train these women—teaching them to put sugar in the petrol and that sort of thing, in case there was an invasion. They were very special."

"Many of them were writers," Mrs. Opie said.

"Were you one of them?" I asked her.

"No, no, no, no. I don't think I would have taken orders from him," she replied, laughing.

I asked the Opies how their first major book—"The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes"—had come about.

"It all started during the war," Mr. Opie said. "I was two years in the Army—in the Royal Fusiliers and then commissioned in the Royal Sussex Regiment—but, being fragile, I eventually got the push. I fell off a wall—no glory. Iona and I got married during the war—she was a sergeant in the Women's Auxiliary Air Force at the time—but family pressures and the fact that she became expectant made me realize that I'd better get a job. I was then writing a book. So we got a flat in London, I went into a firm called Todd Publishing, and then the buzz bombs started—in fact, our flat got smashed in a bit. So eventually the firm was evacuated to the country, in Bedfordshire."

"It was a place called Waresley—a funny little very old village," Mrs. Opie said. "It even had a village pump, because there was no running water. And one day Peter and I were walking alongside a cornfield, and we

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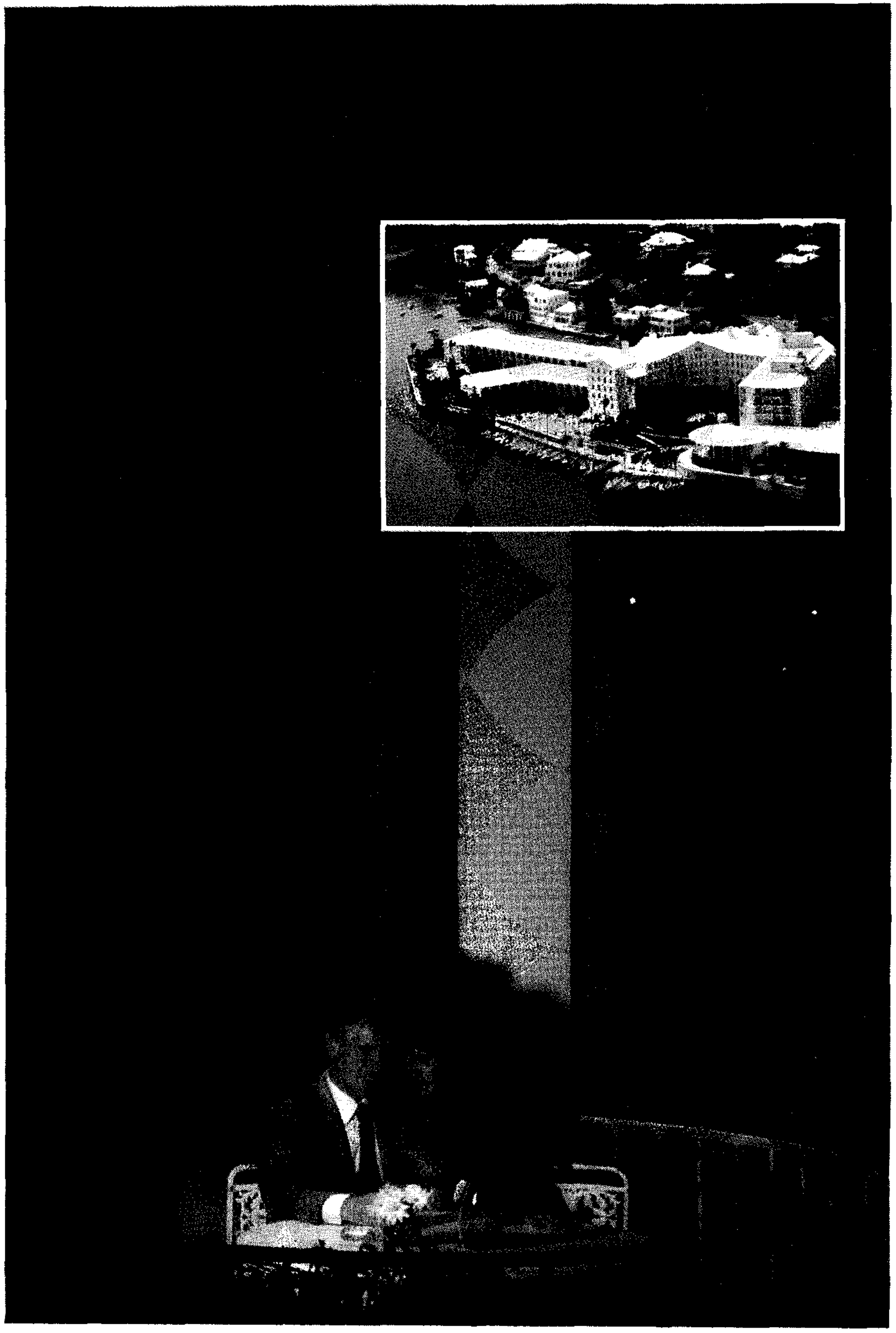

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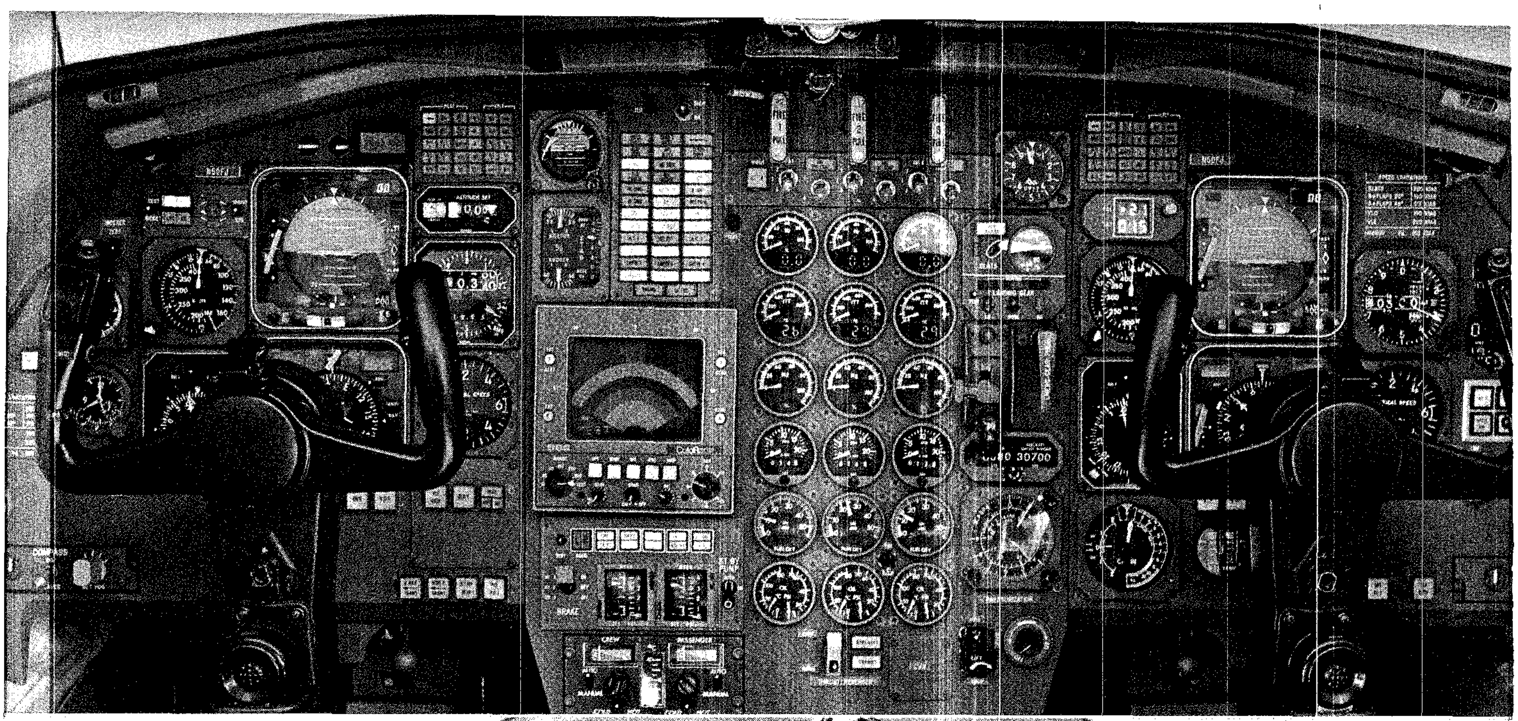

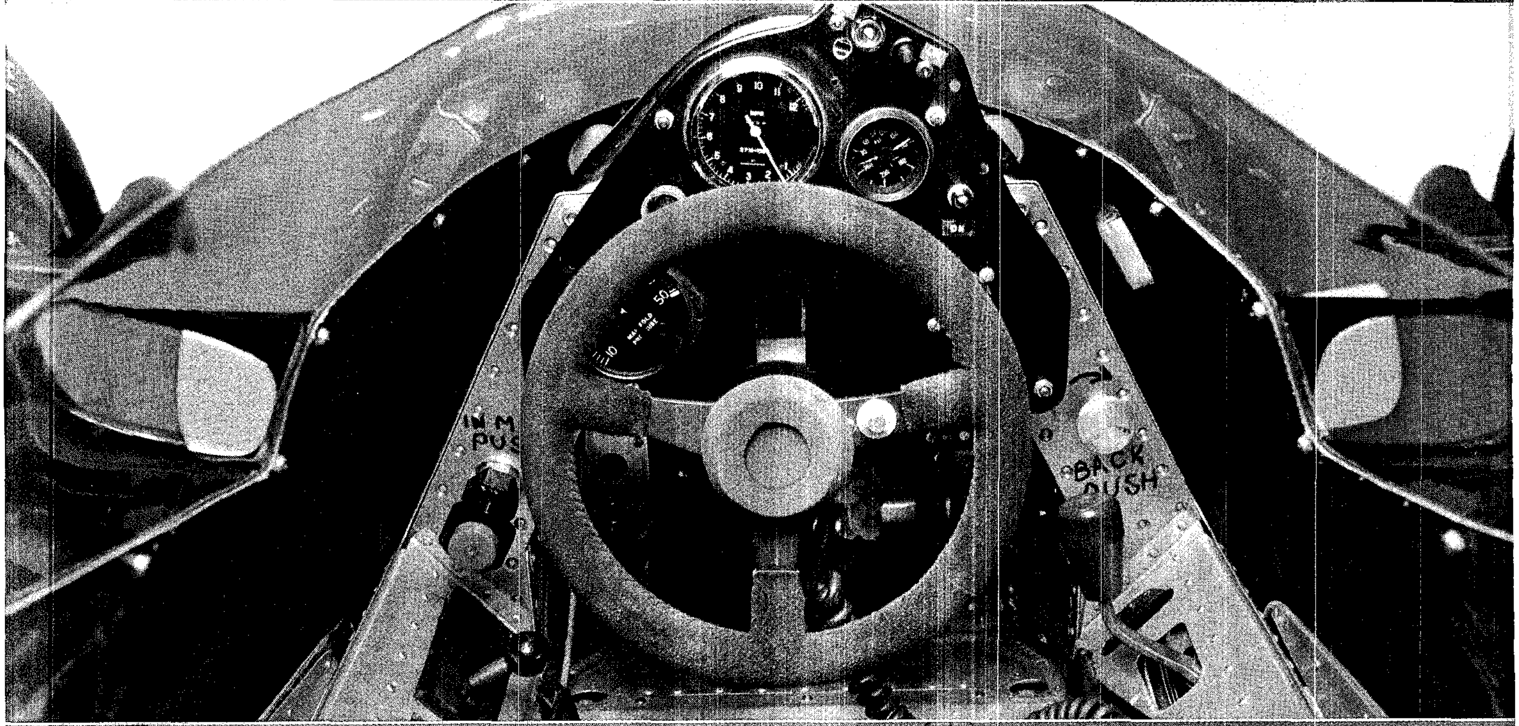
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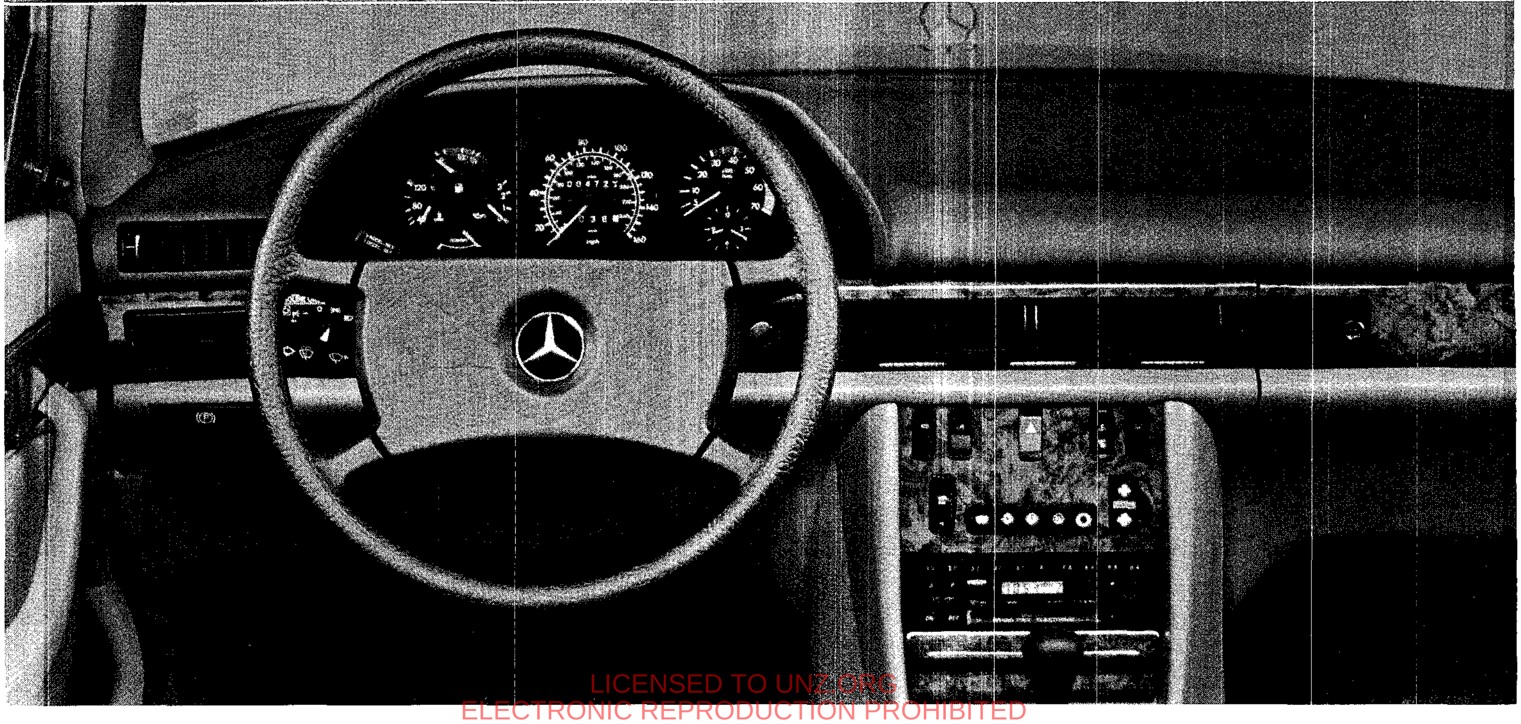

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Note that the aircraft, the racing car and the Mercedes-Benz at left all display white-on-black *analog* gauges. Less novel than digital gadgetry–but quicker mental processing of speed and other ever-changing data.

◀ *Top: cockpit of Falcon 50 jet. Middle: cockpit of Wildcat race car, winner of the Indianapolis '500'. Bottom: cockpit of the Mercedes-Benz 380 SEL Sedan.*

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And no random placement. The headlight switch, for example, is placed where only the driver can work it–because he is the only person who should.

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took a ladybird onto— I forget whose finger it was. But we recited the rhyme 'Ladybird, ladybird, Fly away home, Your house is on fire, And your children all gone,' and we wondered: Where did it come from, how old was it? We got bitten by these questions."

"So come weekend we rushed to London, to the Kensington Public Library, and nothing was satisfactory," Mr. Opie said. "We went from one place to another—finally, of course, to the British Museum, which always felt safe when the bombs were coming down. You couldn't believe a bomb would hit it. And, equally, one felt that if a bomb did come by what a glorious thing to go up with! It would have been marvellous."

"The most recent book that had information about the rhyme was J. O. Halliwell's 'Nursery Rhymes of England,' which was published in 1842," Mrs. Opie remarked. "That seemed a rather long time ago, and we thought that perhaps there was room for a new book on the origins of nursery rhymes. It seemed a much more congenial project for Peter than the other work he was doing, so we sort of drifted into it, but he must have seen it as something we could do together."

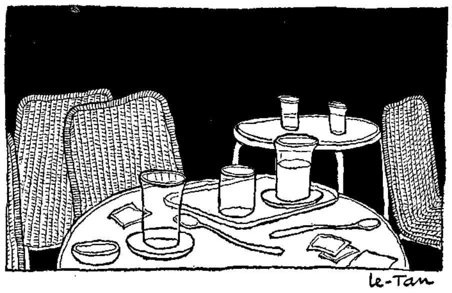
At that point, Mr. Opie cut in to say, "That story about wondering about the ladybird rhyme is the superficial level. The deep level is that we were going to have a child, and, being the kind of people we were, we wanted to know everything one could about children and about getting ready for this awful event that we were entirely unprepared for. One was terrified of this—at least, I was. And I went up the Charing Cross Road and bought every book I could find on childbirth. Grantly Dick Read's 'Childbirth Without Fear' was the one that made sense to me. In it, he said that childbirth was the most natural thing in the world, and his message was: Don't be worried, just have the child. So we wrote to him, visited him at his clinic, in Woking, became prize pupils, and went around counselling other people afterward.

"Hitherto, I'd always written about myself, or love, or the people I'd met. And now, suddenly, I had been brought face to face with childhood. It would have been exactly the same if I'd been in a road accident and lost both my legs—I would have then been interested in the disabled and started writing about them and their troubles. We were having a child, so our complete interest now went into the things of childhood. And everything grew from that. There were young children in the house—we eventually had three: James, Robert, and Letitia—and when they grew bigger we started work on 'Lore and Language,' because we were dealing with eight-, nine-, and ten-year-olds. But, of course, the problem has been that we've been so involved with finding out about childhood that we've never got any further."

I asked the Opies how, after they had read Halliwell's book, they had gone about doing their research.

"First of all, Halliwell *was* remarkable, and we had his findings," Mr. Opie said. "Then we went through every issue of *Notes and Queries* and *The Athenaeum*, all kinds of other folklore and folksong journals, and then the whole of the black-letter ballads—the Roxburghe and Pepysian collections. Pepys was a great collector of ephemera, by the way—he was our sort of man. Anyway, we looked up nursery rhymes, riddles, ballads—any kind of thing that might give us a lead. But when we were on the way to looking up an entry our eye often got caught by five or six other interesting items. So we had great difficulty getting to the reference, and sometimes we'd even forget the reference we were trying to get to, because we were so interested in everything else! But while we were doing the nursery-rhyme dictionary it occurred to me that the next time we started a work we'd have to start searching through these volumes all over again. And that would have been absurd—we didn't and don't want to approach life like that. You want to go through those great source books once and for all. So what we did, and do now, is go through books making cards of anything that we think may be of interest to us in the future. It makes life a lot slower, but it does mean that we have an extraordinary number of references to all sorts of obscure things that have taken our fancy, and sometimes these things join up in one way or another."

I asked how the Opies had found the time to do all their research.



"While Iona and I were working on the 'Dictionary,' I won a literary prize for my autobiographical book 'The Case of Being a Young Man' which was worth five hundred pounds and a guaranteed sale of a hundred thousand copies," Mr. Opie said. "I was earning eight pounds a week at the time, and that check was a year's pay in front of me. So I quit my office job—taking on, with Iona, the writing of an ordinary pocket dictionary—and went on with our work. In the beginning, one publisher seemed interested in the nursery-rhyme book, and he took us to the Café Royal and gave us a real wigging, saying, 'You know, some of the rhymes don't have notes.' And we explained that we couldn't find anything out about them—we meant that we just knew them ourselves or had picked them up in some uninteresting book—and he repeated, 'But they *must* have come from somewhere!' Anyway, we went away absolutely furious, but it was a very useful lesson: *Everything comes from somewhere*. And, from then on, everything we wrote down had an exact reference for where and when and how we got it. You must write down *every* single thing: who the person was, his or her age, where he or she got it from. And in this way one gradually learned to be scholarly. Because we were both self-educated. Thank God! Had we gone to a university, we'd have known that what we were doing was absurd. Since people didn't deal with children and things like that, it would have been considered a non-subject or a silly one. And, at the time, when we said we studied nursery rhymes we were considered an oddity. So we very quickly learned to keep absolutely quiet about it. And also, had we been to a university, we would have realized that everybody knew so much; but because we didn't know what was and wasn't permissible and possible we just went forward. Iona learned German and Italian in order to work on our books. And, equally, we were not only enthusiastic but also self-critical; we went on criticizing ourselves until we felt that there couldn't be much wrong with what we were doing.

"So after a couple of years we were working at the Bodleian Library—in the inner sanctum, where the books are chained to the walls—and the keeper of manuscripts came up and asked us what we were doing. We told him that we were looking at the origins of nursery rhymes, and he said,

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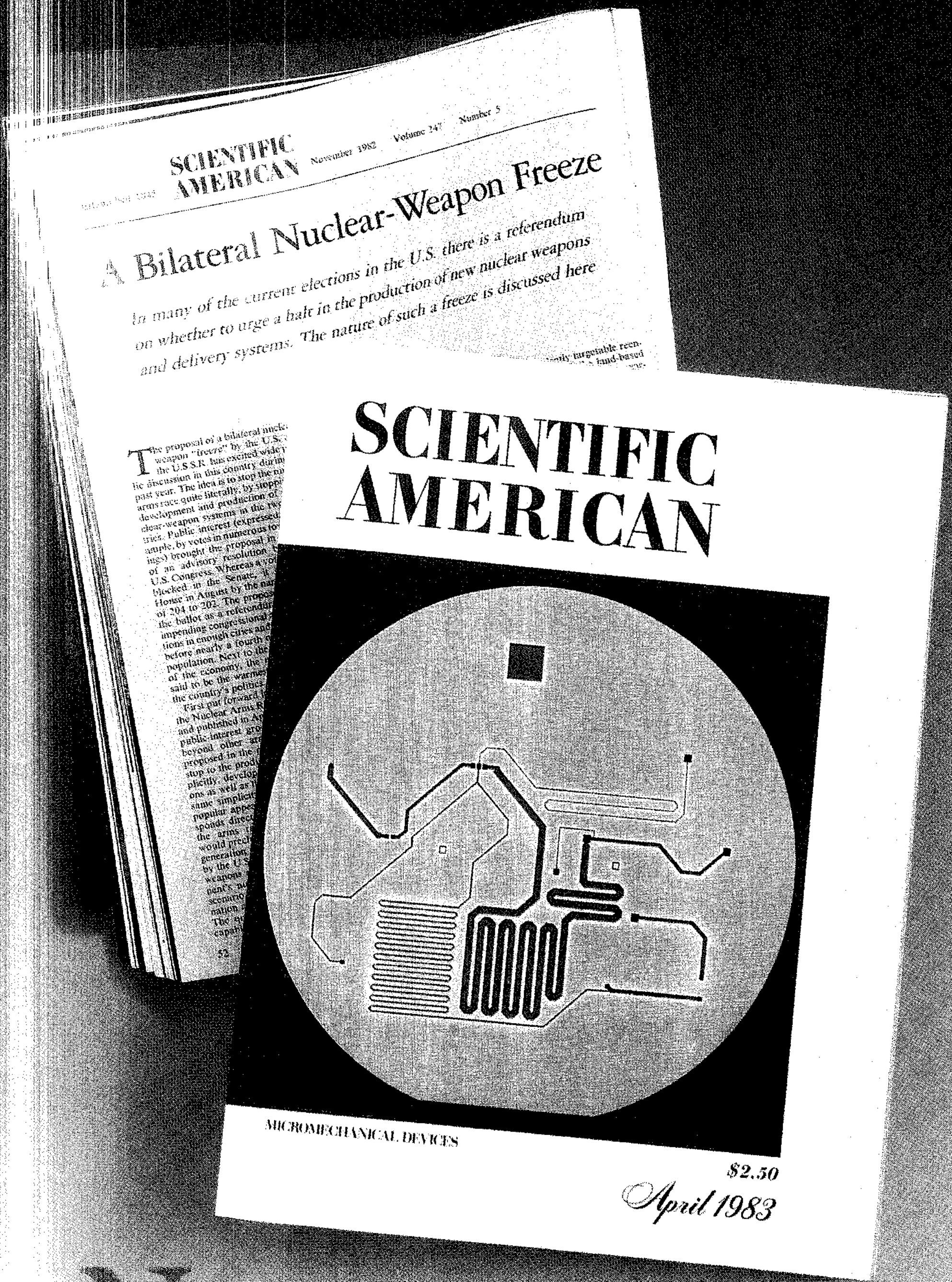

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A Bilateral Nuclear-Weapon Freeze

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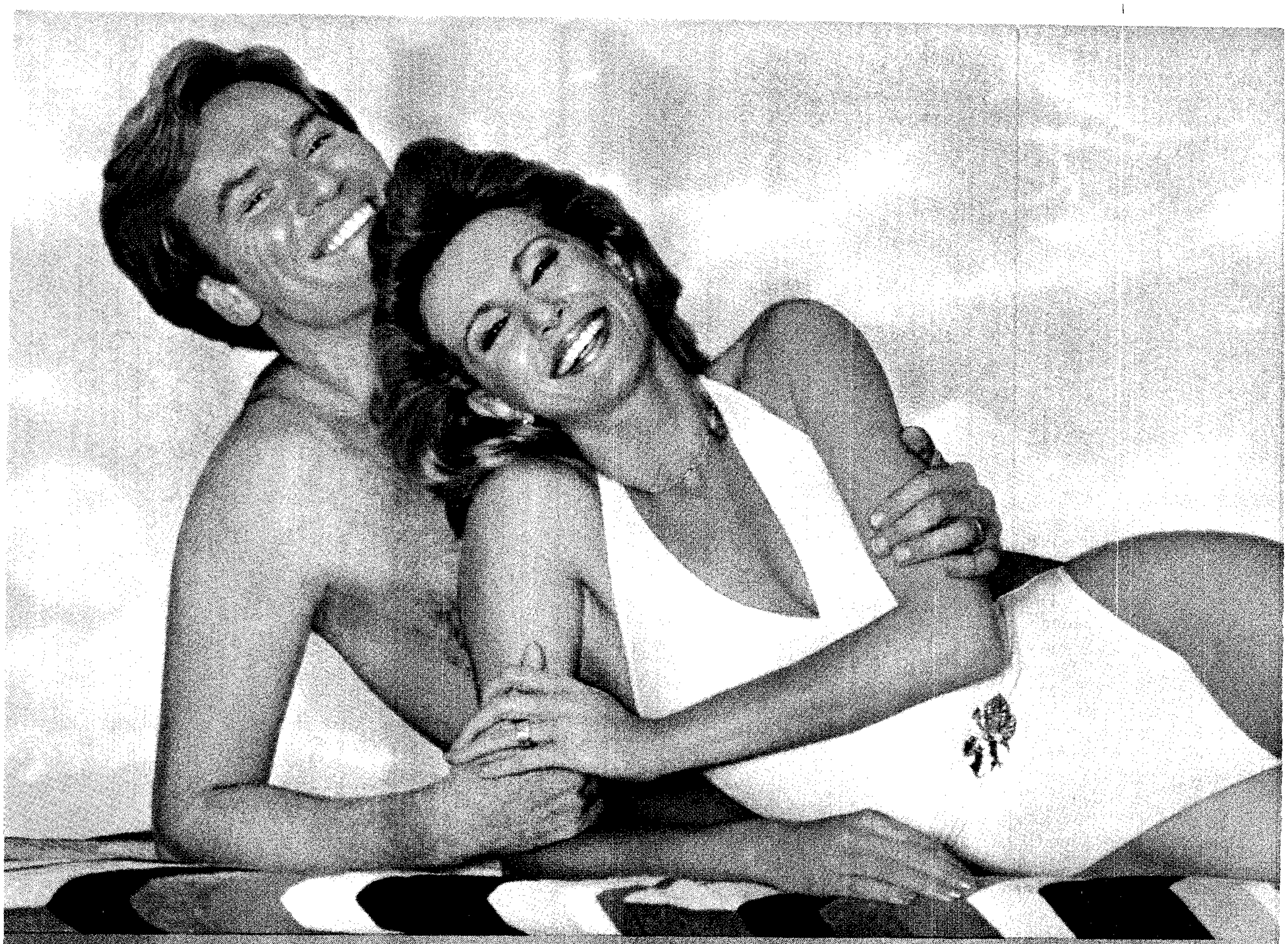

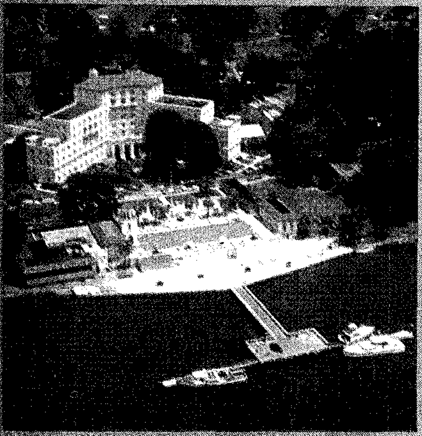

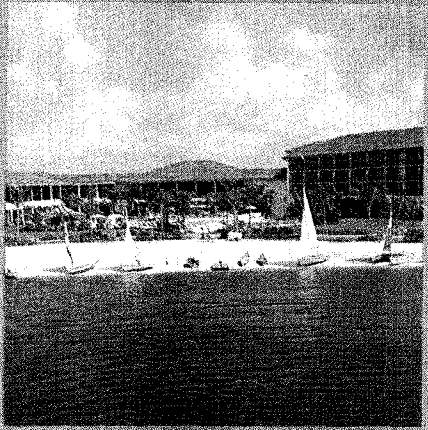

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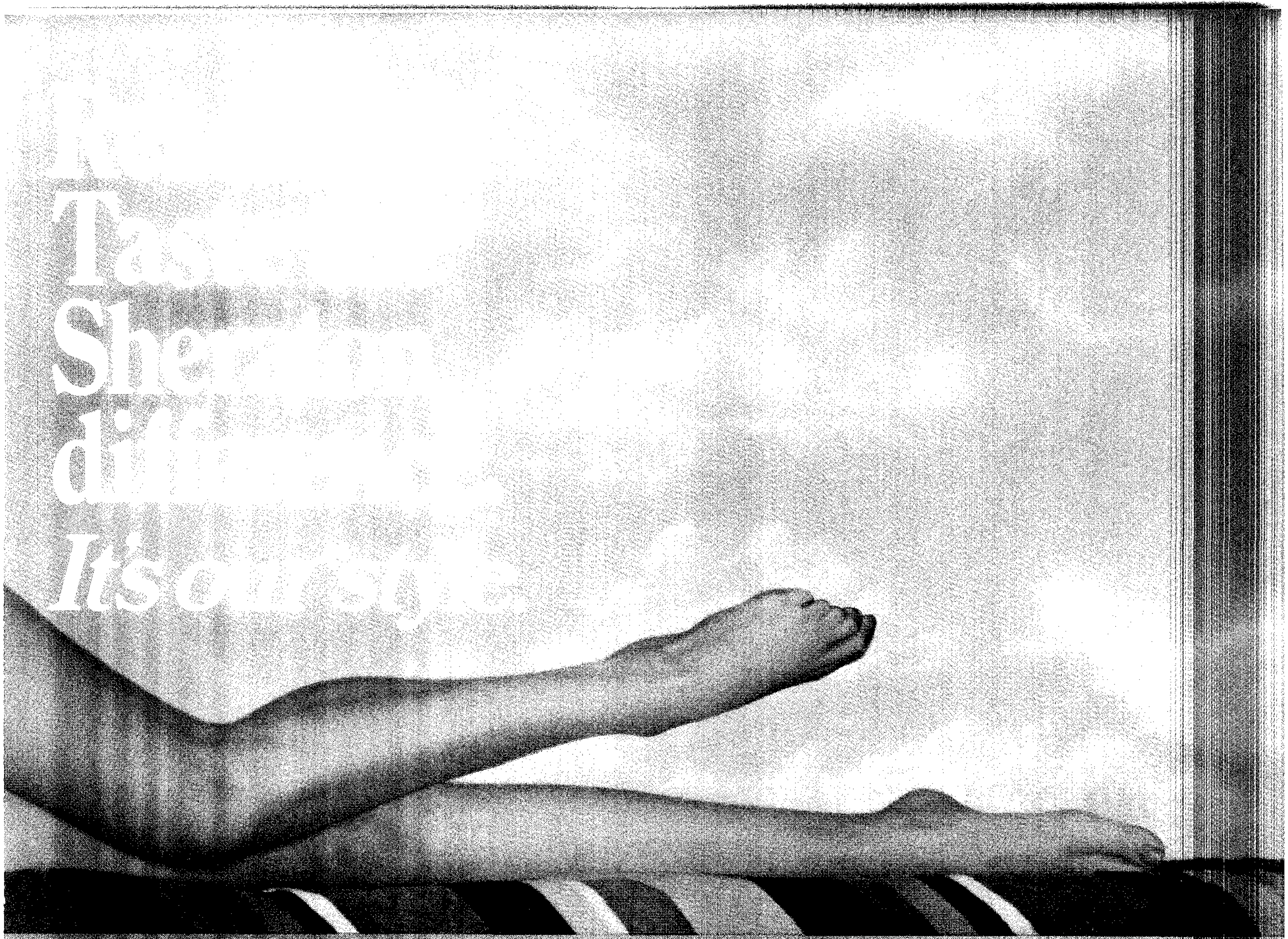

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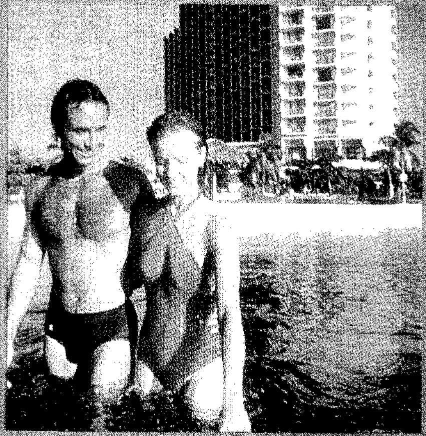

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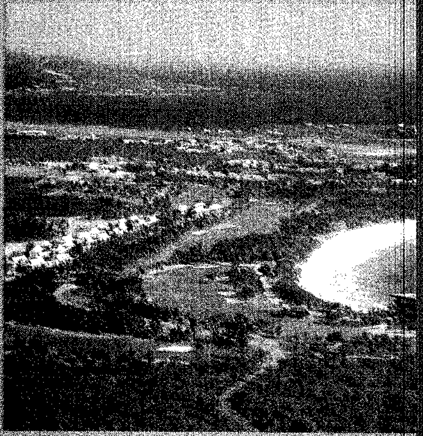

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'Oh, that's rather interesting. Do you have a publisher?' We said no, and he mentioned that a great friend of his was Elizabeth Withycombe, who had just published 'The Oxford Dictionary of English Christian Names.' Well, this had been our model—it was a superb and witty book, giving a brief article on each name, tracing its history, and then giving the references. He asked if we'd like to meet her, and we said we'd love to. Remember, we knew nobody at Oxford at all—either at the university or at the Clarendon Press. He invited us all around to coffee, and Elizabeth Withycombe was very kind, saying she'd mention our project to the Press, where she had recently been working. And then we got a letter from her saying that the people at the Press thought they might be interested in a 'small corpus' on nursery rhymes done in the way we were thinking of doing it, and would we like to send the manuscript? And could she see it first? So we worked on—the whole 'Dictionary' took seven years, full time except for an occasional job of abridging classics, and things like that—and it got larger and larger, because we kept finding out more stuff; each thing we looked at led to something else. Eventually, though, we sent her the manuscript—our third draft—and she said it wouldn't do. The introduction wasn't right: pull yourself together; everything has to go into it. And her comments were very salutary."

Mr. Opie paused, and then continued, "So we redid the introduction, sent it again to her, and she delivered it to the Press. We heard nothing for six months. But during that period they had sent the manuscript to every surviving editor of the Oxford English Dictionary, and not one of them found a single mistake in it. I'm not saying there weren't any, but, by good luck, they found none. And so, finally, the Press said they'd publish it but asked us to include things like 'Oranges and lemons,' 'London Bridge,' and 'Ring-a-ring o' roses'—game rhymes we had purposely left out, in order to include them in another volume. And I remember going in to see the boss, Sir Arthur Norrington, who said, 'Look here, Opie, this is going to be an Oxford book. Every single quotation has got to be verified. Every fact has got to be checked.' This was for the Clarendon Press—the scholarly and academic part of the Oxford University Press. We then went to see the assistant secretary, Dan Davin, and he said, 'Now, look here, Opie, we have books on the stocks which various professors have been doing for twenty years. And we say, "Isn't it about time this book was ready?" And they say, "Well, in Buenos Aires I know there's going to be a lecture on my subject, and until I see an offprint of that paper I really can't finish it." But you've got to set a date and say, "Nothing more after that." '

"So we worked another year on it and sent in the completed manuscript, and it took perhaps a year going through the Press. Also, we had one or two little struggles, such as getting illustrations into it. You see, the Press saw the book as a little side work they'd put out, and planned on printing twenty-five hundred copies—just what the market could stand—mostly for libraries and a few interested people. Then the publishers' reps went out with the catalogue, and they began getting a lot of response to the book. So the Press put the first printing up to five thousand, seventy-five hundred, then ten thousand copies. That was quite a large printing for those days.

"We had just had a third child, had recently moved to Alton from Farnham, in Surrey, and one Sunday when we were trying to get our living room in order—we hadn't even unpacked—a great man with a red beard came to the door. I opened it, and he asked, 'Is this where Mr. and Mrs. Opie live?' 'Yes, it is.' 'Well,' he asked, 'could I see your father?' And I said, 'I beg your pardon.' 'Is this where the editors of "The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes" live?' 'Yes. I'm Peter Opie.' 'Oh, I'm sorry!' he exclaimed. 'I imagined it would have been an old person who had done the "Dictionary." ' And he came in and wrote an article for the *Daily Mail*, a photographer came and took pictures of us with the children, and we even went on television. And there was even a leader in the *Times* about it. The people at the Press were tickled pink, because nothing like this had ever happened to them before. The 'Dictionary' sold out that month, but if it had come out before the war there would have been no sale—it just hit the right mood, and people started buying it for themselves. And it now sells three times as many copies as it did at the beginning, because interest in the subject has grown."

I asked if the "Dictionary" had led to "Lore and Language."

"Exactly," Mr. Opie said. "You see, when we were doing the nursery rhymes we realized that there was this other stuff that was being communicated from child to child. We didn't actually know if the subject really existed, but we did distinguish child rhymes from nursery rhymes; and *that*, I think, was the first time that this had been done. So in 1947, in order to make a little money, we put out a small book entitled 'I Saw Esau'—just by going to the files and using material we weren't going to use in the 'Dictionary.' But we also put it out, in a sense, as a kind of scout volume. And within weeks we were getting the real stream of stuff, and we started meeting children. So we thought, This *is* extraordinary, they're all repeating the rhymes that Norman Douglas printed in 'London Street Games' in 1916. We thought the children must have been reading a cheap edition of Douglas's book. And then, after we moved to Alton, we realized that since the children were producing the rhymes there, too, they were probably being repeated all over the country. So we decided there would be enough to make a larger book. And after we completed the 'Dictionary' we got an agreement with the Press to do a work on children's lore and games, which would include sayings and riddles and anything else we could find. Of course, once we started on it we realized that it was going to have to be a two-volume work—one on lore and language, one on the games. And after finishing two chapters of 'Children's Games' we knew that it was going to have to split again. And now we plan to put singing games and games with implements into two separate volumes—but, once more, each of those may be too large, because there's so much material, and the second may have to divide into games with balls and games with other implements. At the moment, we think there might be a book on marbles, tipcat, hopscotch, and tops. And what we'll do with ball bouncing in general and skipping we just don't know.

"I'm sixty-two, and we're certain we have about twenty years of work just to complete the games books. And we have other projects we've been doing research for as well—one on superstitions dealt with on historical principles, then a study on the family, especially interfamily material concerning the relationship between parents and children. Then we've got to write a book on the theory of folklore, and we want to do a volume on the tunes for the nursery rhymes—and, of course, a new edition of the 'Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes.' When it's redone, every single rhyme will have a new article. We've been continuously collecting material on nursery rhymes for thirty years, and people have been sending us information from all over the world. But what has been so interesting is that our basic ideas about the rhymes haven't really changed. And then, naturally, there is children's literature itself. A collection like 'A Nursery Companion' needed doing, and there are other volumes we'd like to put together."

Again I asked the Opies how they found time to get everything done.

"The whole secret of life, to my mind, is to capitalize on your disadvantages," Mr. Opie replied. "Mine are that I can't drive, I can't sing, I can't dance. And I avoid going to parties—in fact, I dislike parties and always feel a fool at them. I was once introduced to Dorothy Sayers and immediately thought she was Agatha Christie—or was it the other way around? I'm absolutely shocking at this. Evelyn Waugh got bored very easily, and so if a lunch party that he was giving was going too well he would say something to a neighbor as rude as could be, just to have a little excitement. Because he *liked* things going wrong, unpleasantness, fights—for that then aroused his great intellect to work. It didn't work in tranquillity. And as a result of that he had a tempestuous life. My mother used to say, 'You must get out and meet people. How else can you be a writer?' But all life is within oneself. Most people are rushing about because they're afraid of what they're carrying around in themselves. But I find that one other person is enough. And what an arrogance you have to have if you want to go against the herd! Most people try to look for ways to get through their days—does the day drag long or is it too short? Our days are so short that we don't know what's happened to them. So the only thing possible is to keep cutting down what one does. And stay in. Iona and I stay at home, and we operate in tranquillity. I mean, one of the reasons we're still married is that we don't like squabbling. And it would be such a nuisance to separate. It's impossible—who would take which book and so on? So we both have our souls and work here."

AFTER lunch, Mr. Opie told me that he had some reading to do, and Mrs. Opie suggested that I accompany her to her ground-floor study and office, which the Opies have called the Folklore Room. Here were scores of dictionaries; reference books of all kinds on language, song, religion, and regional folklore; and magazine sets, including bound copies of a complete set of *Notes and Queries*—the onetime weekly and now quarterly folklore magazine originally edited, from 1849 to 1872, by William John Thoms. (Correspondents—in the beginning, mostly Victorian intellectual gentlemen or clergymen—would write to the magazine with queries about words, superstitions, and genealogies, and other correspondents would write back to answer.) This particular set, Mrs. Opie told me, had belonged to Lewis Carroll. "It was still in Oxford when we found it," she said. "It has his signature in violet ink in the first volume of the index, as you can see. He got some of his best ideas from it, like the idea for the Cheshire Cat. The index isn't good, and you have to double-check all the entries, because the correspondents' answers weren't always correct. We've read through all the volumes—Peter would take on one and I'd read the next. We do the same with most of the multivolume sets. Right now we're doing *Punch*—he's reading 1846 and I 1847."

Along with books, the room is filled with scores of boxes and drawers containing cards on which are written traditional phrases and bibliographical lists of source books on games and play in general; boxes of original papers written by children about their games; and about four hundred different-colored quarto files devoted to rhymes of all kinds, calendar customs and superstitions, marbles ("We have three thousand cards with marble terms, calls, and names, plus entries on Roman marbles and medieval marbles found in the Thames," Mrs. Opie said), hopscotch, indoor and party games, ball games, activities ("The crazes come in here," she said, "like walking on tins, skateboard, Frisbees, and the fluff craze, which was when children started pulling little bits off each other's jumpers and making a big fluffy ball out of it"), sports like cricket ("We have files on street cricket and on the history of real cricket to go with them, because we have to know what children are copying"), and games with implements (bat and ball, tops, tipcat).

"Remember, this represents seventy years of work—thirty-five for each of us," she told me. "And when you do a collection of rhymes you must include every theory there is about a particular rhyme, because if you leave one out everybody who has that particular theory will send you a note. So it's a form of self-protection. The theories can't *all* be right, and yet they all have adherents. Once, we had sent to us—by a member of Oxford University—a theory about a nursery rhyme, and I looked it up in the file, and it first appeared in *Punch* as a *parody* of the kind of thing university people produce. So it's a wonderful circle. Our doctor down the road was taught in medical school that 'Ring-a-ring o' roses' is about the bubonic plague; he believes it firmly. But we no longer contradict people, because they get so disappointed. In fact, we think we've got the whole story of how that particular rhyme developed, and that will come in our singing-games book."

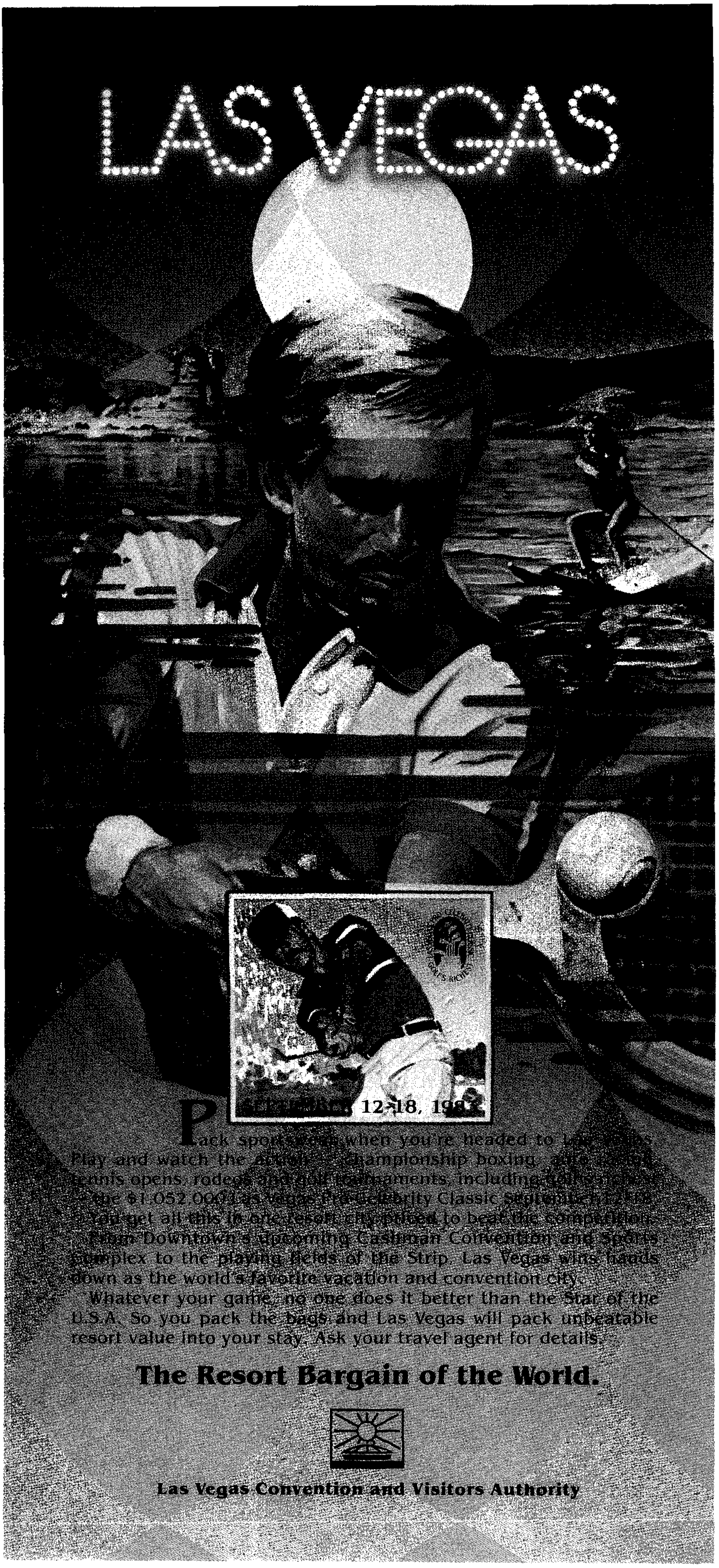
Mrs. Opie and I sat down by her desk, and I asked her about her partnership with her husband.

"We're complete equals in terms of our personalities, because we've had our privations," she said. "In a way, it was like the beginning of a fairy tale. When I first got married, in 1943, I felt that that was the end of my life, really, because I was caught up with the usual woman's style of life. We started a family fairly soon. My mother-in-law saw that I didn't know how to run a house, so she showed me how it was done. I'm not by nature very domestic, and for about fifteen years I was trying my best to be a good mother and an efficient housewife. But I rather overdid it, trying to cook and dust better than anyone else. And I ought to have acknowledged that I wasn't either good at it or able to do both the books and domestic work. And it was bad for Peter, too, because he was a refugee in his own workroom—you can imagine trying to write with three children milling around downstairs. He used to have the oldest child, James, up for at least a half hour a day, and James would sit on Peter's knee and draw honeypots—I think the first word James learned to spell was 'honey.'

"After these early domestic and maternal years—climbing the glass mountain and the trials—I found that I'd done my training: I had learned how to do research and produce books, and I was able to take over a lot of the work. So when Peter was feeling a little bit weary of the subject I came into it, thinking, Now is my chance, now I can have the job I always wanted! And, with my new enthusiasm, I sort of rushed in and made a new wave. I've taken over the work at the British Library, because I love it—that blue dome is my temple of learning. And I more or less thought of the 'Children's Games' book as mine—I took that research to the *n*th degree in a way I don't think Peter would have. About four days ago—just to link up a couple of the things I've been saying—I was talking to a woman in the lady-readers' rest room at the British Library. She told me she came from Malta—she's getting her Ph.D. here—and I spoke to her for almost an hour about her childhood, so now I have pages of stuff about what Maltese children sing and do in the street.

"Peter's the writer, but I can take a game and rough-shape it—rather like a Greek statue that was carved just so far by one craftsman and then went to a sculptor at another mason's yard to have the fine work done on it. Well, this is what I do with a game. Then it comes back to me, and I might say that Peter's left out a detail or he hasn't emphasized something enough, and then it goes back to him—we haven't really discussed it orally, we've done this all on paper. And then he corrects it, and we finally meet to talk about it. We get into the Turkish bath, as it were, and just sit there and sweat over a sentence and turn it around six different ways.

"So what a happy ending! It's an awfully smug thing to say, but I've got everything now. Even free time. When I was washing a few little garments the other day, I noticed that a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baby rabbit was sitting outside eating a chestnut leaf, which is something quite new to me, because the leaves are so large and tough. And he started at the end of it, he solemnly ate his whole way through this leaf—which was larger than he was, in fact—and it was wonderful. Time stood still, and I thought: I'm going to watch that rabbit consume that leaf. I stopped, and time stopped, and the rabbit ate the leaf. And dust I now look at in a literary way. I love dust. I think of Elizabeth Barrett Browning surrounded by fluffy dust inches deep. And Rupert Brooke with his feathery fairy dust. It just doesn't matter to me if someone pulls out a piece of furniture and it's found to be littered with dust behind it. I feel very lucky!"

AT high tea later that afternoon—back in the kitchen—Mr. Opie began to explain to me that he had a very weak memory, quoting, with approval, Montaigne's statement that a "strong memory is commonly coupled with infirm judgment."

"You know, I've spent ten years trying to teach you the difference between geraniums and fuchsias," Mrs. Opie said.

"Actually, she doesn't quite mean that," Mr. Opie told me.

"Don't I mean it?"

"What it is is that I can't remember which name belongs to which," Mr. Opie went on.

"Oh yes, I see," Mrs. Opie said. "He can *see* the difference, but can't get the names."

"Names mean nothing to me whatsoever," Mr. Opie continued. "A name is merely a code word that is used to express an idea or refer to an object or something."

Picking up this thought, Mrs. Opie remarked, "We have no memories; we have only filing systems. Because the traffic is going through at such a rate, all we remember is from our own childhoods, and then only the ordinary things that any one lifetime has acquired in the way of memories. But everybody else's childhood is coming at us, so we can't remember all the things we hear."

"That's true," Mr. Opie said. "We just write them down. But I even have a thing against memory as such. If you have a memory, you tend not to be very good at creating."

I mentioned Dr. Johnson and Boswell, and Mr. Opie said, "What Boswell did was exactly what Iona does—or something similar to it. He made

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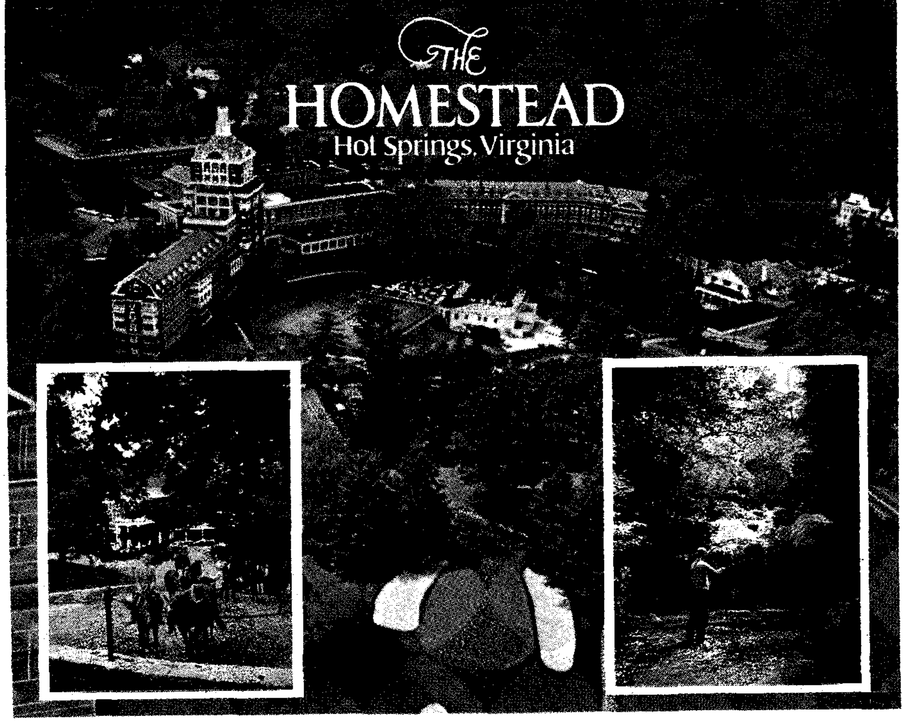

any surreptitious notes he could and then went straight back home and wrote it all down. And Iona manages to do this in her playground reports—as long as she does it immediately afterward."

"I have a reporter's notebook with ruled lines," Mrs. Opie told me, "and the children say, 'You're not writing on the lines, that's not very tidy, don't you write any neater than that?' And I say, 'No, because I'm in too much of a hurry.' It's that little bit of scribble that helps me get it back later. I can decipher the scribble just for a couple of hours, and then it's gone."

"The two great inventions were the wheel and writing," Mr. Opie remarked. "The wheel enabled people to take about with them more than they were able to carry, and writing enabled people to take around with them more than they could remember. I thought of that just the other day."

"I think that's jolly good," Mrs. Opie said. Turning to me, she went on, "The thing about Peter is that he has an original mind, which is one of the reasons I married him; but to add to this is his wonderful lack of memory, so that he cannot write in clichés because he can't remember them!"

Toward the end of our tea, I asked the Opies when they had started collecting books.

"A year after we got married," Mr. Opie answered. "It began with nursery rhymes, but we were always looking to the future; and we realized that one never could be a proper worker unless one possessed the books oneself. So we went around to the antiquarian bookshops. We realized we'd probably someday work on fairy tales, and that, in turn, led to something else. To compile 'A Nursery Companion,' we used the booklets from our collection—some of them are the only known copies, and in some cases we could choose from four copies of a booklet to get the best pictures."

"When our son James was about six months old, Peter came back from work one day and pulled 'The Cheerful Warbler' out of his pocket—it was one of those little tiny chapbooks—and he was pleased I liked it because he felt it was so flippant," Mrs. Opie said. "But both of us always collected books—all kinds of books."

"Just last week, we bought about a thousand cheap children's books," Mr. Opie said. "We go from the beginning to the end, particularly in the popular line—anything that sells a million copies." He paused, and then added,

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"I've had the collecting fever ever since I was a child. When I was in Eton, we weren't allowed money—the currency was cigarette cards—and when I left school I had more cards than all of the other students together. I had three secretaries, whom I paid in cards, to do any dirty work I didn't want to do myself. My school report said that I was undoubtedly going to become a millionaire, but that was quite untrue. It seemed so easy to make money that I never had any desire to do it since."

THE next morning, after breakfast, Mr. Opie gave me a grand tour of the house. We began in the North Library, on the ground floor, which contained, he said, "basically what anyone should have: the standard works of English literature—just so that you can get down to the real thing right away." I also noticed, in passing, an enormous section of books on fables and on nineteenth-century fairy tales, a complete set of the Victorian magazine *The Boy's Own Paper*, and many works on natural history.

Across the hall was Mr. Opie's study—a large room in which were housed the Opies' main children's-literature collection and, in an enormous glass-enclosed case, their signed first editions and association and presentation copies. Mr. Opie took out several books to show me, among them a first edition of A. A. Milne's "When We Were Very Young" signed by both the author and the illustrator, E. H. Shepard, who, Mr. Opie said, had "lived just nearby;" the copy of the first American edition of "The Wind in the Willows" which Kenneth Grahame gave to his son, in which he wrote, "To Alastair Grahame from his affectionate father Kenneth Grahame/Cookham, Dean/Oct. 1908;" the signed first edition of "The Crock of Gold" which James Stephens presented to Judge Parry; and several presentation copies of books by Lewis Carroll, Edward Lear, James Barrie, and E. Nesbit.

"An association copy we always buy automatically," Mr. Opie told me. "Because you get nearer to the book, you've got something special, it's an individual copy. We've got books from the Darwin family, books that Emma Hamilton gave to her daughter Horatia Nelson, and one or two royal books—a volume that Queen Victoria gave to her daughter Beatrice signed with her private initials. It's great fun. We have more than eight hundred titles

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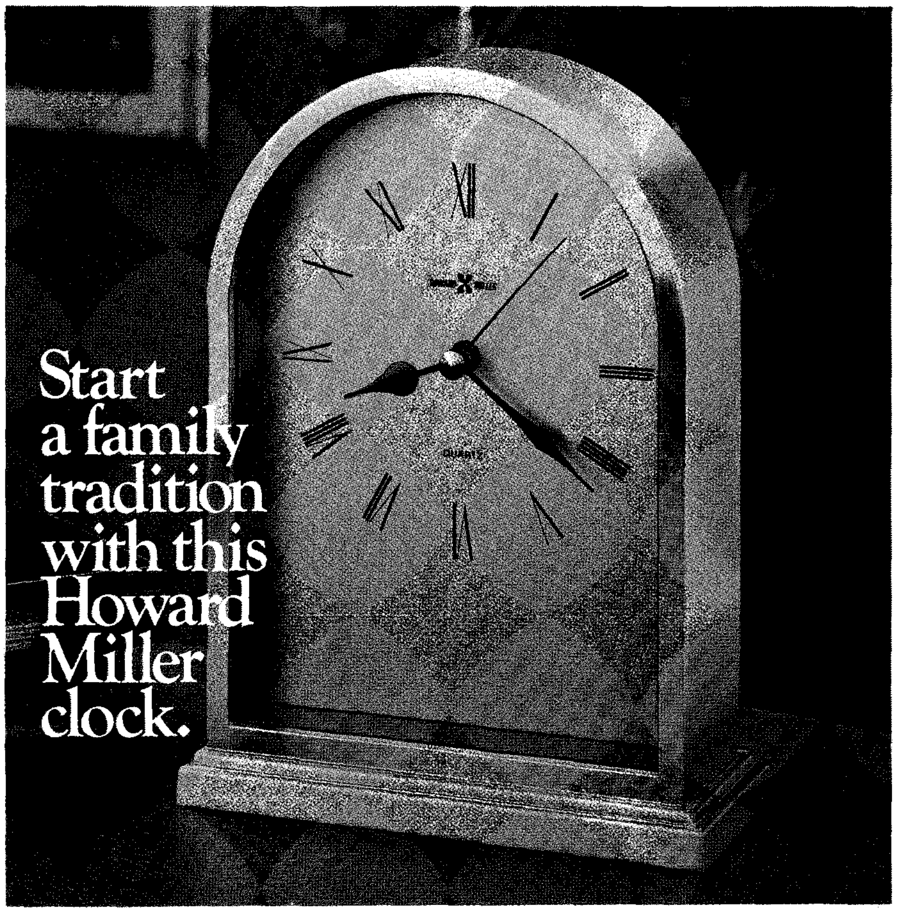

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published before 1800, which is about the same number as in the Osborne Collection, in Toronto, and we have an early abridged edition of 'Robinson Crusoe' that's twenty years earlier than the copy owned by the British Library. And here's Godwin's edition of Aesop—one of the first books he did for children, with illustrations by William Mulready. Very Blake-ish."

As Mr. Opie led me upstairs, we passed under the framed original drawings that Randolph Caldecott did for his famous picture book "The Milkmaid," and at the top we entered the Knaster Room—named after Roland Knaster, "one of the great collectors, whose collection came to us ten years ago"—where one finds hundreds of boxes containing books whose shape, Mr. Opie told me, is more important than their content: "movable books, animated books, reversible books, miniature books, midget books, untearable books, turn-up books, and transformation books." There were also boxes filled with periodicals, penny books, and comics. "We're very good on cheap picture books," Mr. Opie said. "And we have every known eighteenth-century periodical except one—and that isn't really a children's one."

Mr. Opie opened a box and took out one of Beatrix Potter's file copies of the original edition of "Peter Rabbit," a copy of the first Frederick Warne edition, and then a first edition of "The Tailor of Gloucester." Turning to me, he said, "We used to have the original manuscript of 'Squirrel Nutkin,' and we used to read from it to our children—I trusted them; they were brought up to handle things properly—but eventually we sold it to Leslie Linder, the authority on Beatrix Potter. I thought one wouldn't mind—we were even given a facsimile of it, and I've been to see the original once or twice in exhibitions—but when you suddenly come across it your stomach turns upside down. Linder, however, wanted it so badly; he later presented his collection to the National Book League. It's just one of those things. You never quite know what it is you love the most until you no longer have it."

The next room we visited, called the Temple, was probably the most colorful and fascinating of them all, devoted, as it was, completely to toys. In the middle of the room was a series of display cases in which the Opies recurrently set up little exhibitions from their collection for visitors or just

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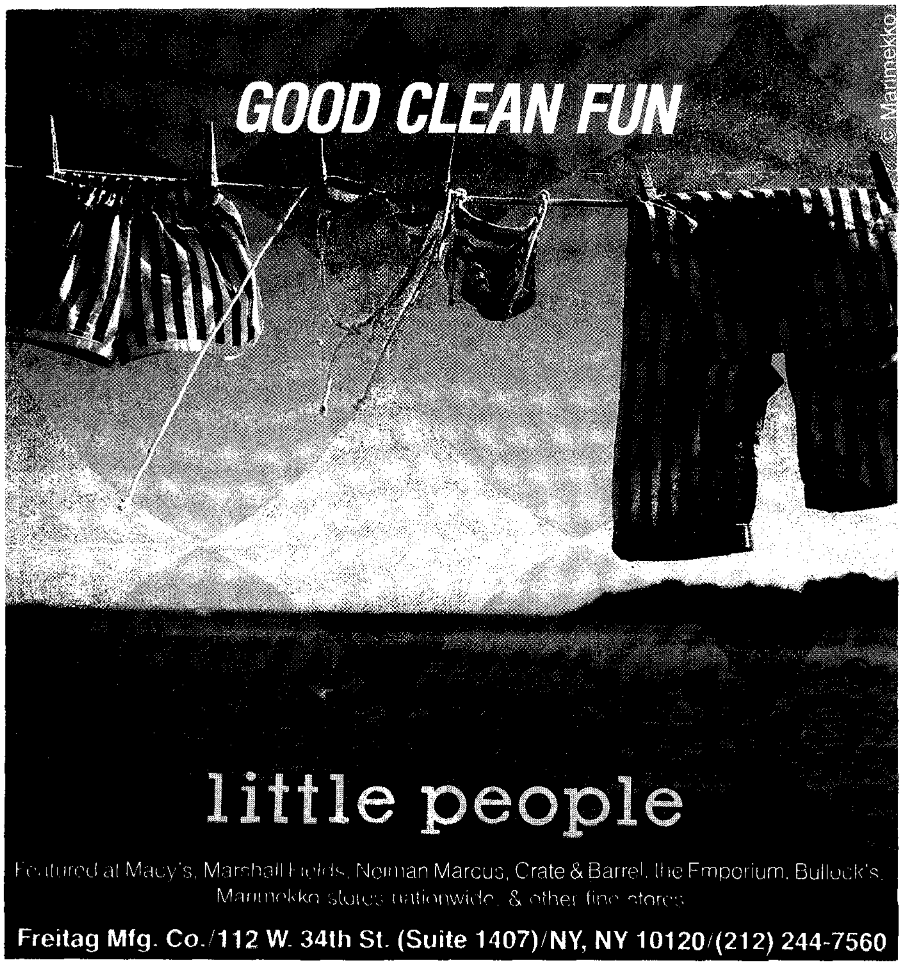

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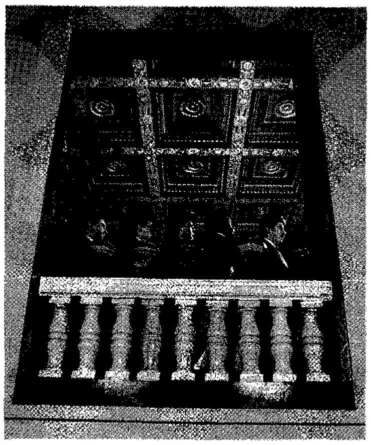

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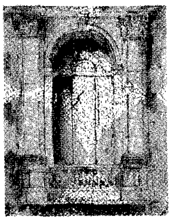

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for themselves. "It really doesn't matter who comes to see it, because you learn your own stuff by putting it out," Mr. Opie said.

Previous exhibitions in the Temple had concentrated on John Newbery, Randolph Caldecott, and "Struwwelpeter;" the Opies also had a permanent display on the early history of the cinema. "Here's a praxinoscope that you spin," Mr. Opie told me. "And then the zoetrope, which was invented in 1834 and put on the market in 1869. This particular one has sixty different pictures showing a man running around with an umbrella while it's raining pitchforks—because the original version of the famous phrase is 'It's raining cats and dogs and pitchforks pointing downward,' and here it is being illustrated. We also have a later version that influenced Disney, with whales, porpoises, and birds flying.

"Then, you can see the thaumatrope, which is the earliest proper moving picture, in which you put half a picture on one side (a cage), half a picture on the other (a bird), then twist it round so that you get one side following the other as quickly as possible, until the bird seems to be inside. Then, you can see some flicker books; and the Ombro-Cinema, from 1920, made in Paris, with black stripes coming down and figures moving behind them. And over here's a Brownie camera. Mrs. Ewing wrote a book about brownies, Palmer Cox took them over and wrote and illustrated *his* books about them, and Baden-Powell got the name and idea for the Girl Guide Brownies from Mrs. Ewing, too. Almost everything joins up if you know enough, but it can be a long and tortuous chain. And some people join things up too abruptly, so that there are too many missing links.

"In this room we also have an electric car from 1903, a clockwork train from around 1860, a nineteenth-century Noah's Ark made in Bavaria, and all kinds of movable toys, including this sand toy featuring Leotard, the man who gave his name to the garment that every ballerina wears. He came to England in 1852 and was the first man to perform on the flying trapeze. The toy is operated by means of sand flowing down onto a wheel, and you never see Leotard doing the same action twice. This was, in fact, Kenneth Grahame's favorite toy, and he writes about it in 'Dream Days.' We have, really and truly, *everything*, you know—certainly everything that is a

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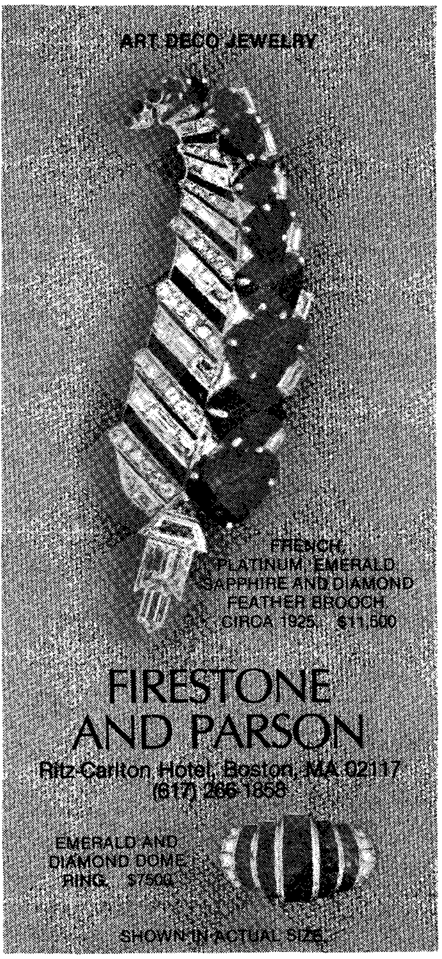
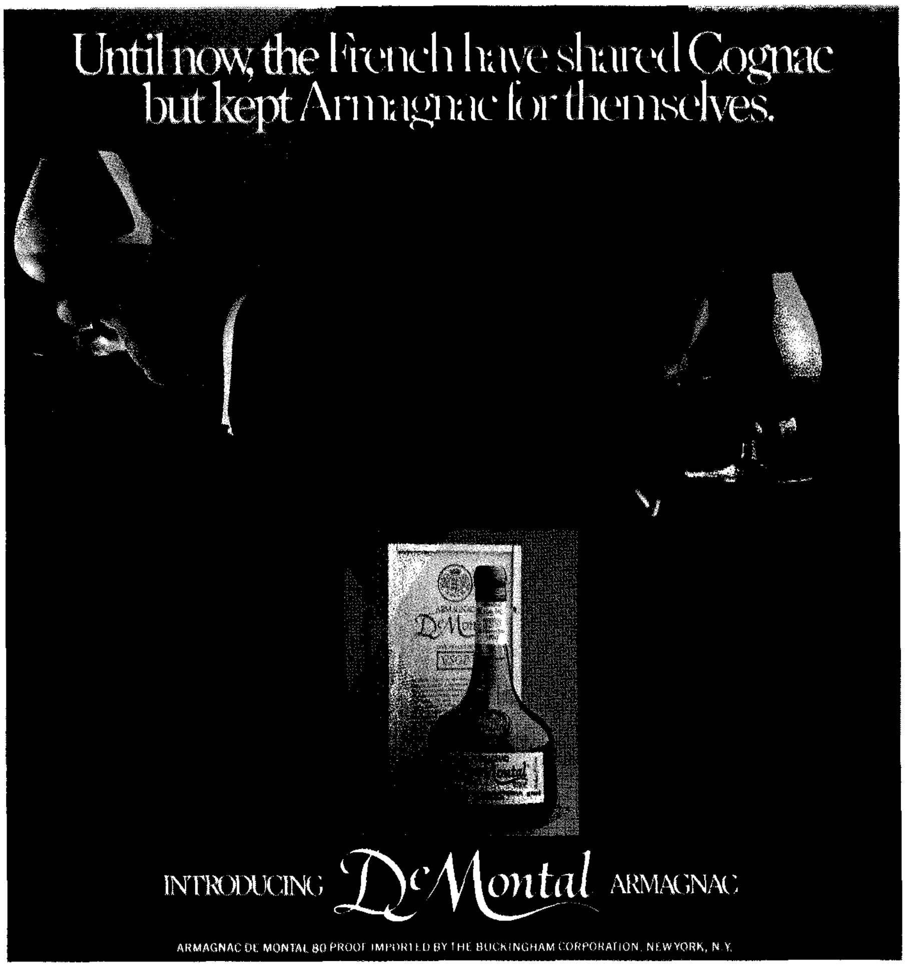


small object. We have the earliest known surviving race game, the earliest peep show, and the earliest known jigsaw puzzle—from 1766. It's the only copy in existence, and the same puzzle is mentioned by Jane Austen in 'Mansfield Park.' This one is by the man who is supposed to have invented the puzzles—J. Spilsbury, Master at Harrow. The first ones were maps—this one is a history of Europe—and here's another, which we believe is the first *picture* jigsaw puzzle. It's of a boat called the Royal George. Both are in their original boxes, with their labels on them—and these are the first bits of packaging that are known.

"You see, one of the things we're interested in most is continuity. Reginald Scot's sixteenth-century 'Discoverie of Witchcraft' is the earliest book that describes conjuring tricks. Here's a space juggler made in 1955, but if you want to find out how it works you can read about it in 'Rational Recreations,' from 1775. What we're concerned with here is to collect on the physical side what we're collecting on the oral side in the books. As with the games, we're interested in classifying both the attraction and what makes the thing work. Toys have been looked at as sentimental objects, but we want to look at them 'scientifically.' We started by buying things that are mentioned in children's literature, to try to understand what was being made. If Iona sees children playing with some toy in the playground, we go and get one like it. So we've got her report and we've also got the object. This is the material side of 'Lore and Language.' These are the physical jokes as opposed to the oral jokes: the stink bombs, things that go squeak when you sit down, joke pencils that collapse or expand or prick you when you write, joke lighters, cigarettes that explode, squirt rings, joke drinking glasses, disguises, tops from the seventeenth century, marbles with stripes of twisted glass inside. We have an early form of dominoes, which started to be played in France at the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth—here's a French set made out of the bones of the food eaten by prisoners captured in the Napoleonic Wars. We've got knucklebones made from the ankle-bones of goats, like those used by the ancient Greeks. We've got yo-yos from the eighteen-fifties. As I said, we've got everything."

We left the Temple and climbed a stairway to the attic, which covers the



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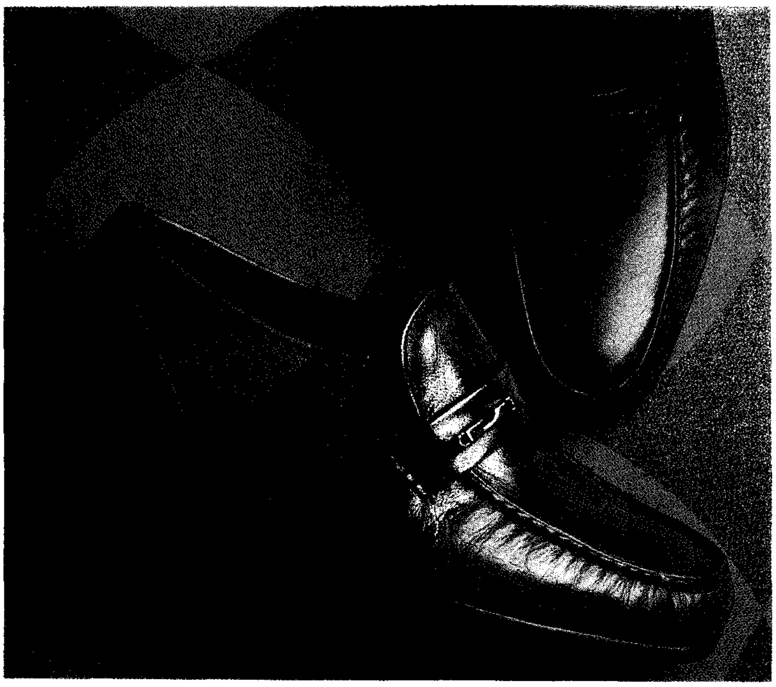

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entire house and has been converted into what the Opies call the Archive Room—an enormous space filled with thousands of boxes containing everything one can imagine that can be related to childhood: dolls from the eighteenth century onward; the first known Christmas card, from 1843; children's costumes, shoes, and baby clothes; children's medicines; nursery biscuits and sugar; paper hats and paper bags; money boxes; clothespins (both wooden and plastic); and lots of plastic toys. "Most people hate these plastic toys," Mr. Opie said. "But they must be collected—otherwise a whole generation will have no copies of what they played with. And if you're reading a children's book and it refers to a certain kind of food we can usually produce it. We're the place of last resort."

The tour over, Mr. Opie took me downstairs and back to the children's-literature library, and led me over to the mantel, on which stood two extraordinary-looking dolls. They were made, Mr. Opie said, by a married couple from Portsmouth around 1825. One doll was that of a peddler woman in a red cloak and a long dress, the other that of a peddler man in a black frock coat, a striped waistcoat and trousers, a tall hat, a high collar, and a cravat. On and about them were an incredible number of tiny objects. "You can see that they're carrying and selling chapbooks and ballad sheets and children's books and shuttlecock bats and balls and candles and slates and cheap textbooks and religious artifacts and a pair of braces and gloves and framed pictures—the cheap, the discarded, the 'unconsidered trifles,' " Mr. Opie pointed out. "And we have in this house the actual things that these dolls have on their trays, and we probably have written down everything that these two people knew! It gives depth to one's work."

THAT afternoon, I returned to Mr. Opie's study to ask him about his own childhood.

"I was born in Egypt in 1918," he began. "My mother was a volunteer nursing assistant during the First World War and went to Egypt, where she met my father, who was an Army doctor. They came back to England after the war, and I arrived in a kit bag, which we still have upstairs. They had six months here, then they took me to India for two years, returned on my third birthday for a year and a half, and my father was sent off

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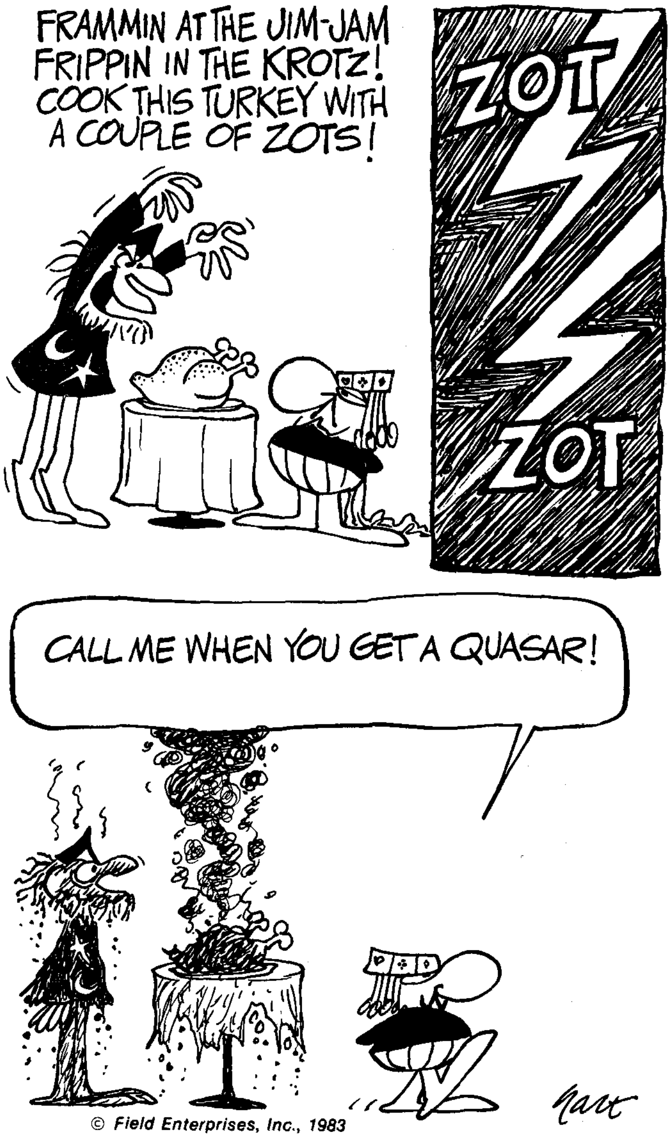
again, this time to Malta. So my mother had to live with *her* mother—a woman whose husband had made a fortune in the Argentine. It was through him that I had a small independent income. My father was killed racing horses in India; he was mad on horses, and when he was young he went to Blundell's and used to ride to school each day across the moors. It was very romantic. He was the sort of person who produced snakes from his pocket.

"Now, Iona's grandmother died of cholera—also in India—when Iona's father was three. So he was sent home and brought up by various relations in Scotland. He was as Scots as Scots can be. But, being an orphan and having had to look after a younger brother, he wasn't frightfully good at making contact with other people. And, strangely, he, like my father, was a doctor—a medical researcher, who helped save the cotton crop in the Sudan. He became director of the Wellcome Research Laboratory, in Khartoum—a research center in tropical medicine—and he helped to discover what caused sleeping sickness. He was the kind of person who would sit on the roof of a building in the midday sun with no hat on and with a thermometer in his mouth in order to find out what would happen. And, with Iona's godfather, he produced the standard multivolume work on tropical medicine. Then, when he came home and retired, he decided to go off again, this time to a lepers' island near Trinidad. And after that he became a professor at Alexandria University.

"Iona, who was born in 1923, stayed at home with her mother, but she has this research in her blood. As do I. I went to India several times when I was a teen-ager—I did a lot of travelling, and that's why I never want to move from my house now—and when I was there I instantly wanted to know what the Indians were doing, what they were eating, how they were living, what shrines they went to. I was immediately fascinated, and so is anybody except the set who must go and have their gin and whatever are the standard things. I think that, generally, the English have been the best folklorists. In France, folklore doesn't much exist; the Germans have been good, but they're so serious; and the Americans have difficulties because— If you'll forgive my saying so, until recently you've been an emergent nation, and therefore folklore has been used to build up na-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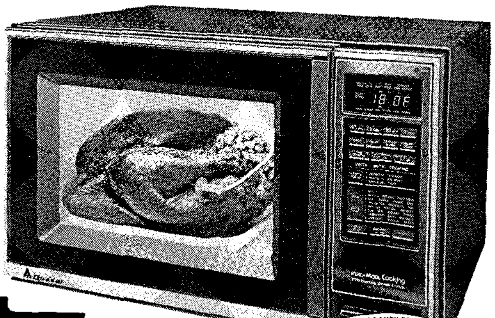

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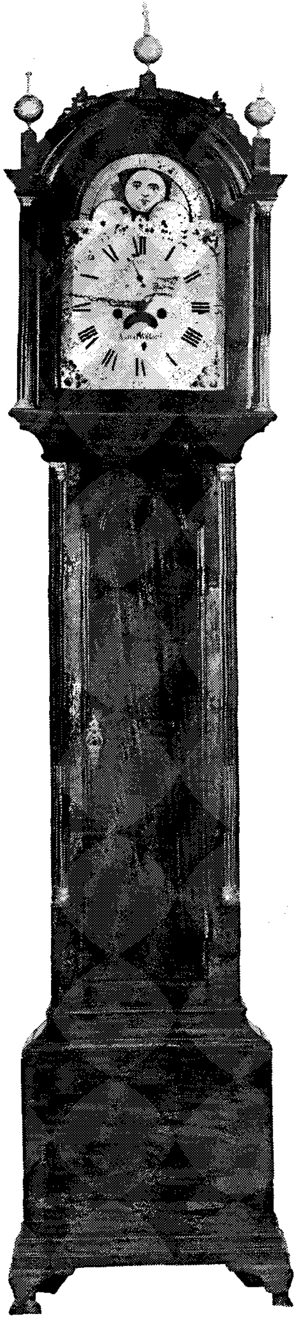

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tional prestige. Some of the Americans are teaching the subject, saying what is right and what is wrong in folklore, and not just being students and observing. A folklorist should just watch, and not participate.

"Normally, an anthropologist has to go to another country to do his research, so that he can see with a foreigner's eyes. We can see the children we're interested in—we deal only with state-educated children—with an unprejudiced eye because we were not part of that educational system ourselves; and we've got no prejudices as to whether the north is better than the south, or whatever. We're complete outsiders. So, again, it's making use of one's disadvantages."

I asked Mr. Opie if he had known the lore and language of schoolchildren when he was a child.

"I didn't know it," he said. "But when we started collecting it I *recognized* it, and I realized that this was something I'd never known but could remember having heard from other people. Come the end of term, the others always knew the right things to say. But I was a spectator even when I was a child. I remember that when one went to a football match and everybody started cheering hard for his school I always thought, Well, if I had gone to that other school, I'd be cheering for that other team, and I don't really see that it matters which side wins. But boys mustn't think like that. The people who are so excellent at doing things are those who can go in *without* thinking, especially when it's a matter of being brave. But what gives me such terrific pleasure today is that I now know more about the childhood of the people I was with and what they were saying than they do themselves, since they've forgotten everything. It's very funny indeed: I have no memory, yet I have more memories written down, more oral lore, than possibly anybody else in the world. And this is, of course, why one does it: I'm the repository of talking, with no head of my own! Had Iona and I been the type who did remember rhymes and could produce them, the whole subject would have been so trivial that we couldn't have taken it seriously. Whereas to us, because rhymes were always a bit mysterious and one never quite caught onto them, each time a rhyme actually got written down—one that up till then had been floating on the air and sort of half caught as it went around a corner with somebody else singing it—each time was a discovery, and marvellous, and untrivial.

"We are talking about essentially something we didn't know anything about in the first place—children in the street. And therefore it's as if we had the advantage of going to a different country, but one where we happen to be able to speak the basic language. And we've had another advantage: we've been told that we could never have done this before the Second World War, because the children wouldn't have been communicative. One or two people tried, and the children apparently wouldn't talk to them—they were too afraid of the adults. How true that is I'm not quite certain, because you have to be able to learn to talk to children. When we ask them questions, they suddenly realize that we're not telling them anything—we are getting *them* to tell *us* something that we don't know ourselves, and they have never talked to adults in that way before. And once they suddenly realize that you are interested in *their* stuff—something *they* know about and you don't—then it becomes a person-to-person relationship.

"The interplay between and amongst children is best left alone. *Don't* teach them how to play their own street games—your own games, yes, but not theirs. At the end of the nineteenth century, singing games were discovered, principally by Cecil Sharp and Lady Gomme, and teachers began to teach children what they had learnt from them—and then to correct the children, saying that the *books* said that the children were getting them wrong. Also, adults produce these dreadful playgrounds that are just sheer lakes of cement or asphalt, and what the child is interested in is the *cracks* in the cement—he can't play his games without them.

"There's very curious evidence, which still seems to me astonishing, that in the Middle Ages, when all the world was countryside, you had children running around the churches, throwing balls against the church walls and breaking the windows, though they had all those lovely fields to play in. That was what really brought it home to me—reading those medieval accounts of children playing, and asking myself, 'Why should they be playing where they're not wanted?' I think that we look at children because they are beautiful specimens—the stuff that tells us about the rest of

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life before a veneer has come over it. And if you can understand them you can see that a certain person is actually a certain type of child. So if you want to know about the grownup world study children."

ON my fourth, and last, day with the Opies, I arrived at their house early in the morning and found Mr. Opie standing in the driveway enjoying the beginning of a perfect spring day. "You've seen the inside of the house," he said, smiling, "so I thought that today you'd see the outside." As we started walking to the stables, he said, "Anything in Gilbert White we have here. Badgers up the hill, herons flying over, plenty of hedgehogs, too many squirrels, and we're overrun with rabbits—it's like a wildlife park. We had a vixen who gave birth to cubs, born in the bramble bushes in our garden last year. We don't have a dog, and I have a theory that people who keep pet animals don't really like nature, because the pets drive everything away. And the contrary of that, of course, is that if you don't, then everything comes to you. Blackbirds pick bits out of the garbage, and robins fly into the outside lavatory and build nests on top of the cistern. But everything is lucky here. We have four-leaf clovers growing in the garden. Ladybirds hibernate here in the winter, and there are probably some up in the bedroom right now. Swallows go to Africa and come back, as I mentioned before, in the spring. And the magpies always come in pairs—one for sorrow, two for joy—and they nest in the middle of a holly tree. Also, if you'll notice, there are horseshoes on all the stable doors—not put there by us but all there for luck.

"Now I must deviate for a moment, because horseshoes are fascinating. Did you see the film 'Far from the Madding Crowd'? It was very carefully researched. And on the stable door there was a horseshoe, but it was put on with the 'U' facing upward. Now, in fact, in Hardy's day, they were placed the other way around, as they were in our stable—ours were probably put there in the nineteenth century. But had they done a film with the horseshoe pointing downward they'd have had endless people writing in to complain that it was the wrong way around. Because sometime in the first decade of this century someone started the story that the horseshoe should be placed with its points facing upward, to hold the luck in—a com-

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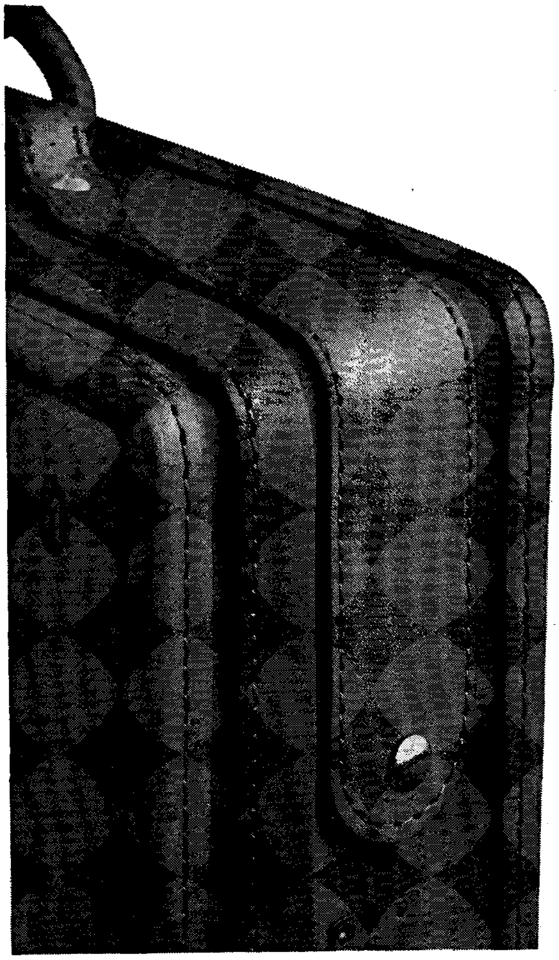

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plete fabrication—but now every one has to be placed that way. So what they did in the film was wrong to a folklorist like me, but perhaps I'm the only person who noticed it. And that's an example of change. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, moreover, the horseshoe used to be on the threshold, not on the door—so that the witches couldn't cross over. It's a fascinating subject—you've got this adaptation going on all the time."

I said to Mr. Opie, "I've noticed that in your books you insist that fairy tales, rhymes, and games are all subject to mutation—that they evolve and adapt to changing circumstances. This seems to be your view of folklore, too."

Mr. Opie replied, "In the past, and more or less to the present day, people have thought of folklore as relics or vestiges of the past, and have thought that to study folklore in the present is a way of learning about the past, that there are a finite number of things that can be found, and that they are deteriorating as they come, and fast disappearing. Now, our approach to this is almost exactly the opposite: we believe that folklore is a living force that comes along through the ages, and it's changing—sometimes there is more of it, sometimes less—and I suggest that there is more of it at the moment, because in an era of disbelief there tends to be more credulity. People—especially students—have no God, so they are looking at things like Tolkien, trying to believe there is some magical formula.

"So I think that there is as much superstitious practice now as at any time—and rightly so, because the realization that life is not as it appears on the surface, that there is such a thing as luck, is a way of explaining how things happen. Unless you say that some benevolent or malevolent force is directing things. And belief in luck is one of the basic ideas in folklore. We all use our various signs for propitiousness. My great one is that if I can buy a cheap book at a stall outside a bookshop, then I can expect to find something good within. And we all have many less rational beliefs than that—like children not wanting to put water in a jam jar when they're fishing until they've caught the first fish. Or not finishing a wedding dress until you're actually going to use it. One knows that if one tempts the gods too much it's going to come down on one. We haven't a clue yet to why things happen. And folklore is a sign of that recognition.”

Mrs. Opie now came out to join us on a leisurely walk through and around the flower, vegetable, and formal gardens. She pointed to a hundred-year-old thuja hedge in the front garden—a series of small trees planted together to create a hedge that changes shapes as you walk along it.

“It looks like an elephant inside a boa constrictor,” I suggested, recalling Saint-Exupéry’s “Little Prince.”

“It looks like whatever you want it to look like,” Mrs. Opie said. “An art teacher from Los Angeles who visited us said it reminded her of free sculpture.”

“That horse-chestnut tree there is the biggest conker tree in the village,” Mr. Opie said, pointing. “Some of the boys come up here and bring us blackberries in exchange for the conkers.”

The ground around the tree was filled with bluebells, whitebells, and something Mrs. Opie called parson-in-the-pulpit, which was rather like the American jack-in-the-pulpit.

“The real name is cuckoopint, and pint stands for pintle, and pintle stands for what men have and women don’t,” Mr. Opie said.

“The plant is so sexy it’s unbelievable,” Mrs. Opie said, laughing.

“It’s called things like dead-man’s-fingers and priest’s smock, and has more folk names—forty or more—than any other plant,” Mr. Opie added. “I once thought I’d look up all the names and then reel them off to Iona and she’d think I was marvellous. But, of course, I have no memory.”

“We’ve made a list of all the birds that visit us,” Mrs. Opie told me. “And *I* can remember them: goldcrests, wrens, blue tits, finches, woodpeckers, barn and screech owls, starlings, swallows, martins, swifts. And, of course, robins. Ogden Nash once came to visit us, and one of the things he told us he’d come to England for was to see an English robin. And another visitor, Robert Graves, told us that our dark-red *Prunus* tree was the wrong color. ‘That tree is the *wrong color!*’ he said.”

“He thought it was a beech tree,” Mr. Opie said.

“We have many different kinds of trees here,” Mrs. Opie said. “Bay, quince, spotted laurel, sweet chestnut, rowan, and silver birch. The birches are in memory of Kornei Chukovsky, the Russian children’s poet and educator, who came here and said we should have them. And there are four or five

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different types of apple trees in the apple orchard."

As we circled back to the house, Mrs. Opie tripped and fell into some nettles, stinging herself. Immediately, she reached for some dock leaves beside her and rubbed her skin with them. "This is what Chaucer told you to do," she said. " 'Out nettle, in dock,' or 'Nettle in, dock out'—something like that. The leaves take the sting out, and they always grow with the nettles—an amazing provision by Mother Nature."

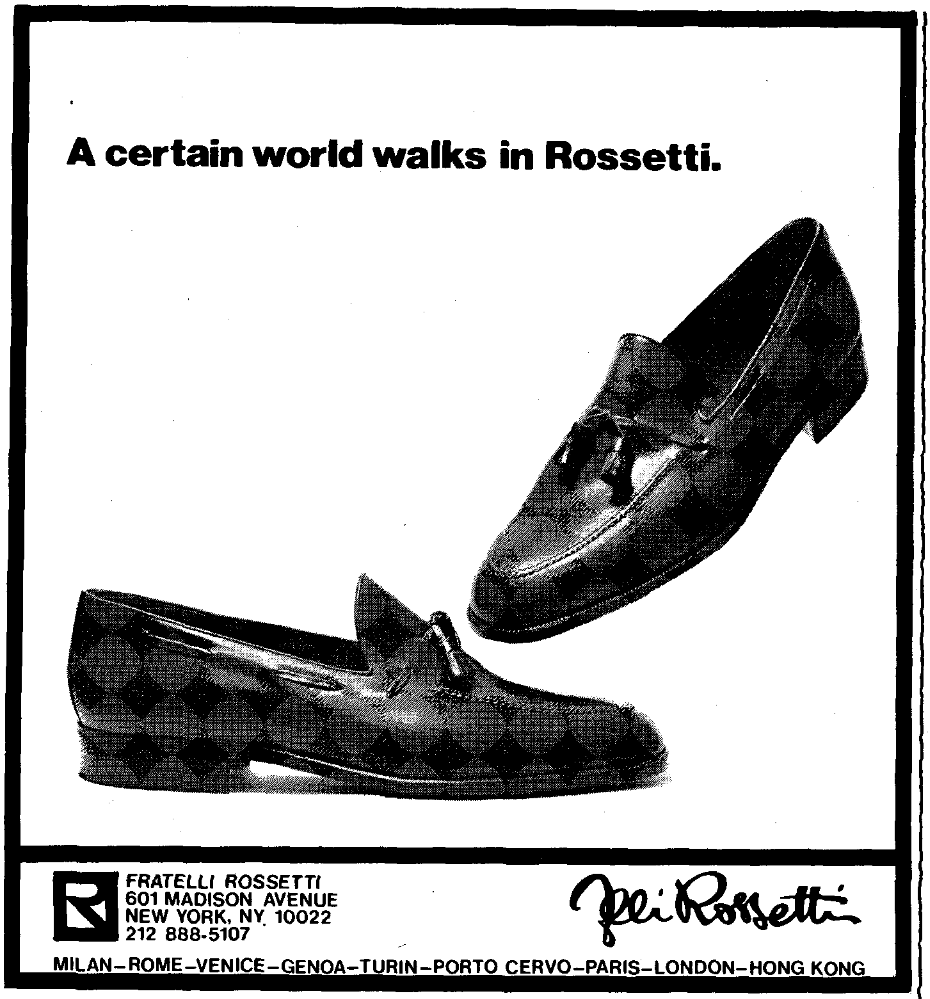
"I'm sorry you got stung," I said. "But it was quite a demonstration!"

"It was unrehearsed, too," Mrs. Opie said, laughing. Pointing to some roses, she commented, "And there are what I call my Beatrix Potter roses. I went to Hill Top, her farm in Sawrey, where she spent her last years, and the house smelled so beautiful, full of the scent of these flowers, that I searched and found roses just like them. And we have all kinds of roses here, and even some that look after themselves.

"The most static things are always changing. The trees change their shape each year, and it's all very relaxed, and it becomes like us as we reach greater age. Look at that ancient quince tree, which has been leaning over farther and farther, like an old person, for years. We were planning on planting a new one, but it provided for itself—it dropped a fruit over the wall and planted its own successor in the right place. One wanted to defend it, but it was better just to let it have its own way."

"And *our* material also generates its own material," Mr. Opie commented. " 'Lore and Language' is now beginning to talk about the childhood of men and women who are coming up to middle age. And toward the end of this century it's going to be about the childhood of the old people who will be consulting the book in order to write their autobiographies."

It was getting time for me to catch the train back to London; but Mr. and Mrs. Opie and I were still lingering in the garden, and I reminded them of the writer Richard Mabey's discovery of what he called the "unofficial countryside" in his own back yard: "I have counted over twenty different species of wild flower (excluding grasses) on my lawn," Mabey wrote, "many of them just those plants through which, in children's games, we have our first physical intimacy with nature: dandelion seed-heads for telling the time;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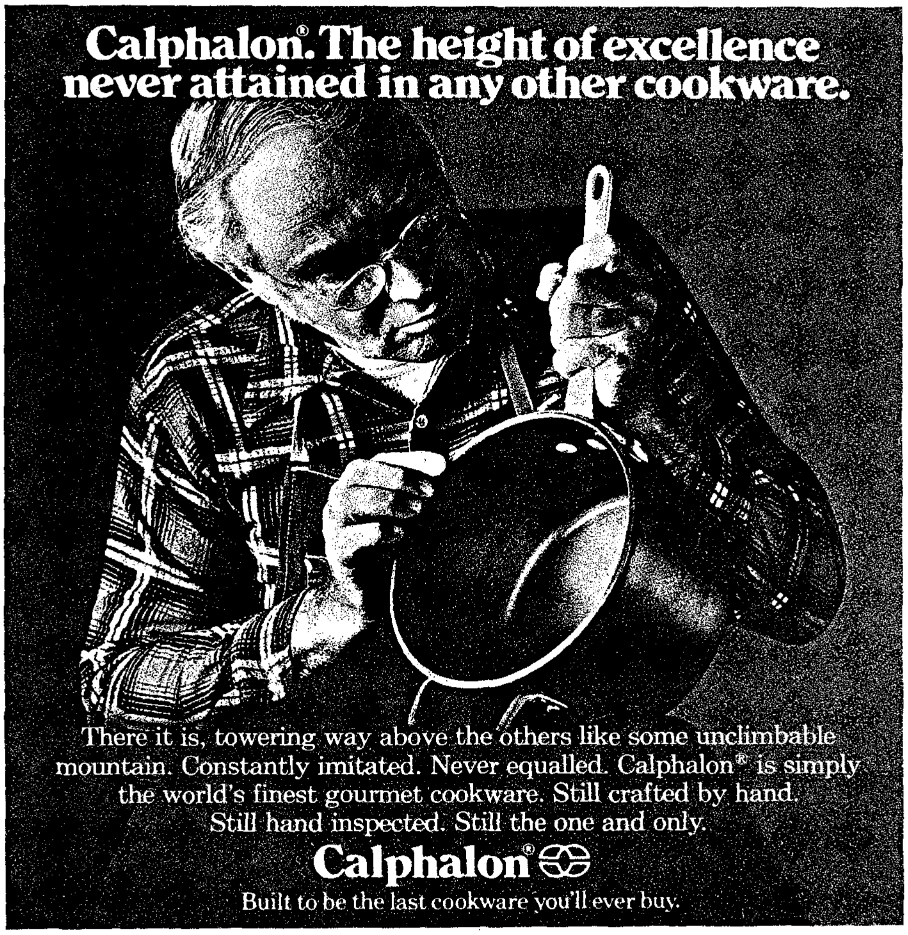
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daisies for chaplets; buttercups under the chin; couch grass to wind into sister's hair as a Chinese Torture; ratstail plantains for guns; Lady's slippers and clovers to suck for nectar. These flowers are part of children's lives precisely because they are weeds, abundant and resilient plants that grow comfortingly and accessibly close to us. If we drive them out of their domestic refuges into ghettoes in the deep countryside, they will be driven out of what remains of our folklore as well."

"We just look further and further into our one little patch," Peter Opie said.

"And we will stand up with Richard Mabey and defend these patches—these little corners, fields, and ditches," Iona Opie added.

IN mid-February of 1982, I received a letter from Iona Opie informing me that Peter Opie had died of a heart attack on February 5th. "I am glad you managed to transcribe our conversations," she wrote. "Peter undertook the interviewing in the same spirit as he undertook everything (while trying to limit his commitments)—with all his heart and strength. In everything he did, he tried his utmost. He had a strong will, and unlimited enthusiasm: in the end, they broke his never-very-strong body."

Nine months earlier, Peter Opie had said to me, "I happen to believe that life is nonsense, that we're an accident, that there is no life after death, and that there is no reason for one's being here other than being here. Now, good nonsense is wonderful, because it frees the mind; it's like one's dreams; it makes you realize that nothing matters very much. And it seems to me that if you appreciate nonsense, then you're *really* getting wise. That's the great freedom, because you can then make up your own rules."

—JONATHAN COTT

•

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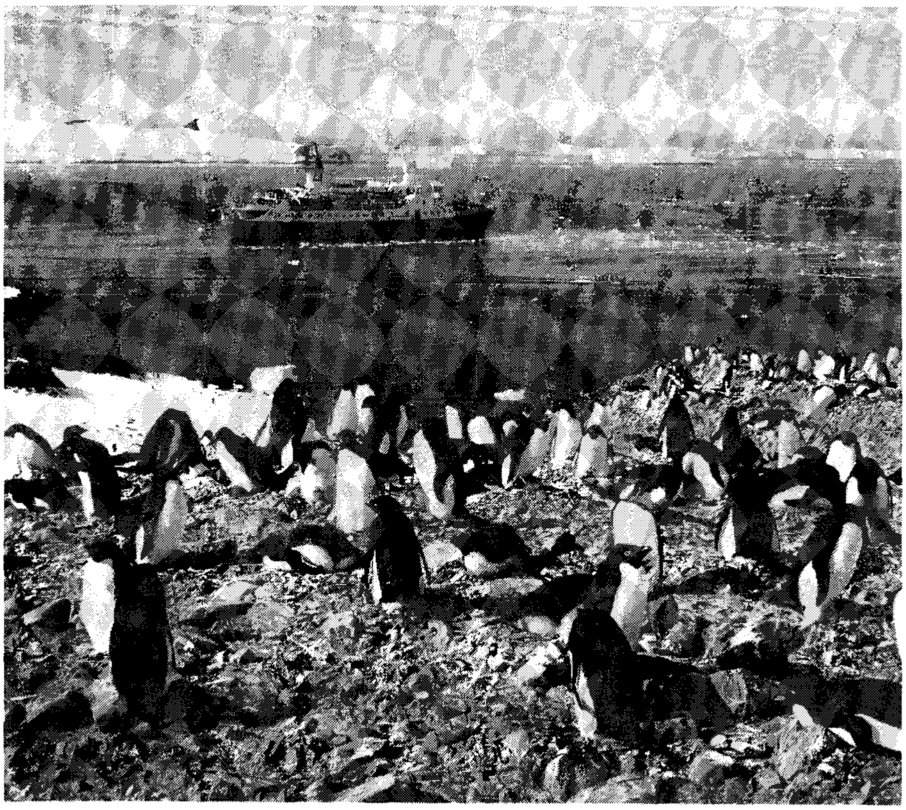

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MUSICAL EVENTS

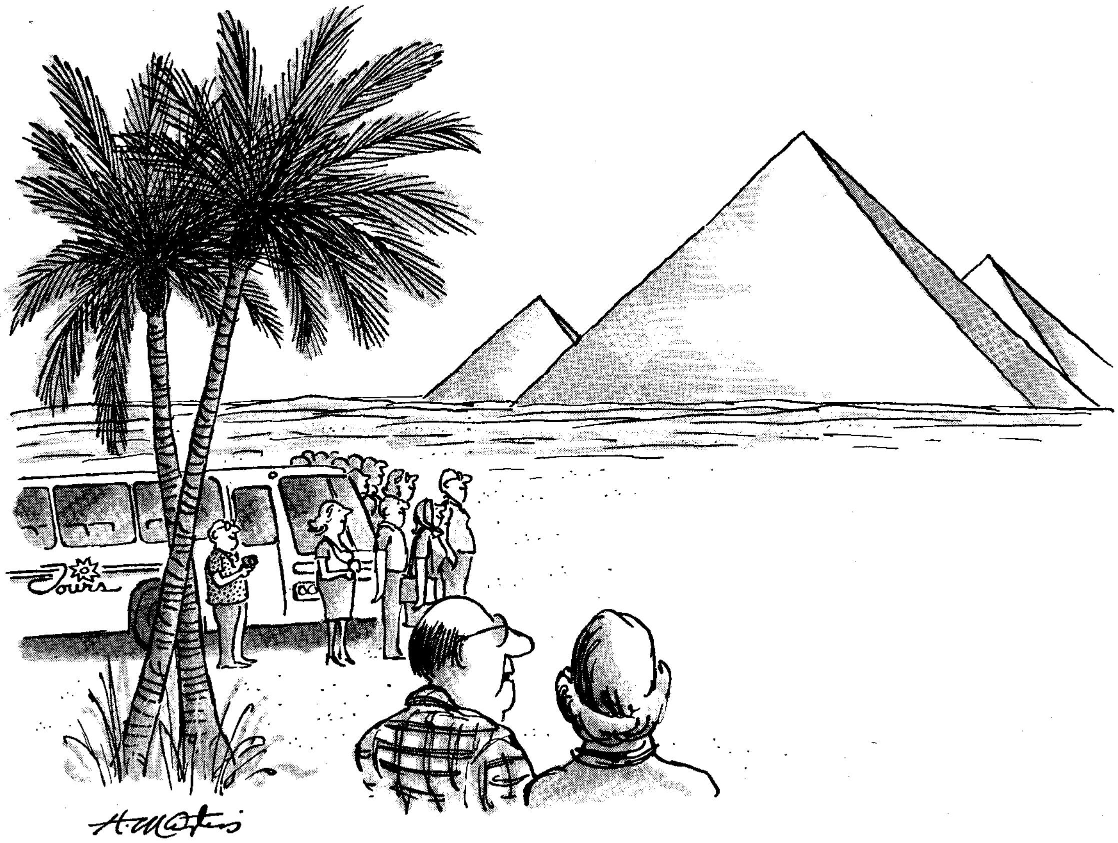
Moralities

"ANNA KARENINA" recounts two histories. One is that of Constantin Dmitrich Levin, the central character of the novel. Through country and town scenes, through encounters, conversations, and reflections, and in relation to his wife, his brothers, his sister-in-law and brother-in-law, his friends, and his peasants, we follow Levin's progress toward temporary, workable answers to his questions "Why do I live?" and "How ought I to live?" The answers will not satisfy a modern quester unless he, too, decides that it is enough to try to do the best work he can in his field while harming others as little as possible; the book breaks off rather than coming to a close. (Tolstoy's later novel "Resurrection," more troubling to the conscience, is even less conclusive.) But the characters are drawn from the life; they ring true. And Levin's concerns—encompassing the land and its ownership, labor, profit, privilege, social justice, and personal relationships—his joys, and his troubles become the reader's. They do not lend themselves easily to dramatic or operatic representation. The subplot, Anna Arkadyevna Karenina's adulterous affair with Count Alexei Kirilovich Vronsky, provides matter more conventionally musicable. There have been seven or more "Anna Karenina" operas. At least two of them—Igino Robbiani's, first performed in Rome in 1924, and Iain Hamilton's, commissioned and first performed in London by the English National Opera, in 1981, and performed last month by the Los Angeles Opera Theatre—are Levin-less.

Anna and Vronsky are creations of a novelist's artifice. References to their physical attributes—to Anna's black curls escaping from whatever she has on her head (a hat, a pansy wreath, white lace, a top hat), to Vronsky's strong white teeth—recur like Homeric epithets. Anna first appears at the Moscow railroad station; she plays a crucial scene with Vronsky amid whirling snow on the platform of a country station; and from another she ends her life. (Hamilton begins and ends his opera in the Moscow station.) Anna has a recurrent nightmare about a peasant with a bar of iron; Vronsky has the same dream the night before Anna decides to defy her husband and see her lover again; and in two of the railroad scenes it is linked with the man who taps the wheels of the train. (Through Robbiani's opera, whose libretto is based on a "treatment" of the Tolstoy book by Edmond Guiraud, there stalks Il Mugik, a mysterious bass figure personifying the dream, who at the end leads Anna beneath the wheels of the approaching train.) Robbiani's opera is in four acts: set at the racecourse and in Karenin's study (where his son Sergei is entertained by a Cossack song); in Venice (where a gondolier sings and a commedia-dell'arte troupe plays); back in the study, which is now Sergei's; and on the terrace of a villa outside Moscow, beside a railroad track. It is a coherent if rather arty construction. Hamilton's opera, in three acts, with fifteen scenes, to his own libretto, is closer to the book, but it leaves out so much—or, to put it another way, it includes so much without fully explaining anything—that it is probably hard to follow by anyone who does not know the novel.

Janáček is the composer who could have entered into and made sense of Anna. Tolstoy presents her, Vronsky, and their behavior as a series of données. (Anna's maternal love for Sergei, for example, which is important to the plot, is merely asserted, while her sister-in-law Dolly's love for her children is revealed in a hundred unstressed realistic details.) Janáček did embark on an "Anna Karenina," in 1907, but soon abandoned it. (The most remarkable of the surviving sketches, his biographer Jaroslav Vogel says, are concerned with Levin and his wife, Kitty.) Hamilton had a clear idea of what he wanted to achieve. In an introductory article about his opera, he said:

> When choosing a subject for an opera I like to feel I can state in a few words



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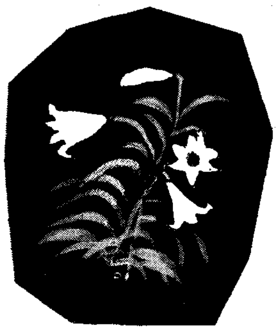
> the central theme of the work.... In "Anna Karenina" one thing matters above all else—love. It is born, rejoiced in, suffered through, betrayed, and finally lost.

Hamilton is a seasoned opera composer. "Anna Karenina" is his sixth opera. His first, "Agamemnon" (1958, revised in 1969), remains unperformed. His second, "The Royal Hunt of the Sun" (1968), was produced by the English National Opera in 1977. His third, the one-act "Pharsalia," appeared at the Edinburgh Festival in 1969. "The Catiline Conspiracy," commissioned by Scottish Opera, appeared in 1974. His fifth opera, "Tamburlaine," a BBC commission, was broadcast in 1977, and has now been expanded into a full-length theatre work. The latest Hamilton catalogue includes, after "Anna Karenina," a "Dick Whittington" (1981; another English National Opera commission) and a "Lancelot" (1983). Although for twenty years Hamilton—Scottish-born, London-trained—lived in this country, "Anna Karenina" is the first of his operas to be performed here. It is also the first of them I've heard. The reviews of its predecessors which I have read were, on the whole, appreciative but not exactly enthusiastic; they left me mildly eager, not very eager, to hear them. "The Catiline Conspiracy" is by all accounts the most exciting of them. Of "Anna Karenina," Winton Dean wrote that, on first hearing, it

> seemed a thoroughly viable opera of the second rank—a rarer and more considerable achievement than the qualification may seem to imply. It held attention for a full three hours, and made a less stale impression than some of Strauss's late operas (a natural comparison); though it explores no new ground, it avoids the twin pitfalls of pretentiousness and triviality.

"Anna Karenina" is not pretentious in effect, despite its ambition in tackling, however partially, Tolstoy's great novel, and it is not trivial. But Dean's mention of Strauss suggests an essential weakness: the lyrical invention is limited. (I should add that I do not find Strauss's last operas—"Friedenstag," "Daphne," "Die Liebe der Danae," and "Capriccio"—stale. They seem to me wonderful late flowerings of an ever-fertile composer, and works more honest and attractive in tone than some of the Hofmannsthal-influenced confections.) A quarter century or so ago, Hamilton abandoned traditional tonality. "Anna Karenina" marks his fullest return to it. Characters and ideas have not only their leitmotifs but also their keys: D for Anna, E-flat for Vronsky, A for their mutual love. According to an article in *Opera*, "when Iain Hamilton found he would be using key-signatures again in his music for 'Anna Karenina,' he was afraid he might have forgotten how." His fear was not unjustified. One sits through the piece as through many an earnest, high-minded, well-planned post-verismo opera, waiting for what Verdi called *il motivo*—a melodic phrase to open the listener's heart to the character—and waits largely in vain.



The Los Angeles production, given in the Wilshire Ebell Theatre, staged by Richard Pearlman, designed by Ronald Chase, and lit by Nananne Porcher, was one of high technical accomplishment. The English National used a revolving stage and rear projections to achieve swift, numerous scene changes. Los Angeles used projections on a front gauze, with the actors and some furniture in pools of light behind it. It was skillfully done, and any particular scene looked good, but it killed the piece, for all evening long one watched the drama—and seemed to hear it—through a fog. The effect was something like that of a three-dimensional movie—but one where the lions, instead of leaping out into your lap, remained behind the screen. In addition, the orchestral interludes, which should pack a dramatic charge, were reduced to being an accompaniment for movies or slide shows. (How few modern directors understand that stretches of instrumental music without action or "visuals" provide opera composers with a powerful dramatic resource! In the Covent Garden "Ring," Siegfried is seen paddling his canoe during the Rhine Journey.) Emily Rawlins, the Anna, has a soprano whose tone became acid under pressure; she etched a strong performance and was impressive in the final mad scene. Judith Christin's Princess Dolly was warmly and attractively played. Evan Bortnick's Alexei looked right, but his tenor lacked character. There were three good baritones: Lawrence Cooper, the Stiva; Roger Roloff, the Karenin (odd, though, to hear a baritone

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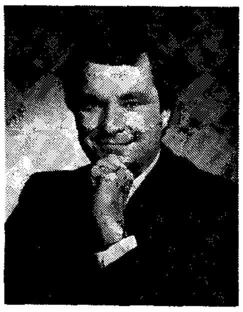

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Karenin, for Tolstoy makes repeated reference to his high voice); and James Rensink, the Yashvin. Chris Nance conducted with a sure but slightly heavy hand.

"DIE WALKÜRE," last heard at the Metropolitan six seasons ago, was revived last month. It was a lightweight affair. Silvio Varviso, returning to the house after a fourteen-year absence, was booed. I didn't think he deserved it, quite. The Met is no longer a place where first-league conductors appear much (not Abbado, Kleiber, Muti, or Solti, not even Maazel or Mehta, has been here during the Levine regime), and Mr. Varviso was not exceptionally bad. He wasn't dreary. But he seemed to have no sure command of the longer rhythms, and there was some careless orchestral playing. The cast—all but Mignon Dunn's strong, strident Fricka—was new. Hildegard Behrens, the Sieglinde, was clear but not rapturous. Manfred Jung, the Siegmund, was clear but prosaic. Hans Tschammer, from the Dusseldorf Opera, made his Met (and American) début, as Hunding, producing firm, dark-brown tone of fine quality; his manner was less than formidable. Gwyneth Jones's first Met Brünnhilde found her in fairly steady and accurate form, but the radiance that can fill her did not shine. Franz Ferdinand Nentwig's Wotan was correct until in Act III it began to flag. All in all, it was hardly more than another repertory "Walküre."

The production—Karajan's in 1967, and since then staged by Wolfgang Weber—seems to consist now of moves made after the book (the local prompt book, not Wagner's careful libretto) rather than in any natural, apparently spontaneous reaction to what happens. Siegmund and Sieglinde spend far too much time on their knees, and even Wotan falls to his knees after his worsting by Fricka. (Wagner wanted him to fling himself dejectedly into a rocky seat; but there's no rocky seat around in the Met décor.) There are vulgar touches: when Siegmund draws forth the sword, Sieglinde lies squirming on the floor; at curtain-fall the two have begun to copulate; and Wotan lies down full-length on his daughter to implant his farewell kiss. In Act II, Siegmund now dies in Wotan's arms—a "touch" borrowed, perhaps, from the Chéreau production. Lighting stronger than Karajan's was is welcome, but it turns

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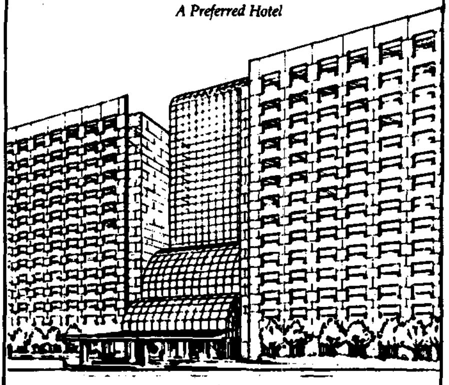

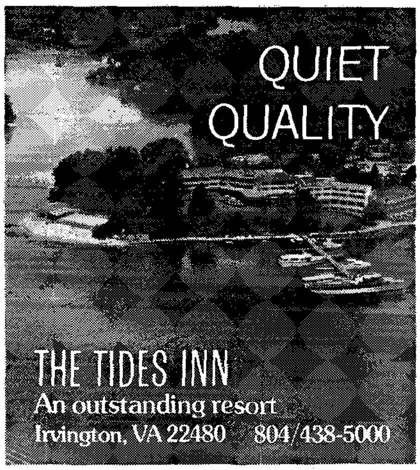

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the mandorla of mystic shine which used to surround Brünnhilde as Herald of Death into a hank of cheesecloth.

Hans Werner Henze's two-act ballet "Orpheus," a rich and moving score, composed after a powerful libretto by Edward Bond, was first performed in Stuttgart, in 1979, with choreography by William Forsythe. That summer, the Stuttgart Ballet brought the piece to the Met and by performing it in that gilded hall threw into question much of what goes on there during the rest of the year.

Poets have sung of Orpheus
Who returned from hell
In this century day after day
Many have gone to hell
In war or prison
Or walked there through the streets
And returned home in the evening
Like Orpheus without their passion
With barely a reason for living
  Of these should Orpheus sing

That's the first of Bond's "Canzoni to Orpheus." The third of them begins:

After the war a philosopher said
In this hell Orpheus should be silent
Let no poet speak
But Orpheus has always sung in hell

And Bond has continued to write plays, and Henze to write music, in which—like the Orpheus of their ballet—they reject the narcotic power of Apollo's lyre but not its ability to stimulate and to celebrate. Lincoln Center, despite the words graven in bronze on a tablet by its pool—"The arts are not for the privileged few, but for the many. Their place is not on the periphery of daily life, but at its center. They should function not merely as another form of entertainment"—is seldom a scene of high moral endeavor or of political awareness. What "Fidelio," "The Ring," or "Don Carlos" actually says is veiled in a foreign language. What might accumulate on the conscience is discharged by applause for the stars and for the scenery. But there are exceptions: the Met's "Lulu" and the City Opera's "Street Scene" and "Lily" come to mind—and "Orpheus."

In 1980, Henze extracted a concert suite from his ballet. "Dramatic Scenes, Part 1, from 'Orpheus' " was given its first New York performance last week, in Carnegie Hall, by the Cincinnati Symphony, conducted by Michael Gielen. It lasts about twenty minutes. It is a noble stretch of intensely imagined, highly colored music, exciting in its fast episodes, glowing in its lyrical stretches, picturesque, packed with incident, and brilliantly

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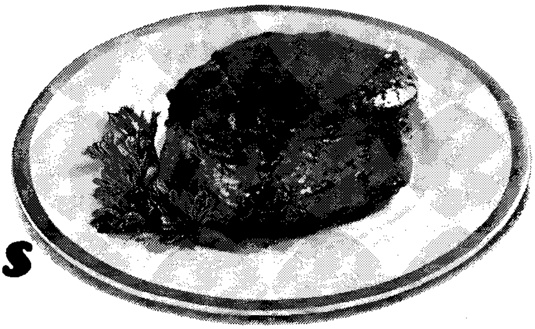

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scored for very large forces (including heckelphone, saxophone, and harpsichord). The Cincinnati players played as if revelling in all the chances Henze gave them.

BRITTEN's first chamber opera, "The Rape of Lucretia," appeared at Glyndebourne in 1946. It reached Chicago the following year, and Broadway the year after that, staged by Agnes de Mille, with Kitty Carlisle as its heroine. Since the New York City Opera production of 1958, there has been a fairly steady flow of American performances. The latest of them was put on last month in the "Showcase" season of the San Francisco Opera Center, one of the cluster of troupes and activities around the big San Francisco company. Five of the cast were Adler Fellows—young singers being nurtured at the start of their careers.

It was about twenty years before "Lucretia" received general acceptance as a masterpiece. The 1954 Grove calls Britten's "experiment" in composing for the twelve-player instrumental ensemble of the English Opera Group "not musically satisfactory." In a 1949 *Hudson Review*, Joseph Kerman declared that the librettist, Ronald Duncan, "has no idea of drama whatsoever," and found "his philosophy . . . neither sensible nor coherent." Even today, the libretto troubles people, and they ask how the final Christian moral can fitly be drawn from the classical tragedy. The music shows how. As the New Grove puts it, "musically the sublime resolution of this final section is the goal towards which the whole opera has been directed." The coherent tonal scheme, the formal balance of the chorale's return after the great passacaglia, and the satisfying motivic relations can be shown by analysis. And they are audible. The listener who stops fretting with the text (there's much of it I would be reluctant to defend) hears scene after scene of beautifully wrought music, some of it lyrically sensuous, some exciting and passionate. He hears magical orchestral writing with an almost Baroque purity of instrumental colors, and vocal lines that move freely and eloquently through the careful structures. He is stirred. And, beyond that, he has at least the feeling that it all holds together and amounts to an opera that matters.

The San Francisco performance was sensitively shaped by Richard

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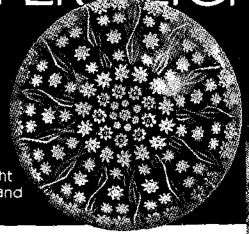

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Bradshaw—he was both poetic and intense—and it was well played. Edward Hastings' staging, on a simple, effective set by Noel Uzemack, was more successful in its general lines than in the details of the individual actors' performances; there was some gauche demeanor. Richard Stead's wigs and makeup were deplorable: the chaste Lucretia was painted like a barmaid; Collatinus sported a curly comedy beard. Jeffrey Thomas, the Male Chorus, is a pleasingly intelligent and musical artist, but the voice was small for the role. Nikki Li Hartliep was a very distinct Female Chorus, but one missed the warmth and gentleness that Joan Cross, the first singer of the part, used to bring to it. That 1946 cast (Peter Pears, Miss Cross, Kathleen Ferrier as Lucretia, Margaret Ritchie and Anna Pollak as her maids) can still be heard; Discocorp, of Berkeley, publishes a record of substantial excerpts from a 1946 performance conducted by the composer. Perhaps the cold, erratic acoustics of the Herbst Theatre were partly to blame for the fact that the women of the San Francisco cast—Laura Brooks Rice was Lucretia, Carla Cook a telling Bianca, and Ruth Ann Swenson a limpid, delicate Lucia—sometimes pushed their voices beyond the bounds of sweetness and purity, as Britten's performers never did. Vocally, the other men were strong: John Matthews a gleaming Tarquin, Thomas Woodman a vigorous Junius, and James Patterson—a bass to watch—a Collatinus sonorous and beautiful in timbre.

—ANDREW PORTER

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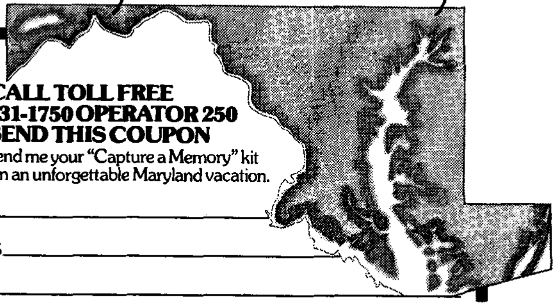

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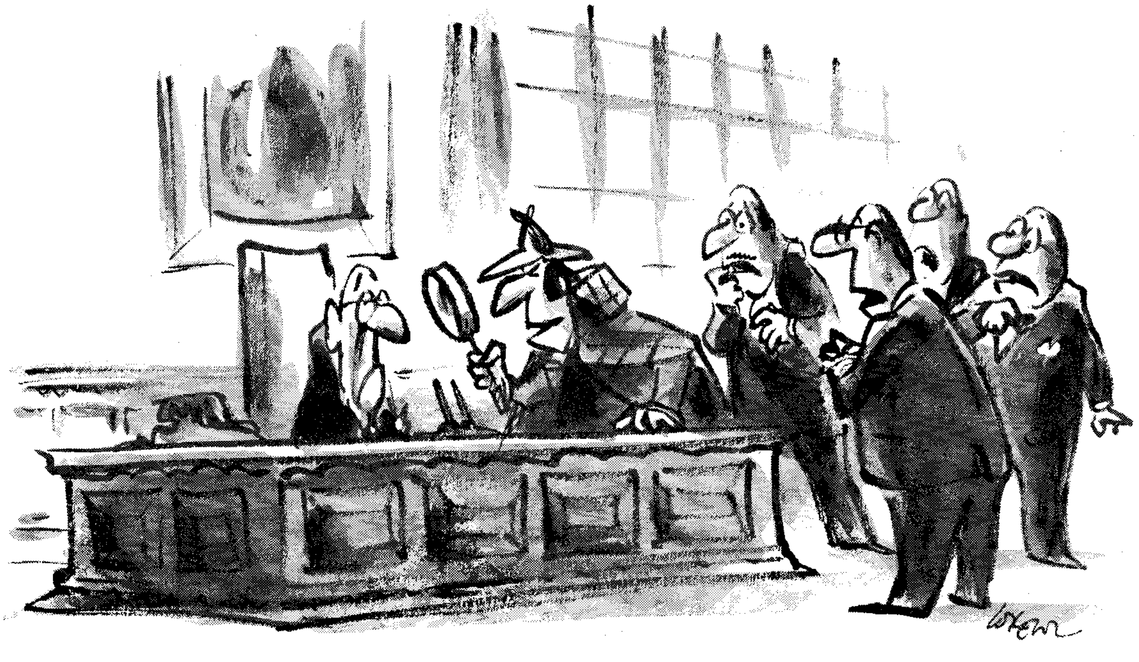
THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s "The Middle Ages," which first appeared for an abbreviated run a year ago, at the estimable little Ark, in SoHo (Off Off), and was reviewed then in this department, has now opened Off Broadway for what I hope will be an endless run, at St. Peter's in Citicorp—a perfect theatre for a lovely play. It has now been recast, except for Jack Gilpin, who is again its hero, and has been redirected, by David Trainer. To recapitulate (and to quote extensively from my original review), the setting is the trophy room of an exclusive men's club, probably in Boston, and the action covers a span of time from the mid-forties to the mid-seventies. This action, like the action of most of Mr. Gurney's plays, is a matter of small scenes, usually funny yet with a bittersweet undercurrent, and it tells the story of the enduring, seemingly hopeless love between a man named Barney and a woman named Eleanor. We see them first in a brief prologue set in the seventies, on the day of his father's funeral, when she tries to persuade him not to read a prepared speech and, as usual, make trouble. Then back we go to their first meeting, at a club dance; he is sixteen and she is fourteen, and even then he is a wild one, always raising hell and playing little private games. There is a funny seduction scene, aborted by a variety of circumstances, private and public, when Eleanor is preparing to go off to Bermuda with a group organized by Barney's tame younger brother—and in one marvellous speech Barney tells her exactly what to expect of a Bermuda vacation. And so it goes, scene upon scene, some of them interrupted by his hidebound father, others by her social-climbing mother. (Again I say that—though I do it myself—it is a great mistake to pin labels on Gurney's characters; they are never that simple.) At about midpoint, Barney tells Eleanor, who has married his brother, that he plans to get his Ph.D. in medieval history at Berkeley, the Middle Ages being a time much like our own, a time with an idea of courtly love—when fools and jesters wrote poems and went out on quests but were "too chicken" for anything more responsible or direct. Barney is no fool, but he is a jester, a serious, purposeful jester, and the playwright prods deep into his nature, as he prods into Eleanor's. The play, of course, reflects many circumstances outside the club, and becomes a kind of indirect social history of these last forty eruptive years. The mood is comic throughout, even when the most sober matters are touched on, and the ending is highly satisfactory.

This synopsis of a synopsis barely does justice to the hidden treasures in the show. When I saw it last spring, I knew I liked it as much as Mr. Gurney's "The Dining Room," but I didn't realize until the second time around that it cuts even more deeply into emotions and is, if anything, even funnier. The production at the Ark was pleasant and right; this production (except for the baffling miscasting of André Gregory as the stern, rock-bound, patrician father) is even better, with Mr. Trainer at the controls. Jack Gilpin is again splendid as difficult, lovesick Barney, and Ann McDonough is a perfect match for him as Eleanor. Jo Henderson brings a welcome note of irony to her fine performance of the ambitious mother. The setting, costumes, and lighting, by John Lee Beatty, David Murin, and Frances Aronson, respectively, are exceptionally good.

A REVIVAL of "The Transfiguration of Benno Blimpie," Albert Innaurato's powerful, grotesque, comic, and horrifying play about an enormously fat man who, in his despair, is literally eating himself to death, and who is even more disgusting to himself than he is to his baffled family, will run at Playwrights Horizons through April 10th. The family, no bargain themselves, are Italian-Americans in South Philadelphia, and in the course of the action Benno reviews his life with them from childhood on, episode by episode. In the original production, which was directed by Robert Drivas, Benno, miraculously performed by James Coco, remained most of the time on a platform above the stage, speaking sometimes to the audience, sometimes to the other characters, changing his voice to fit his age, but seldom moving among them. In the current production, directed by the author, Benno, in a very good performance by Peter Evans, does move around the stage and in and out of the scenes, and nothing is lost. The play remains one of the strongest to have been written over the past ten years or so—not as funny this time and somewhat more surrealist in tone. The other able actors are Clement Fowler, as Benno's grandfather; Jane Hickey, as a nasty little fourteen-year-old who seduces the grandfather and then stabs him to death;



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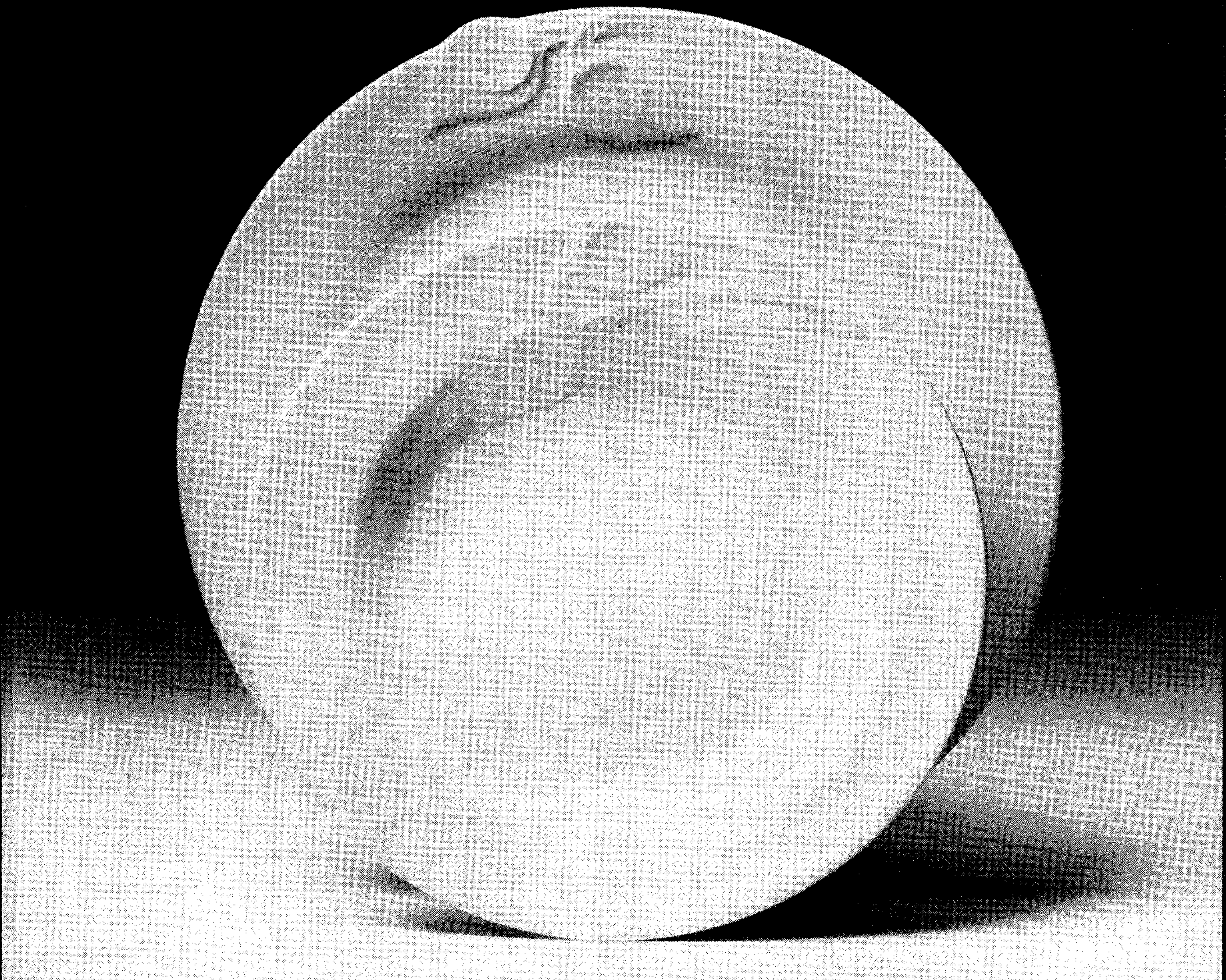

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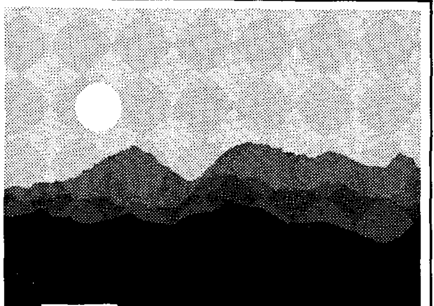

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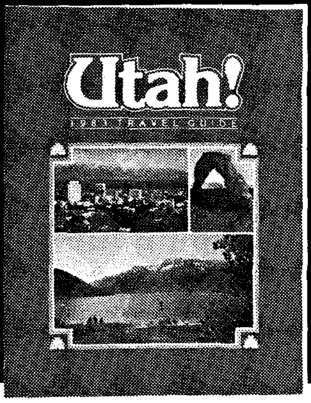

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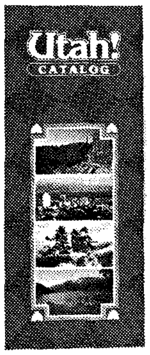

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UTAH

Natalija Nogulich, as Benno's unhappy mother; and Jay Thomas, as his shiftless father.

THE revival of Caryl Churchill's "Top Girls," at the Public, after a hiatus of only a few weeks and with an American company replacing the original British one, seems just as witty and adventurous and inventive to me now as it did before, but with even more spirit and drive. The replacements at hand are the incomparable Linda Hunt, as Pope Joan in the prologue and, later on, as a middle-aged job applicant at the Top Girls employment agency; Lise Hilboldt, as the top Top Girl; Sara Botsford, as a nineteenth-century explorer and then as the top girl's embittered sister; Kathryn Grody, as Dull Gret and as a fat, miserable adolescent; Valerie Mahaffey, as Patient Griselda and as a couple of young women at the agency; Freda Foh Shen, as a medieval Japanese courtesan and as a present-day, worried British wife; and Donna Bullock in a number of roles. All of them are very good. The performance is still in the capable hands of Max Stafford-Clark, whose apparent relish for American acting is rare indeed among English directors.

THE spirit of Ray Bolger, the original Charley of "Where's Charley?," hovers over the revival of the musical at Equity Library Theatre and cannot be shooed away, but the company is so larky and jubilant that the show takes off just the same. The book, which George Abbott based on Brandon Thomas's "Charley's Aunt," is indestructibly comic; Frank Loesser provided for it a charming, melodic score (with other treats besides "Once in Love With Amy"); and it is nicely sung and nimbly danced to—singly and in chorus—by the actors and actresses. Among them I particularly enjoyed Clayton Davis, Virginia Seidel, Frank Torren, and Annette Hunt, but everybody did well. The pitch for funds, which closes the intermission and is always a high point in any E.L.T. revival, is a potpourri of Loesser's best and best-known songs, many from the blessed "Guys and Dolls." —EDITH OLIVER

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Pepin, king of the Franks and father of Charlemagne, died in 768.—*Champaign-Urbana (Ill.) News-Gazette.*

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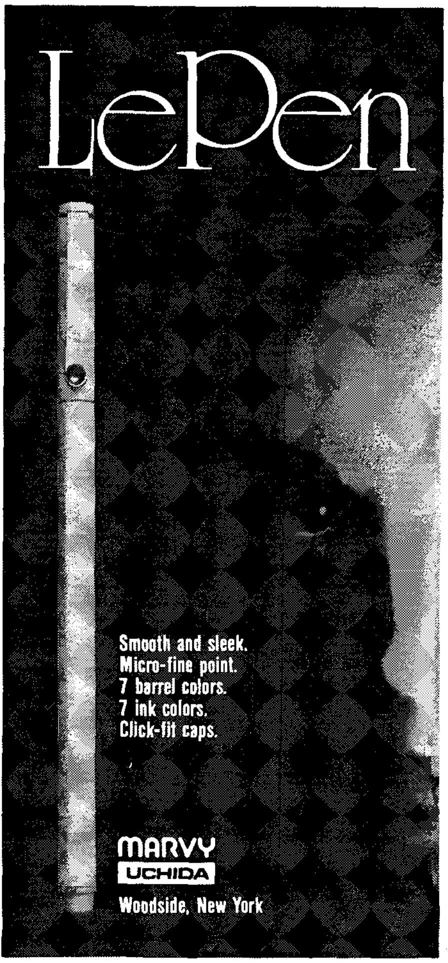

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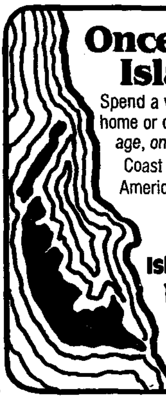

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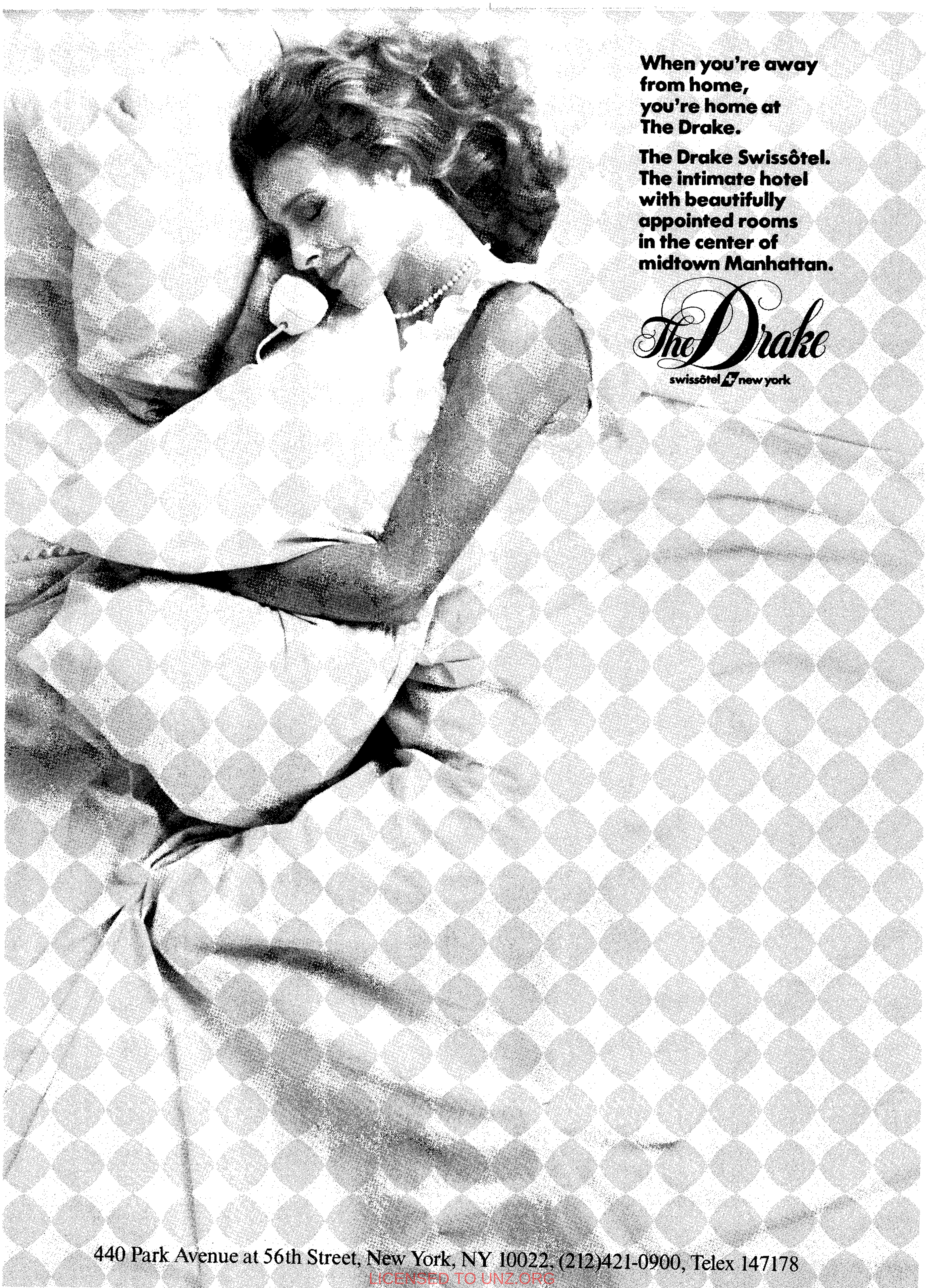

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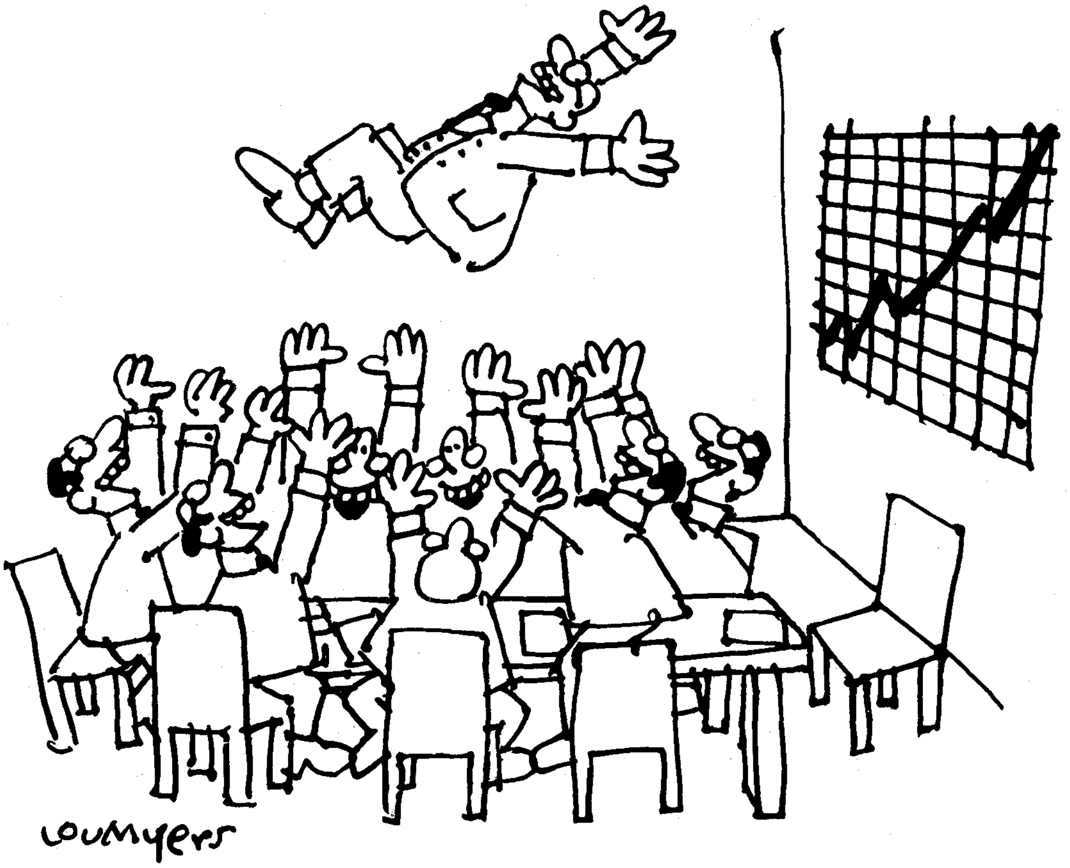
LETTER FROM EUROPE

PARIS, MARCH 25

IT will take a couple of weeks for everybody here to settle down with the results of the elections in Germany and France. The French elections this year were local, and the left lost thirty towns and cities. Grenoble lost an exemplary mayor by the name of Hubert Dubedout, and Marseilles nearly lost its old Socialist warhorse Gaston Deferre, who has run the town for thirty years and come out of it tougher than any of the gangsters who tried to run it for him. Paris reëlected its neo-Gaullist mayor, Jacques Chirac —this time by a huge majority. Given the custom here of ministers' and deputies' holding down second and third jobs as village mayors and town councillors, one could say that the Socialists lost face as well as votes in Paris, because some of their important politicians—people like Lionel Jospin, the Socialists' party secretary—ran in their arrondissements and were beaten by quite ordinary Chiraquiens. But Paris is a conservative town when it comes to local politics. Chirac is the first mayor that Paris has had since the Communards threw out Jules Ferry in 1871—which makes it less significant that someone as decent as Jospin lost Montmartre than that the Seventh Arrondissement, where liberal intellectuals live when they have the money, went, as it always does, to an old reactionary from something called the Independents and Farmers Party who goes after the shopkeeper vote and the concierge vote and has been around for so long now that the neighborhood votes for him automatically, as if it were picking up a morning croissant or renewing a Carte Orange for the Métro on the first of the month.

François Mitterrand's Socialists make easy targets. The serious politicians in the Party, and the most intelligent, stick to their work and do it well, but it is mainly what the French call the sexy Socialists—by which they mean the Socialists who make spectacles of themselves talking about French destiny or introducing Sophia Loren to the philosopher Jacques Derrida at conferences on art and the fiscal crisis—that most of us read about in the morning paper. One tends to forget that this Socialist government cleared the air after a decade of fairly cheap French politics, or that Mitterrand himself, even at his most lugubrious, is a fine statesman and certainly one of the smartest Presidents anywhere. He is relentlessly—perhaps cynically—responsive. He saw the election results and thought for a couple of weeks, and then he dismissed his old Cabinet—forty-four men and women with little in common besides the President—and formed a small new government that, by the looks of it, is a much more serious government. Most of the splashy, sexy ideologues of "France" are demoted or gone. In France, the first local or parliamentary elections after a Presidential election are always moments of attrition—moments when the French tell their government that they are not seduced, and throw a "*Je m'en fous!*" into their own enthusiasm. The Socialists themselves did brilliantly after Valéry Giscard d'Estaing took over, in 1974. In some ways, the elections this month were a mirror image of the elections here in 1977 and 1978, when the Socialists were the opposition and took city after city, and seat after seat in the Assembly, from a conservative majority.

The important elections, of course, were the elections in Germany. They were perverse elections, in that they were so conclusive as to appear completely inconclusive. It was as if by wrapping things up so neatly the country had decided nothing. Helmut Kohl did not get an absolute majority for his Christian Democrats and their Bavarian "branch," Franz Josef Strauss's Christian Social Union—which would have meant a lot more power for the reactionary Herr Strauss than he got, and a lot less power for the Chancellor. Instead, the Germans voted just enough to the center to keep the Free Democrats in the Bundestag and thus in a coalition with Kohl. This will give them the cautious, conservative government that the White House already says has "saved" the West. But in adding twenty-seven Greens to the Bundestag—the Greens are Germany's party of environmentalists and anti-nuclear activists—they also treated themselves to a measure of that very romantic and very German state of soul called *Innerlichkeit*. It pleased a lot of young Germans to vote for "innerness" and the environment and disarmament at any cost, but when their parents voted Green they voted with a



certain anxiety, remembering how easy it had once been to transform the mysticism of the young Wandervögel about German soil and German destiny into ugly Nazi doctrine. In a way, Germany wants a government of the right with a Green thorn in its side. It wants law and order decorated with the gentle truculence of youngsters who will agree to join a government only on the condition that once a week everybody in that government rides a bicycle to work instead of using a car or a bus. They want innerness and medium-range missiles at the same time.

The Social Democrats, who lost, *have* provided Germany with its first postwar leaders of real stature since Konrad Adenauer—Willy Brandt and Helmut Schmidt. They lost, to a great extent, because those two leaders started fighting and the Party turned in on itself. Hans-Jochen Vogel, who ran as their new candidate for Chancellor, is a politician of skill, dutiful and methodic, but he does not have anything like Brandt's or Schmidt's imagination, and the Social Democrats needed imagination to forget old arguments. Brandt was missed in Germany for his dreams. Now Schmidt is missed—for his brains and his sense and for the grumpy charm of a man who spent eight years trying to run Germany and stop smoking at the same time.

MME. GONÇALVES, my concierge, is Portuguese and cannot vote in elections here, and this year she was not interested anyway. She was busy following the Bulgarian connection. Mme. Gonçalves believes that the Bulgarians hired Mehmet Ali Agca to shoot the Pope on May 13, 1981. The idea of the Bulgarians is soothing to Mme. Gonçalves. She says that if Bulgarians were responsible for the attack in St. Peter's Square, then perhaps Bulgarians were also responsible for the attack in Portugal a year later, when a crazy priest came at the Holy Father with a bayonet. That attack especially distressed Mme. Gonçalves. The fact that the crazy priest was not Portuguese but Spanish—and therefore, to Mme. Gonçalves's mind, the sort of person one would expect to go mad and turn murderous over a point of traditionalist doctrine, like the restoration of the Latin Mass—did not really justify what she considered a serious lapse in Portuguese hospitality. She was ashamed that anyone would feel free to kill a Pope in her own country. She did not see how a people

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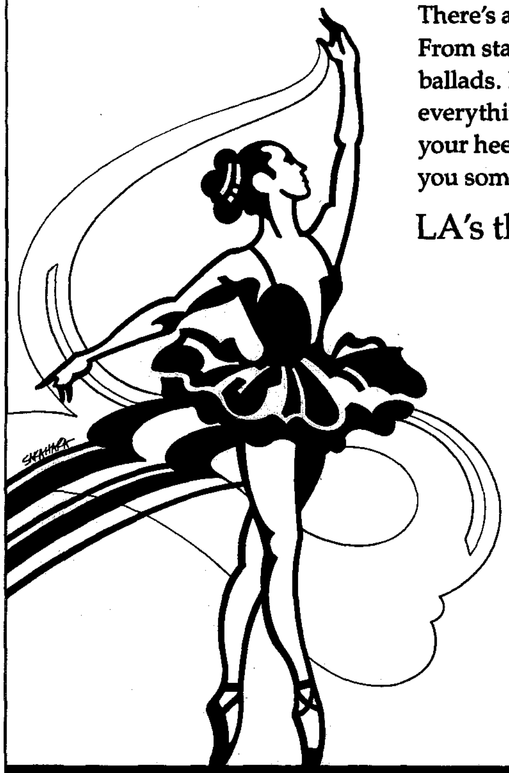

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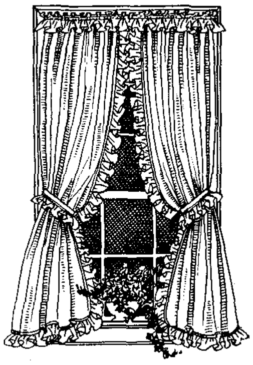
who managed to have a revolution nine years ago without firing a shot could lose their reputation now unless important foreign conspirators were involved.

Mme. Gonçalves takes a proprietary interest in John Paul II. She wants the neighbors to know that when the Pope came to Portugal he made the same pilgrimage to Our Lady of Fátima that she had made, as a bride, just before she left her family and her friends in the Trás-os-Montes to start a new, married life in Angola. She tells them that when the Pope came to Paris he hurried through Mass at Notre-Dame so that he could pray right here in the neighborhood, at the Chapel of Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal, where a young Sister of Charity called Catherine Labouré saw the Virgin in 1830, and where Mme. Gonçalves often prays to the Virgin to cure her stomach aches. Mme. Gonçalves has been told by the nun who once sold her a piece of Catherine's skin that in his student days in Paris the Pope made many pilgrimages to the glass sarcophagus where Catherine—St. Catherine now—is on display. She herself discovered Catherine one day when she was out shopping for a jar of plums-in-Armagnac (it was for a dinner party at the retired diplomat's, around the corner, where she works as a maid to earn extra money) and ended up at Dupeyron, on the Rue du Bac, down the street from the chapel. By now, praying for her stomach on the Rue du Bac is a sort of spiritual supplement to the monthly shots she gets from her friend Mme. Lenoir, the local nurse. Like the Pope, Mme. Gonçalves believes in a proper mixture of pilgrimage and medicine for long life and in a strong resolve against Communism. She has followed John Paul II on television in the course of the seventeen foreign pilgrimages he has undertaken in the four and a half years of his papacy. She was listening to the news last November when he called himself a "pilgrim messenger who wants to travel the world to fulfill the mandate Christ gave to the Apostles when he sent them to evangelize all men and all nations." She says that that was when she knew for sure that John Paul II preferred the shrines and saints and sweetness of his pilgrimages to any stone-cathedral piety—that stone cathedrals were just official detours on his true path to the worship of the Virgin. Watching him again this month, in El Salvador, she remarked



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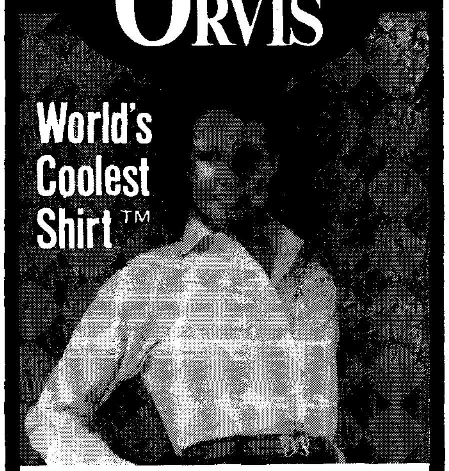

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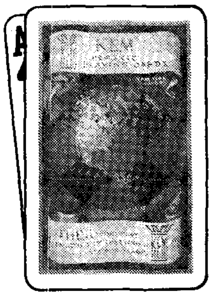

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to Véronique Lavali, the Niçoise girl who rents a *chambre de bonne* on the sixth floor and is getting her doctorate in Japanese and often drops in on Mme. Gonçalves for the eight-o'clock news, that the Pope always seems rosier and happier in "Catholic" countries than he does at home in the Vatican. She said that he had not looked like himself "at home" since last Good Friday, when he celebrated the Stations of the Cross in the Colosseum.

NOT many of the Romans waiting in St. Peter's Square on the evening of October 16, 1978, recognized the name Karol Wojtyla. Reporters who were there claimed that a rumor went round the Square that the new Pope was an African, because "Wojtyla" sounded so exotic—coming, as it did, in the middle of Pericle Cardinal Felici's Latin invocation. People said there must have been a Third World takeover of the College of Cardinals—making Wojtyla's nomination to the papacy something on the order of a resolution about Zionism in the United Nations General Assembly. Later, when they realized the Pope was Polish, they changed their minds, and said that Stefan Cardinal Wyszyński had taken advantage of an Italian stalemate—about a quarter of the College of Cardinals is Italian—to put one of his own countrymen into the job. Everybody knew that the Italian Cardinals had lost a lot of their old authority when they settled on the first John Paul, a friendly cardinal who wrote poetry to Pinocchio and was expected to be accommodating, but who had some fairly progressive ideas about overpopulation in a hungry world. When John Paul I died suddenly, thirty-three days after his election, his friends announced that the papacy had killed him—that the thought of his own terrifying new significance had literally stopped his heart. A few skeptics said that he was murdered. They wrote about sinister Curia conspiracies, about poisonings and blue fingernails and Mafiosi in the Papal Palace. But none of them, to my knowledge, mentioned Bulgarians.

Italians know from trials going on in the country now that Bulgarian spies and Bulgarian businessmen and common Bulgarian criminals are busy in Italy. They know that Bulgarians have been involved in selling drugs and trading arms and recruiting workers to report on Solidarity activists in

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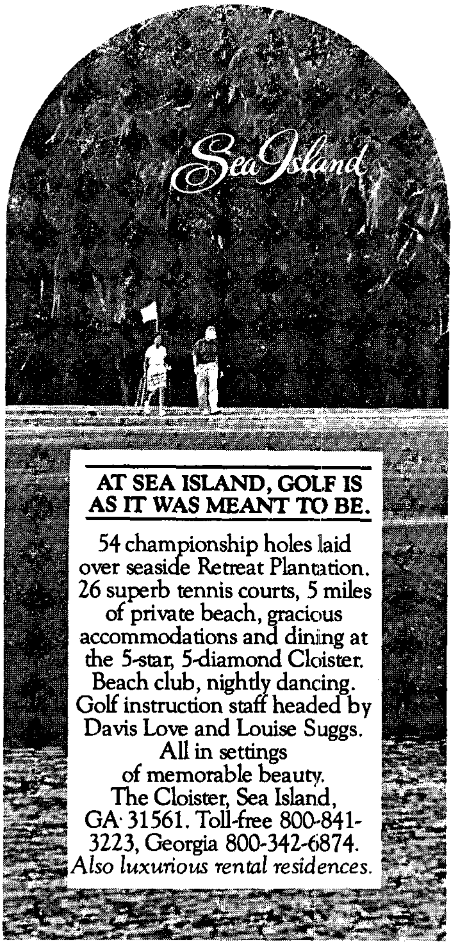
Poland, but, unlike Mme. Gonçalves (and almost everybody else in France), they are not much interested in Bulgarians. Italians tend to take a short view. The Sicilian novelist Leonardo Sciascia calls this their protection against too much history. Right now, that short view holds that Bulgarians are the least of Italy's problems. The plot to kill John Paul II, insofar as it involves Turks or Bulgarians, or even Russians, is less important to them than, say, the plot to kill Aldo Moro when Moro was the head of the Christian Democratic Party and was evidently on his way to a *compromesso storico* with the Italian Communists.

Moro died after fifty-five days in the hands of the Red Brigades, and his ordeal obviously gave Italy an occasion for a mea culpa. But Moro's murder also raised questions that were quintessentially Italian. Five years dead, Moro still raises those questions—questions about the ethics of negotiating or not negotiating with terrorists, about the failures of police and government, about the corruption of the secret service, about political blackmail, and, finally, about the abject fear in the letters that Moro sent to anyone he thought might save him. It was a fear that moved and shamed the Italians, and with which, in spite of themselves, they identified. Sciascia, for one, was moved to the point that he left the village in Sicily where he lived a life of legendary shyness and ran for Parliament in order to sit on a commission investigating the government's conduct of the Moro case. He says that he wanted to test a hypothesis about Moro—that the government could and should have saved Moro during the two months of his imprisonment. He is convinced now that his hypothesis is right. He has no hypothesis about the Pope. Aldo Moro, in his way, was a Sciascia novel—a genre crime, intensely local. John Paul II, Sciascia says, is more a novel by John le Carré.

Italians maintain that the only "Italian" thing about the attempt on the Pope's life was the fact that Agca fired from that piece of the Vatican between Bernini's glorious colonnade and the doors of St. Peter's which, while not actually in Italy, falls under the protective jurisdiction of the Italian police. They are surprised that friends from abroad expect them to be up-to-date on whether a Russian told a Bulgarian to tell a Turk to shoot a Polish Pope. They have little to add to the argument about whether or not



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John Paul II wrote to Leonid Brezhnev threatening to march into Poland if the Russians invaded. They saw more of their own confused reality in Aldo Moro's ordeal, and now they see it in the trial of Toni Negri, a political-science professor from the University of Padua who led a gang called Workers Autonomy (which had no workers but a lot of the professor's friends and students) and was considered a theoretician of Italian terrorism.

The Italians have a saying that goes "*Morto un Papa, se ne fa un altro*"—meaning that if one Pope dies you can always make another. It is a saying they are fond of. They practice a hard-won anticlericalism. Even their priests sometimes practice it. The fact that they are so pointedly uninterested in the shooting of the Pope is a way of letting the world know that Italy cannot afford to be seduced into the kind of papal aesthetics the French took up when they exhausted an enthusiasm for Marx and Lévi-Strauss and Freud and became, in a sense, enthusiasts of the Vatican—"choosing Rome," as the writer Philippe Sollers put it. Catholic attitudes may hold in France (and pilgrims pray on the Rue du Bac), but no one here really questions the fact that, two hundred years after the Revolution, church and state are vigilantly separate. Italians have to renegotiate their secular rights at every election. The Christian Democrats in Italy count on some twenty-seven thousand parishes to deliver Catholics on Election Day, the way the Communists count on the Confederazione Generale Italiana del Lavoro to deliver workers—and, in return, the Christian Democrats have given those parishes enormous authority over schools and family life. The lay parties in Italy (except, notably, the Italian Communist Party, which resembles the Church enough to get along with it) mainly try to ignore the Papal State sitting in the middle of the capital and the Polish Pope who flies all over the world proselytizing and brings back problems more ecumenical—if the word applies—than anybody bargained for.

John Paul II is not popular among the Roman bourgeoisie. Romans, as the Poles suspect, would prefer an Italian Pope, but not so much for his nationality as for his inconspicuousness. They are used to thinking of their Pope as a local politico with connections—a sort of *porte-parole* to God from the government. Six Popes (four of them tenth-century Popes)

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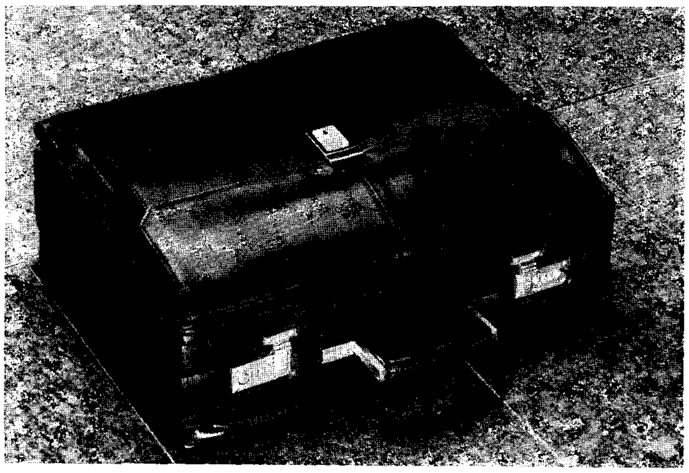

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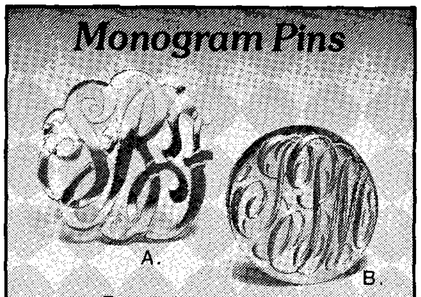

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have died violently in the nineteen hundred and fifty years of the Papacy, and with one exception they died in Italy at the hands of Italians because of Italian politics. Right now, only the Socialists in Italy have a real political interest in the attack on John Paul II. The Socialists are a small, slick party, prone to scandals, and have nothing in common with the other European Socialist parties, or even with their own Italian predecessors. They are trying to revive their respectability by way of a fairly gratuitous anti-Communism, and they get a lot of publicity out of the Bulgarian connection, talking about coverups and making speeches in Parliament about mysterious radio signals from the East, which filled the air of Rome just before Mehmet Ali Agca fired his automatic and which, presumably, were ignored. The other parties, seeing no particular political advantage in exposing Bulgarians, keep quiet in public and, in private, long for the days when Paul VI was in the Vatican. Pope Paul VI was timid and retiring. His idea of a fight was a disagreement over Latin grammar with his friends the Jesuits, across the street on the Borgo Santo Spirito, and the kind of trip he preferred was a walk up the aisle of the General Assembly with a white lily in his hands. The Christian Democrats liked him, because he left them alone in the Vatican. During the fifteen years of his pontificate, the Christian Democrats went about their business undisturbed, and the Italians in the Curia looked after the interests of the Church in Rome, arranging appropriate favors for their political friends through the Vatican's bank—the Institute for Religious Works—or through "Catholic" banks, like the Banco Ambrosiano, which was founded by a priest late in the nineteenth century and in which the Institute had a share. Now a lot of those Christian Democrats are complaining that Pope John Paul II has shut them out of the Vatican. They say he uses the Vatican for his own politics, and those politics have to do with Poland—Yalta politics, they call them—and not with the hegemony of the Christian Democratic Party in Rome. John Paul's politics carry no votes, no favors, no guarantees. He has no interest in the domestic courtesies of the Holy See. He does not consult his bishops much, or his administrators in the Curia, unless they happen to be Poles. He is a shameless populist. He says he wants to speak directly to the Catholic poor,

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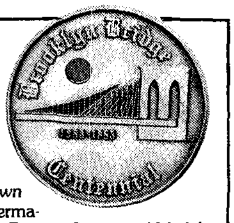

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and if the things he tells them are often at the level of a parish sermon his effect on them is charismatic. He seems ravenous for the corroboration of crowds. His huge weekly audiences and his restless travelling are the way he stirs his faith: through contact. His critics say that he has made the Church a festive Church but a Church without substance. The Christian Democrats say no, that there is too much substance in the Church right now—meaning that the issues Catholic politicians hope to avoid, issues like divorce and birth control and abortion, and even Catholic education, are precisely the issues the Pope keeps bringing up. They say that John Paul II reminds Italians that the Christian Democrats are bound by those issues, and so Italians, being sensible, vote against them. (A few days after the Pope was shot, Italy had a referendum on abortion. People were expected to vote against a liberal abortion law, out of respect for the Pontiff. They voted to retain one.)

I WAS in Rome this month and took a walk with a parish priest I know, and the priest said, "If you want to talk about how much the Pope loves Poland, it will take all day." I asked a writer I know about the Pope, and the writer said, "Where do you want to begin? Polish issues? Polish priests? Polish lunches?" I stopped in at the Jesuits, on the Borgo Santo Spirito, and the Jesuits said that clever Popes were like garlic ("in everything"), but that this Pope was like a kielbasa and took up the whole stew and considered everyone around him small potatoes and sauerkraut. In October of 1981, John Paul II suspended the Jesuits' constitution. Their Superior General, Father Pedro Arrupe, had had a stroke and was in the infirmary, and the Pope sent him a message with the news that he was replacing Arrupe's Vicar with a Jesuit of his own choosing. The Pope did not approve much of the Jesuits to begin with, and he certainly did not approve of the Jesuits' Vicar, Father Vincent O'Keefe, a priest from Jersey City (and a past president of Fordham), who, according to their constitution, should have run the order until a General Congregation was called and a new Superior General elected. Jesuits ask embarrassing questions about the proper Christian response to situations like this one: It is Sunday in Paraguay. Hundreds of peasants have walked to town to confess and receive Commu-

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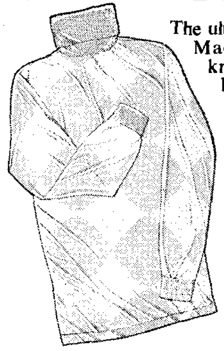

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nion, but there is no priest in town, and there is not likely to be one for the next month. A couple of nuns run the parish. They care for the peasants every day—when the peasants are sick, or hungry, or in trouble. Today, what should these nuns do? The Pope does not think that that sort of situation raises any questions. He is against that sort of situation. He says that the answer to an absent priest is for parishes to share their priests, but Jesuits in Latin America say that there are often no priests to share, whereas, given papal exhortations to multiply, there are getting to be more and more Catholics. Of course, Jesuits rarely get along with the Vatican. They are a worldly order, and they have a reputation for independence which no other order has. They are subject only to "extraordinary interventions"—interventions by the Pope—and though there have been a lot of these interventions in the four hundred and forty-three years since Ignatius Loyola and his followers took vows, the Jesuits still consider themselves a kind of fourth estate of the clergy. They are planning to meet in September and restore their constitution by electing a Superior General—and they say they are praying that the Holy Father has no cause to intervene again. At their last General Congregation, in 1975, they redefined the Jesuit vocation as "service of faith and promotion of justice," and the result was that Jesuit missionaries felt free to enter governments like the Sandinista government, in Nicaragua, or formulate a "People's Church," or simply take up the cause of poor people who are oppressed and terrorized by their regimes. The Pope, for his part, ordered the Jesuits out of Central American politics. The Jesuits replied that it was difficult to avoid politics, let alone to promote justice, when terrorists under the protection of right-wing governments kept trying to kill them. Thirty nuns and priests have been murdered in Central America over the past four years, and the Jesuits conclude that this makes any nun or priest a charter member of a People's Church, since in Central America "the people" are always dying.

The Polish Church is also a People's Church. Poles are close to their church, and their church sustains them. It is also one of the most conservative churches in Europe, and insofar as John Paul II is a product of that church and the society it reflects he is bound to be at odds with Jesuit intel-

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lectuals who say that, being Polish, he is more concerned with liberty than with democracy. A lot of people at the Vatican say that, too. The Vatican has never been known for democracy, but Curia people seem to regard their elaborate intrigues and manipulations as a kind of democracy—only more artful than what the rest of us are used to. (Actually, the process is pure social Darwinism.) Curia people say that John Paul II decided to open the Vatican doors for a Holy Year this year without letting them know that they should expect millions of extra pilgrims. They say that he chose eighteen new cardinals and no one in the Curia but his Polish friends knew who the candidates were, or even when the consistory would be. There were a lot of late changes in the new canon law. For one thing, abortion was put on the list of seven excommunicable offenses, whereas in early drafts abortion was forbidden but was not on the list itself. For another, a clause was added permitting the establishment of "personal prelatures" for lay orders—prelatures that would place those orders outside the jurisdiction and scrutiny of local dioceses and, for that matter, archdioceses, making them responsible only to the Pope and giving them something of the status of religious orders like the Dominicans or the Benedictines.

Within a few days of the publication of the new canon law, the Pope appointed a "personal prelate" for the lay order called Opus Dei. The Opus Dei is a shadowy organization of about seventy thousand Catholic laymen and women, with a thousand priests for counsellors, and it is a kind of private army of the faithful, pledged to enrich the Church, to obey the Church, and to uphold what appears to other Catholics to be the values of the Inquisition. (One of its Vatican patrons is Silvio Cardinal Oddi, a papal nuncio who was retired from Church politics—"released for prayer"—by Paul VI but was taken up by John Paul II and, at the age of sixty-eight, given the powerful job of Prefect of the Congregation of the Clergy.) Not many people outside the Opus Dei or the Vatican know very much about the group. Its priests recruit in universities like Oxford where the Catholic élite is apt to send its children. Young Catholics who join the Opus Dei often take vows of chastity and secrecy, and even mortification, and then go out into the world to recruit their friends. (Right now, some of the Opus Dei people in Paris are said to be working against an

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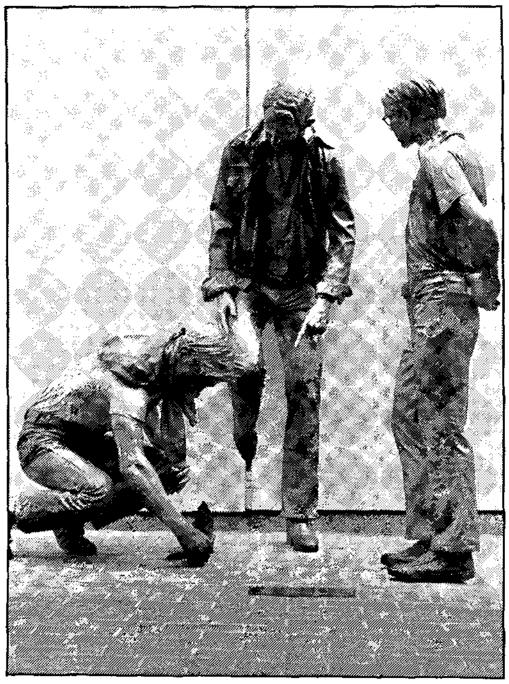

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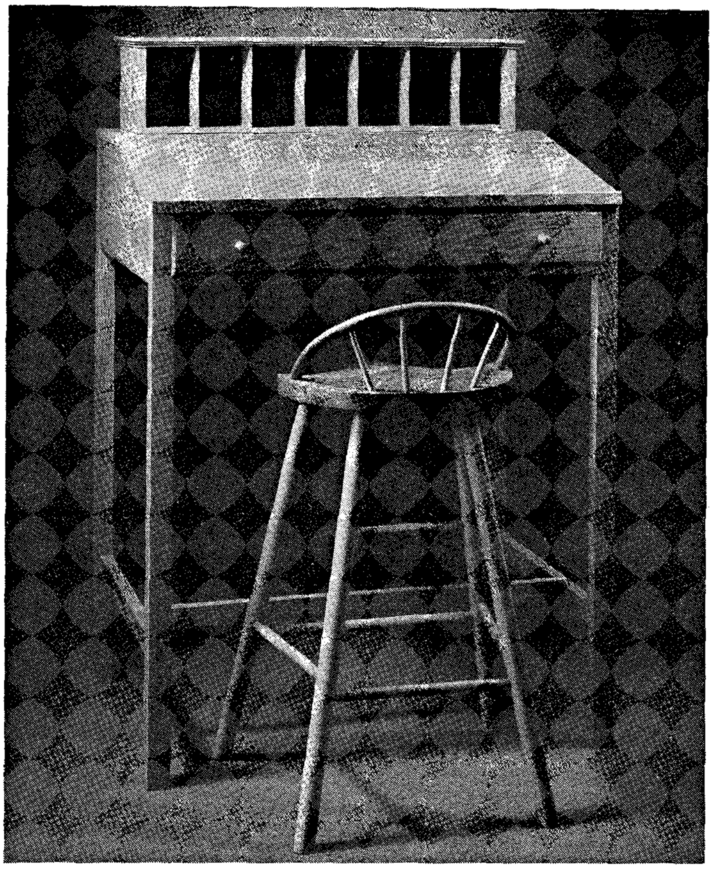

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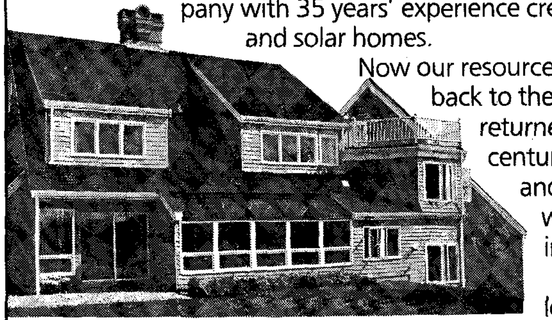

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American bishops' "draft pastoral" on nuclear war—Joseph Bernadin, the new cardinal from Chicago, presented it at the Vatican in January—which described nonviolence as a "legitimate mode of Christian witness" and called the idea of a just nuclear war a contradiction in terms.) For a time, the Opus Dei was like a good club for the offspring of the Spanish and Portuguese oligarchies. The new prelate, Alvaro del Portillo, is Spanish, and a few Spanish bankers say that as many as fifteen out of every twenty private trusts in Spain involve money in trust for the Opus Dei. Some Jesuits say that the Pope, finding Jesuit education too disputatious for his taste, wants to replace the youngsters they train with a generation of boys and girls who are rich, respectful, and practically guaranteed to stay in line.

Mme. de Sévigné once wrote to her daughter about Pope Innocent XI, who was having a fight with Louis XIV about appointing bishops: "What a strange Pope! He talks like a sovereign! You would think he was every Christian's father. He doesn't tremble, he doesn't flatter, he threatens. . . . This is such a new style for us that we in France tend to think he's talking to some other people." Mme. de Sévigné might have been a Roman writing about John Paul II. Some Romans regard him as a pilgrim from the Moral Majority who has strayed, by chance, into the Dolce Vita and decided to blast it with righteousness. He talks to the Eternal City about Christian memory and Christian destiny, not really understanding that the Eternal City has too much memory and is waiting, in its way, to be released from destiny. Rome is not so much cynical as weary. It is a subtle, existential town, and all its ardor is for the here and now. It does not know what to make of a moralizer like John Paul II, who seems so fanatic and foreign in his passion for a better, purer world. It is said in Rome that the Pope has a mystical, almost an ecstatic, sense of mission. He expects his clergy to have it, too. Paul VI released some thirty thousand priests from their vows during his pontificate, but John Paul II put off considering the petitions of priests who have asked since then to renounce their vows, and, perhaps, marry. He has told his friends that a Polish bishop at the Vatican named André-Marie Deskur prayed for his election, offering his own life in the bargain: he considers this a sign. In the same way, he con-

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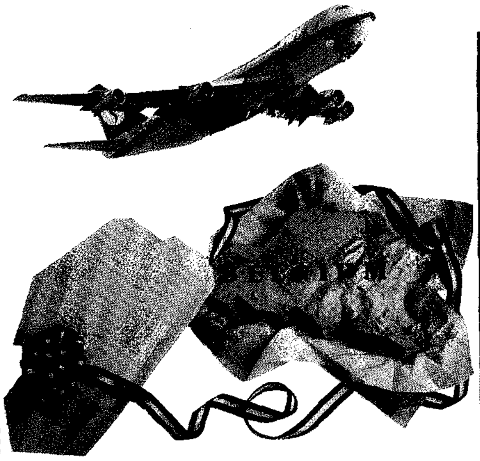

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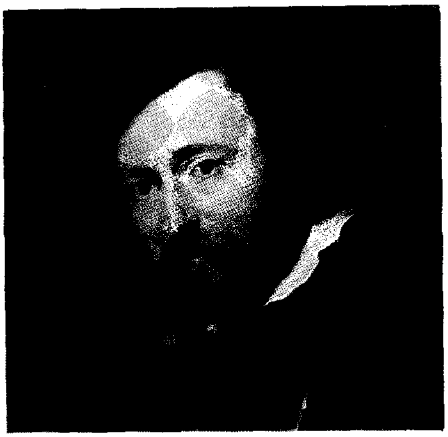

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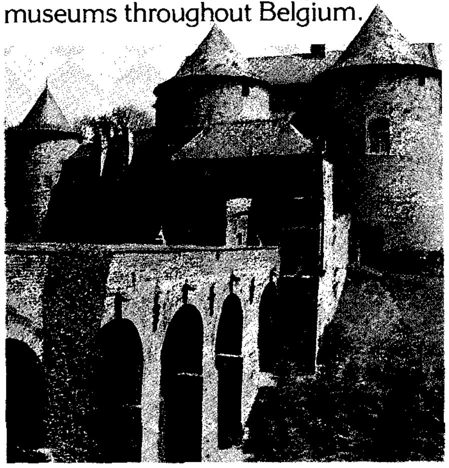

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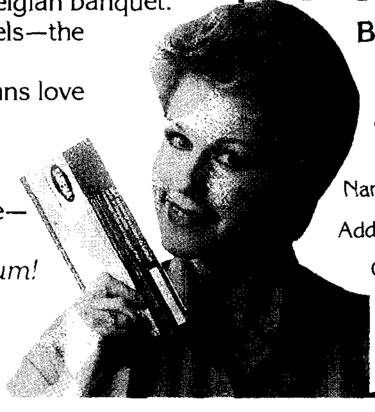

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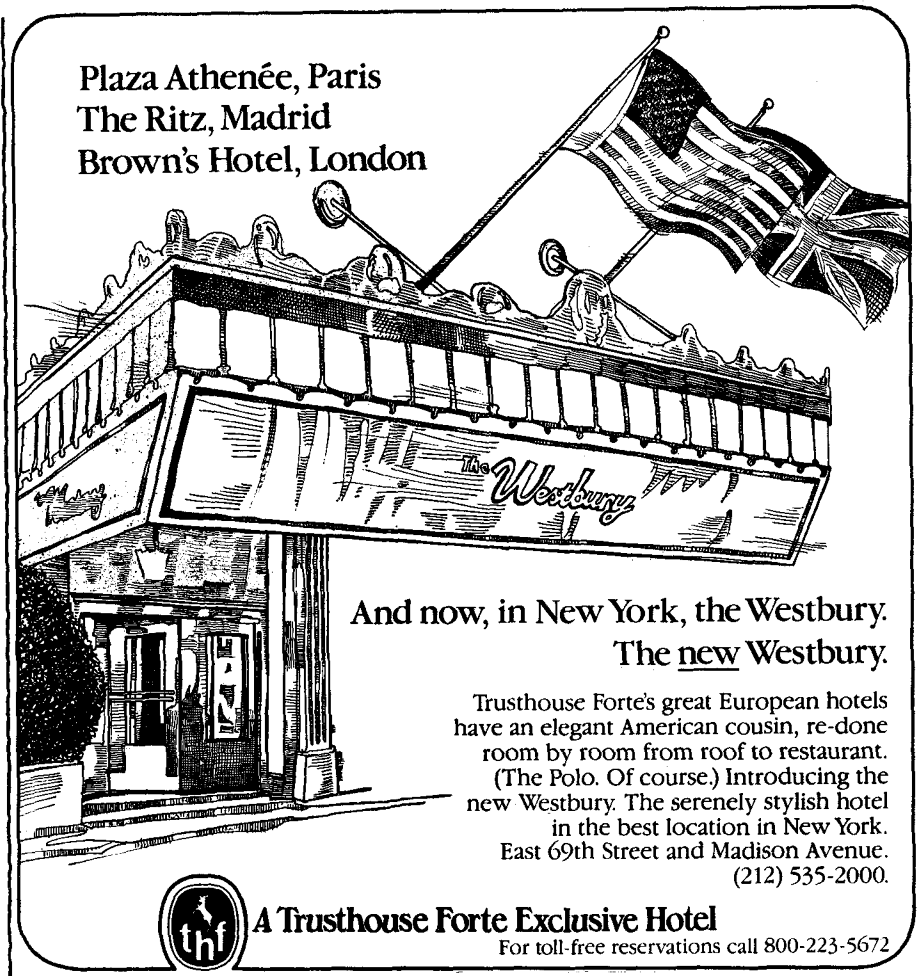
siders the attempt on his life a sign—a kind of personal Golgotha. Sometimes he seems to be saying that he has taken on our sins with Agca's bullets and we had all better measure up. He is still suffering from those bullets. He tires suddenly. He seems to be fighting weakness, and this may account for some of the urgency of his trips—eight countries in a week this month.

VATICAN scholars have noted that in the new canon law Freemasons, like Communists, have been taken off the Unbelievers List. Enrico Berlinguer, the Communist Party Secretary, can now accompany his wife to church in good conscience, and the few thousand Italian Catholics who belong to a secret organization called Propaganda 2 may go to jail for their sins but not necessarily to Hell. Propaganda 2 is a Masonic lodge. It has rituals of initiation and instruction, and its members ascribe to fancy Freemasonic touches (compasses, squares, white hats and pinafores), but its last Venerable Grand Master was an old Fascist and a blackmailer, and those fancy touches mainly cover a lot of plain criminal activity. Two years ago, the police raided the Venerable Grand Master's office in Arezzo and seized a list that included about half the Propaganda 2 membership. They discovered several of their own superiors on that list along with businessmen and bankers, not to mention a fair selection of Cabinet ministers, Army generals, past and present heads of the country's secret service, and one ambassador from the Knights of Malta. Some of the people on the list are already in prison for banking fraud and business scams, some for plotting a right-wing military coup in Rome. Some, like the publisher Angelo Rizzoli, who owns the paper *Corriere della Sera*, are being arrested now. And at least one—Roberto Calvi, who was chairman of the Banco Ambrosiano—has died under extremely peculiar circumstances. Roberto Calvi was a charter member of Propaganda 2 and a diligent schemer. In 1971, when he was general manager at the Ambrosiano, he sold the Vatican a small interest in the bank. By 1975, it amounted to 1.6 per cent, and 1.6 per cent was evidently enough to allow him, over the next five years, to make the Vatican the major investor in—and hence the titular owner of—ten or twelve dummy holding companies with their mailing address in Panama. Late last spring, Calvi was found hanging under Blackfriars Bridge, in



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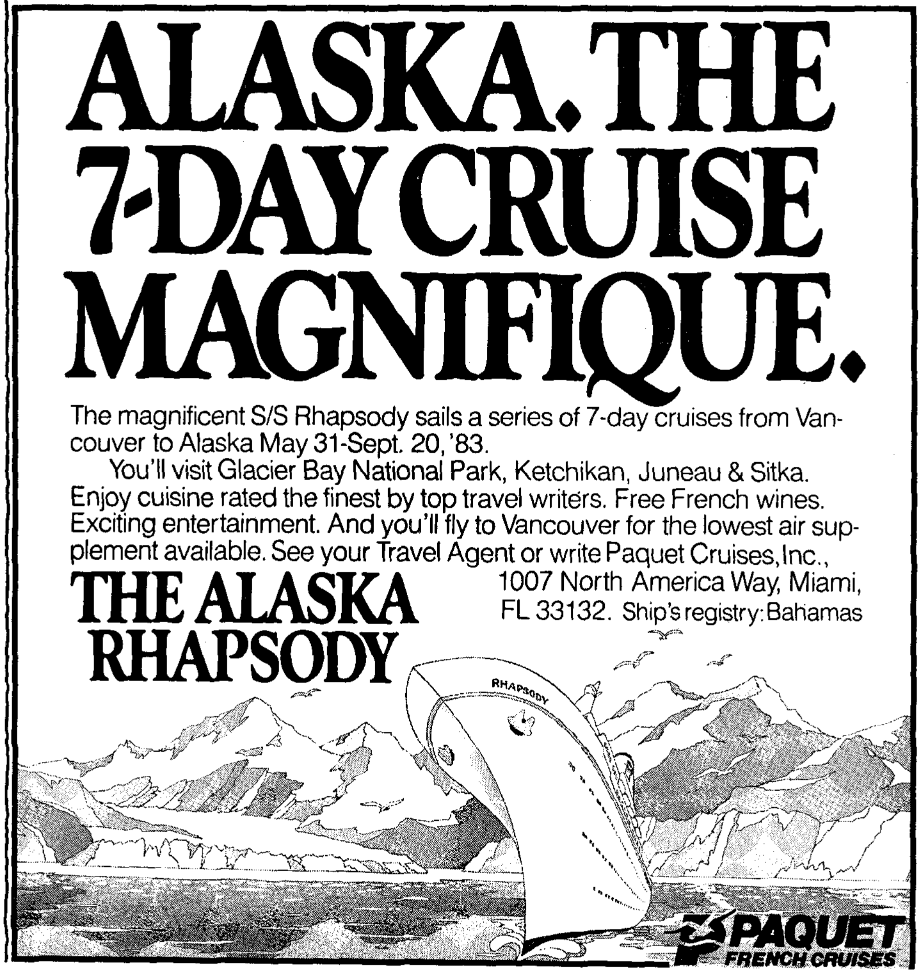

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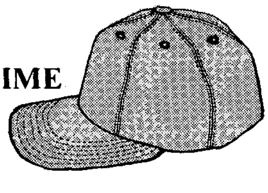

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London, washed by the tides of the Thames and carrying five pieces of brick in his pocket. He was under indictment at the time for illegally exporting currency, and he was talking to magistrates, and people in Italy assume that he was murdered because Freemasons who inform against other Freemasons are supposed to be murdered and their bodies washed twice a day with running water and weighted with masonry. His creditors—among them ninety-two foreign banks, which in 1980 and 1981 loaned Calvi seven hundred and eighty-eight million dollars that went directly through Ambrosiano subsidiaries in Luxembourg, Peru, Nicaragua, and Nassau to his dummy companies—say that the Vatican, as paper owner of those companies, is ultimately responsible for a debt that by now amounts to a billion two hundred and seventy-eight million dollars.

IN 1968, Italian tax law changed, and the Vatican suddenly became liable for taxes on income from its Italian stocks and business and property. Pope Paul sold what he could and looked for a financial adviser—and he chose a banker named Michele Sindona, who was the chairman of the Banco Privata Italiana and the Franklin National Bank, in the United States. Paul gave the Vatican's cash to Sindona with orders to diversify—which in Italy means to invest it somewhere besides Italy. By 1974, Sindona had cost the Vatican anywhere from twenty million to a billion dollars (depending on who is counting). This was hard on the Vatican, and it was especially hard on the man who ran the Vatican's bank, the Institute for Religious Works—a Damon Runyon bishop from Cicero, Illinois, by the name of Paul Marcinkus. Marcinkus was under enormous pressure at the Vatican. When he took over the Institute, in 1969, it was already short. The Vatican "treasure" he had expected to find was really treasure—art and objects that can visit museums as much as anybody wants them to but are in trust for God, as it were, and cannot be sold. Vatican II had cost the Church a great deal of money. Then Sindona came along and cost it money, and so, in his way, did Pope Paul VI, who did not draw crowds and the contributions of crowds—their St. Peter's pence. John Paul II, who drew crowds, looked promising, but he began to cost nearly as much as he brought in, because of all his messianic travelling. It

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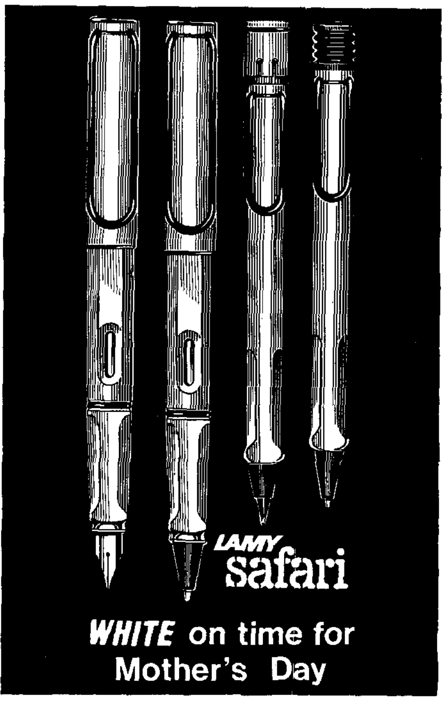

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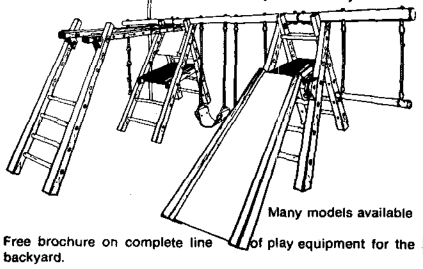

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was up to Marcinkus to keep the Vatican liquid. He could not afford to lose anything, and once Sindona dropped out, in 1979, by arranging to have himself kidnapped, Roberto Calvi had the Church to himself, so to speak, and he had Marcinkus cornered. When Calvi started looting the Ambrosiano—hustling the loans for his dummy companies and using them, in fact, to buy a controlling interest in the Ambrosiano itself—Marcinkus, wittingly or unwittingly, provided a sort of fiduciary cover. As head of the Institute for Religious Works, Marcinkus sat on the board of Ambrosiano's Nassau subsidiary, the Cisalpine Overseas Bank of Nassau, presumably looking after the Vatican's 1.6 per cent. The problem was that the Vatican's interest in all of Calvi's dummy companies had pushed its paper investment in the Banco Ambrosiano up to more than fifteen per cent, and this meant that when some of the foreign creditors—in particular, the ninety-two foreign banks—got nervous and started calling in their loans, Calvi knew that he could go to Marcinkus for "comfort letters," vouching for his reliability, and that Marcinkus would probably decide to write them. Comfort letters are not letters of credit. They are not binding, and, legally speaking, they are not worth much, but the ninety-two banks that lost their money say that a comfort letter from the Holy See is something on the order of a letter from God. They say that it carries the moral authority of the Church. In court, they would probably say that the Institute for Religious Works used that authority to misrepresent Roberto Calvi with its endorsements. The Church, however, is not being sued. People are asking the Bank of Italy for the money, and the Bank of Italy, in turn, is trying to negotiate with Marcinkus, who still runs the Institute for Religious Works. It has offered to help Marcinkus borrow a billion dollars, but Marcinkus says that the Vatican cannot afford the interest on a billion dollars—which would amount to a hundred million a year.

Marcinkus rarely leaves the Vatican. As a citizen of the Holy See, he cannot be extradited across the street to Italy, where he is under investigation as a possible accomplice in Calvi's schemes. Marcinkus is a golfer. He does not enjoy being shut away in Vatican City, where there is not even a putting green, and where, he says, the definition of a workout is taking a walk in the garden between

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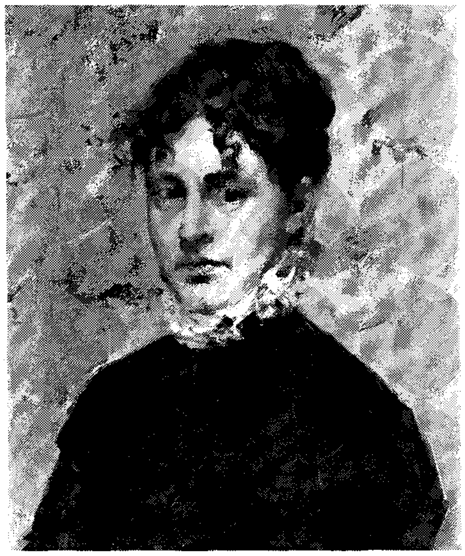

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prayers. Marcinkus and Roberto Calvi did not have much in common. Calvi did not play golf, and by all reports he was a cold, colorless soul who wanted mainly to own a big bank like the Ambrosiano and make himself powerful. In fact, he courted the Opus Dei more than he did Paul Marcinkus. His wife claims that at one point the Opus Dei offered to take over his debts and the Vatican's liability in those debts—in other words, take over the Institute for Religious Works and the Vatican's money—on the condition that it get to determine Church strategy toward Communist countries and the Third World. Calvi himself claimed that what he and Marcinkus did share was an interest in Poland. In September of 1981, when Calvi was first indicted, he told his lawyer that he had "recycled" some forty or fifty million dollars to Solidarity for the Pope. What is unknown to everybody but the lawyer is whether Calvi meant hot Ambrosiano money recycled through the Institute for Religious Works or Institute money recycled through the Ambrosiano.

IT is hard for one Bulgarian airline clerk to get much attention in a country where the competition includes the Red Brigades, a Masonic lodge plotting military coups, a Church in debt for over a billion dollars, and a bishop who has had to worry about the police every time he left the Vatican. Italy has had its share of Bulgarians anyway. Bulgarians were involved in every one of Luigi Scricciolo's adventures—Scricciolo is a kind of all-purpose agent who worked as a trade unionist in Milan while spying and smuggling and putting together dossiers on Solidarity activists, and even, apparently, plotting to murder Lech Walesa and helping to kidnap General James Dozier—and Sergei Antonov, the Balkan Bulgarian Airlines office manager who is in jail in Rome as Mehmet Ali Agca's accomplice, may have been among them. Whatever his connection was (or was not) with a plot to kill the Pope, it is likely that Antonov was involved in some spying and smuggling in Italy, because spying and smuggling are what Eastern European bureaucrats in Western capitals are expected to do. Antonov's Italian lawyer, Giuseppe Consolo, says that Antonov is fairly simple, not really up to masterminding anything. Antonov's wife, Rossitza, works at the university in Sofia and is not simple, and some people suspect

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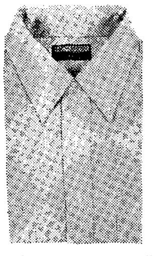

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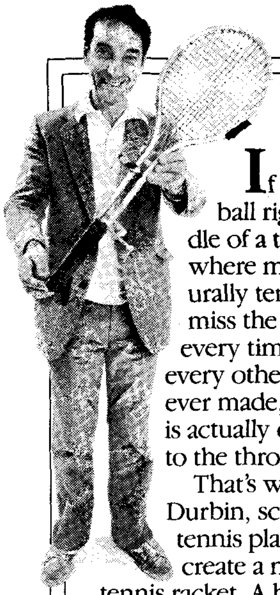
that she is the family mastermind, the real secret policeman, with an airline-office manager for a cover. Rossitza Antonov left Rome in September of 1981. Two diplomats at the Bulgarian Embassy who were indicted along with Sergei Antonov left in November of 1982, just before the indictments went out and Antonov himself was seized. The diplomats say that the fact of their having stayed at all once the Pope was shot and Agca was in jail and, presumably, talking makes them innocent.

Over the years since the war, Italy has turned into a crossroads for spies and terrorists. Bulgarian spies are considered fairly obvious among them. Turks are considered the way Turks are usually considered in Italian folklore—ugly and treacherous. People in Rome who have seen Agca describe him as they would an animal—smart, sly, liable to turn. Not many people see him now, though. He is a witness in the case against Sergei Antonov, and that case will be *sub judice* for as long as it takes the examining magistrate to decide whether there is evidence to bring Antonov to trial and, if so, what the charges against him will be. Agca's prison guards see him. Ilario Martella, the magistrate, sees him. And now another magistrate, Ferdinando Imposimato, who is investigating the case against Scricciolo and has indicted Agca and Antonov for conspiracy to kill Walesa, sees him, too. Agca has a television set in his cell; it is doubtful whether he knows much Italian, but he does know how much publicity he gets each time he elaborates his story and somebody else is charged. Martella himself is remarkably discreet. Romans talk about this with astonishment. A judge who is honest and earnest, owes no favors, and is not on the take from any party is a rarity in Rome, and so they wonder if maybe Martella is a little naïve, too, a little unworldly—if Agca enchants him with all the plots and conspiracies he elaborates, the characters he in-

"Eureka."

—Enoch Durbin, *Professor of Mechanical and Aerospace Engineering, Princeton University*



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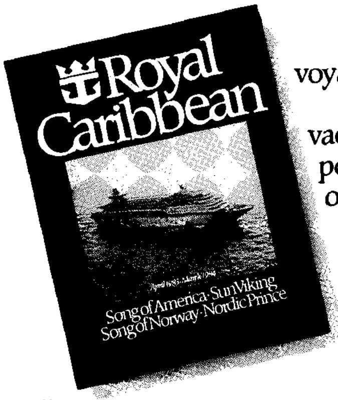

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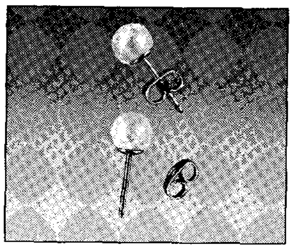

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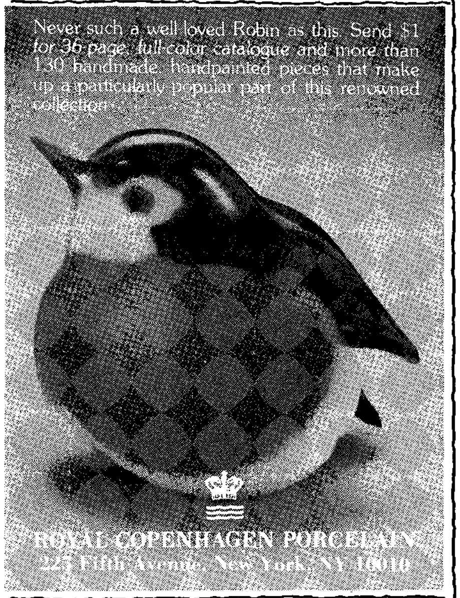

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troduces. They like to compare Agca to Scheherazade in "The Thousand and One Nights," determined to prolong his time and his comfort by keeping Ilario Martella curious. One theory has it that Agca waited, quiet, for a year to be sprung by the Turkish religious fanatics—the Gray Wolves—he first described as his accomplices or by the Bulgarian spies he describes as his accomplices now or by whatever other contacts he had in terrorist circles, where right and left are indistinguishable. The theory goes that when no one saved him he began to complicate his story, tying his attack on the Pope to the drugs-for-arms trade that seems to be a Turkish-Bulgarian specialty. He was almost certainly in the pay of Bekir Celenk, a Turkish smuggler who worked out of Sofia and is either in police custody or under police protection in Sofia now, and he could have been in the pay of some Bulgarian smugglers, too. Agca arrived in Bulgaria on the lam three years ago and left with money to lead the life of a rich punk on his way to Rome. The Pope was his obsession, whoever was paying him. He was talking about killing John Paul II when he broke out of a Turkish prison in November of 1979. Bulgarians may have paid Agca to kill the Pope. Or Bulgarians may have simply covered for him in Rome, because of all the other dealings they had had with him. They may have been frightened themselves, knowing Agca. They may have set him up to die—with a Polish Pope in the bargain. They may have weighed the odds against a papal assassin's leaving St. Peter's Square alive, and figured that the Swiss Guards would shoot him, or the Italian police, or that the crowd of pilgrims in the Square would finish him off. They may have planned to kill him themselves in the confusion. They may have hired him or simply agreed to help him—and either way decided to sacrifice him in the Square for their own protection. As it was, a nun caught him by the sleeve and pilgrims held him until the police came.

THIS week, the New York *Times* ran a story about a Bulgarian named Iordan Mantarov who defected in Paris in April of 1981, and who supposedly has told the internal intelligence agency here—the Direction de la Surveillance du Territoire—that the K.G.B. ordered John Paul II killed. A few Paris papers picked up the story and reported it like any other

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(*Le Monde* on page 4, *Libération* on page 16), and there was not much of a reaction from anyone except an anonymous agent at the D.S.T., who told *Le Monde* that Mantarov had never said that at all. People here seem to take it for granted that Yuri Andropov knew about the plot against the Pope and, whether or not he ordered it himself, did nothing to stop it. They say that to Andropov the fact of a Polish Pope, alive and speaking out for Solidarity, was tantamount to a call for revolution in Poland. They point out that once the Pope was hurt—warned off, presumably—General Wojciech Jaruzelski was able to take over, and the Pope began to make a measure of peace with the Communists for the sake of saving his country. The Pope's choice then, they say, was between a Vatican Ostpolitik and a civil war, and the Pope made it realistically, remembering his experience in St. Peter's Square. Parisians tend to believe that one day soon we will know everything there is to know about May 13, 1981. Romans tend to believe that we will never know. Romans say that there is no trump card called Andropov in America's hand waiting to be played, because, wherever the proof of conspiracy ends—in Ali Agca's cell or in the Balkan Bulgarian Airlines office in Rome or in the secret police station in Sofia, or even in K.G.B. headquarters in the Lubyanka—Yuri Andropov will disavow it as the handiwork of mad employees, something on the order of a Spanish priest with a bayonet. —JANE KRAMER

•

Daniel Stephenson is 6 and a first-grader. He reads a lot. Daryl McCarty is a grown-up and an associate state superintendent of schools in Utah. He reads very little. Daniel feels sorry for Daryl and is trying to help him.

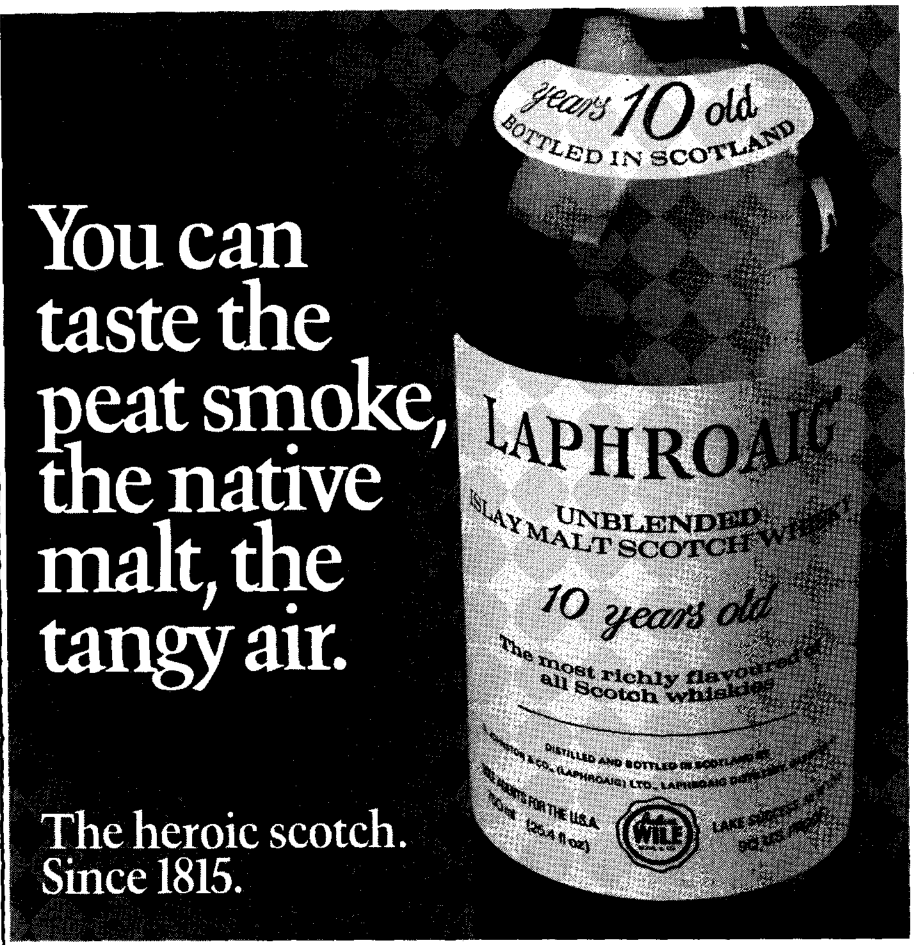
In a letter to the Salt Lake Tribune, Daniel suggested that Daryl make a paper chain, with each link marking a completed book: "Every time you look at the chain, you want it to get longer so you want to read more," Daniel said. "My chain goes all the way around my room. It is over 200 books long."

And, because Daryl is an adult, he could even stay up late reading. "Since you are older," Daniel wrote, "your mom and dad won't mind. I bet your wife won't mind."

If his wife did object, Daryl could "get a flashlight and read under the covers," Daniel suggested.

Commenting on Daniel's advice, Daryl said, "Just because one does not sit down and read Little Red Riding Hood, or novel after novel, doesn't mean they aren't educated or can't do their job."—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

That's telling 'em, Daryl.



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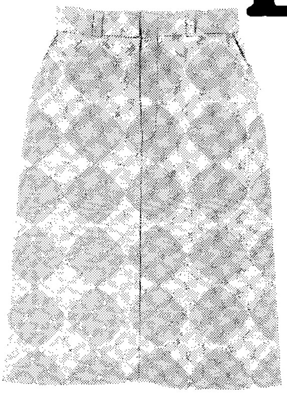

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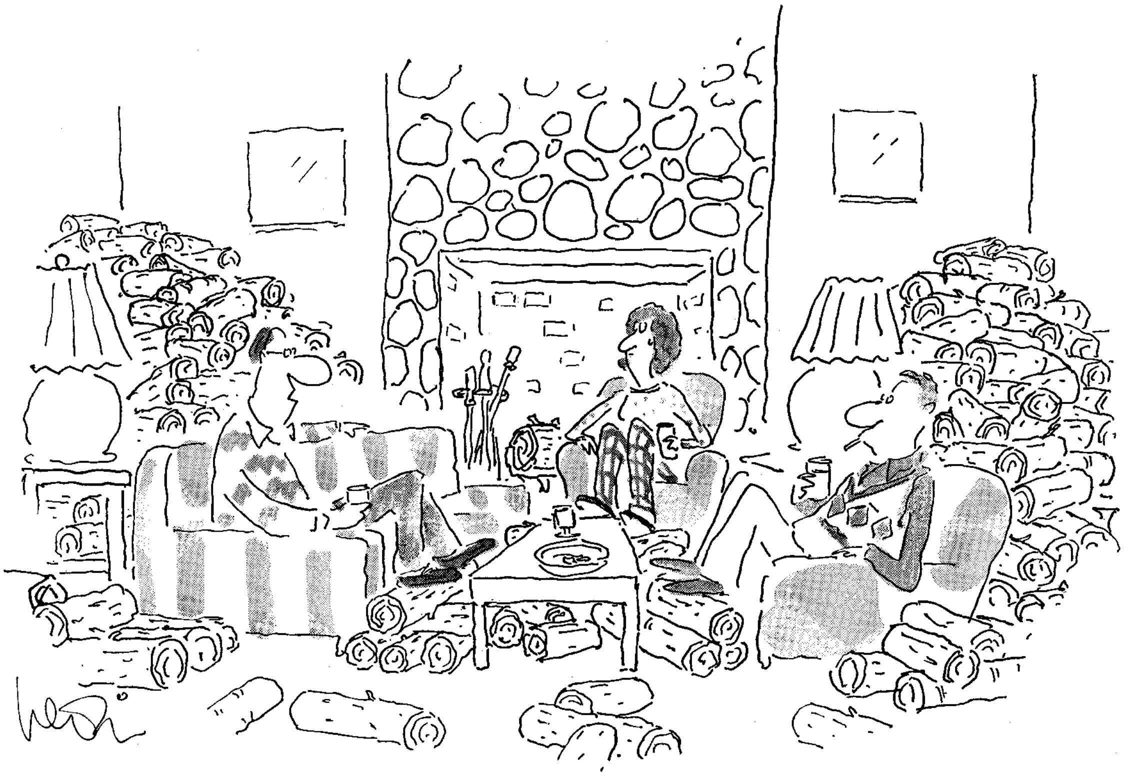
"SAY AMEN, SOMEBODY" features Thomas A. Dorsey, an eighty-three-year-old hepcat whose long fingers always seem about to snap. His singing voice is soft but deep, and he appears to find the sounds that come out of him as wondrous as we do. (There's a kind of objectivity about Dr. Dorsey's view of himself and of everything else.) He's still bouncing to the jazz rhythms that he brought into black people's churches in the late twenties and early thirties —the Depression years—when he fused their profane and their sacred music and called the result gospel. Until then, Dr. Dorsey, the son of an itinerant revival-show preacher, was a blues composer and Ma Rainey's pianist and bandleader. But he felt a lack in the music: it didn't have the inspirational lift of spirituals. When he combined the forms, the strong beat made the lift more intense than it had ever been. For a few years, some of the black churches fought to keep gospel out, but its combination of rhythm and spirit was too powerful for them. This music born of the Depression (and of city life) was accepted by black people so readily and joyfully that most of us, I imagine, have grown up assuming that it came from way back.

A bantamweight, Dr. Dorsey flies with the beat as he conducts. (He is choral director emeritus of the Pilgrim Baptist Church in Chicago and also presides over the annual National Convention of Gospel Choirs and Choruses, which he founded in 1933.) Waving his arms, he's in orbit, the way the great grasshopper Stravinsky used to be when he conducted *his* jazzy music. You can see the roots of gospel when Dorsey performs; his gestures are full of show-business fervor. At times, he's a bit like George Burns when Burns gets going in a patter song, but he's as physically active as Burns is deadpan and fixed in place. Among the many songs Dorsey has composed is the majestic "Take My Hand, Precious Lord," and when he sings it he gives it a simplicity that seems to go right to the wellsprings of art. This old trouper—his lower lip is loose and distended from all the years of singing gospel—is still in the midst of things. Each time a gospel song is performed, it's newly created by the antiphonal interaction between the lead singers and the congregation. It's a call-and-response, dialogue music, and the spontaneous yea-saying interjections by the members of the unofficial chorus help to charge up the soloists. This pattern of mutual encouragement is hypnotic for all concerned; in the movie it carries over even to casual, at-home conversations. Dr. Dorsey has become so conditioned to being spurred on by black audiences that when he talks to the film crew and there's silence, he wants to bring them to life. "Say amen, somebody!" he calls out.

Gospel music keeps its singer-evangelists young, radiant, hearty. That's the unspoken message of "Say Amen, Somebody." The women (of several generations) have troubles with their husbands and children; their families don't like their being off on tour so much. But the women have the slickest answer that any woman who felt the need to get out of the house could come up with: the Holy Spirit is in them—they're doing the Lord's work. When you watch Delois Barrett Campbell, the featured singer of the Barrett Sisters, who acts out her songs with her face and her hands, you can't help smiling at the plight of her minister husband, arguing forlornly that he'd like her to be there for *his* church—not gallivanting off to Europe to spread the glad tidings of salvation.

Now seventy-eight, Willie Mae Ford Smith, the matriarch of gospel (she's like a black Margaret Mead), got into it before the churches accepted it—the churchmen didn't want that "coonshine stuff," she says—and she has been touring most of her life. Her contralto voice is astonishingly firm and strong, but, of course, it may have been much larger once—we can't tell, because she didn't make her first recording until she was sixty-eight. (She has a loose lower lip, too, and remarkable low tones.) George T. Nierenberg, the young filmmaker, shows Mother Smith's middle-aged children talking about the effect her vocation has had on their lives, and a grown-up grandson condescends to her: he's not a chauvinist, he says—he just doesn't think it's right for women to be preachers. In one scene, Willie Mae Ford Smith disagrees with the way the eighty-seven-year-old Sallie Martin, a for-



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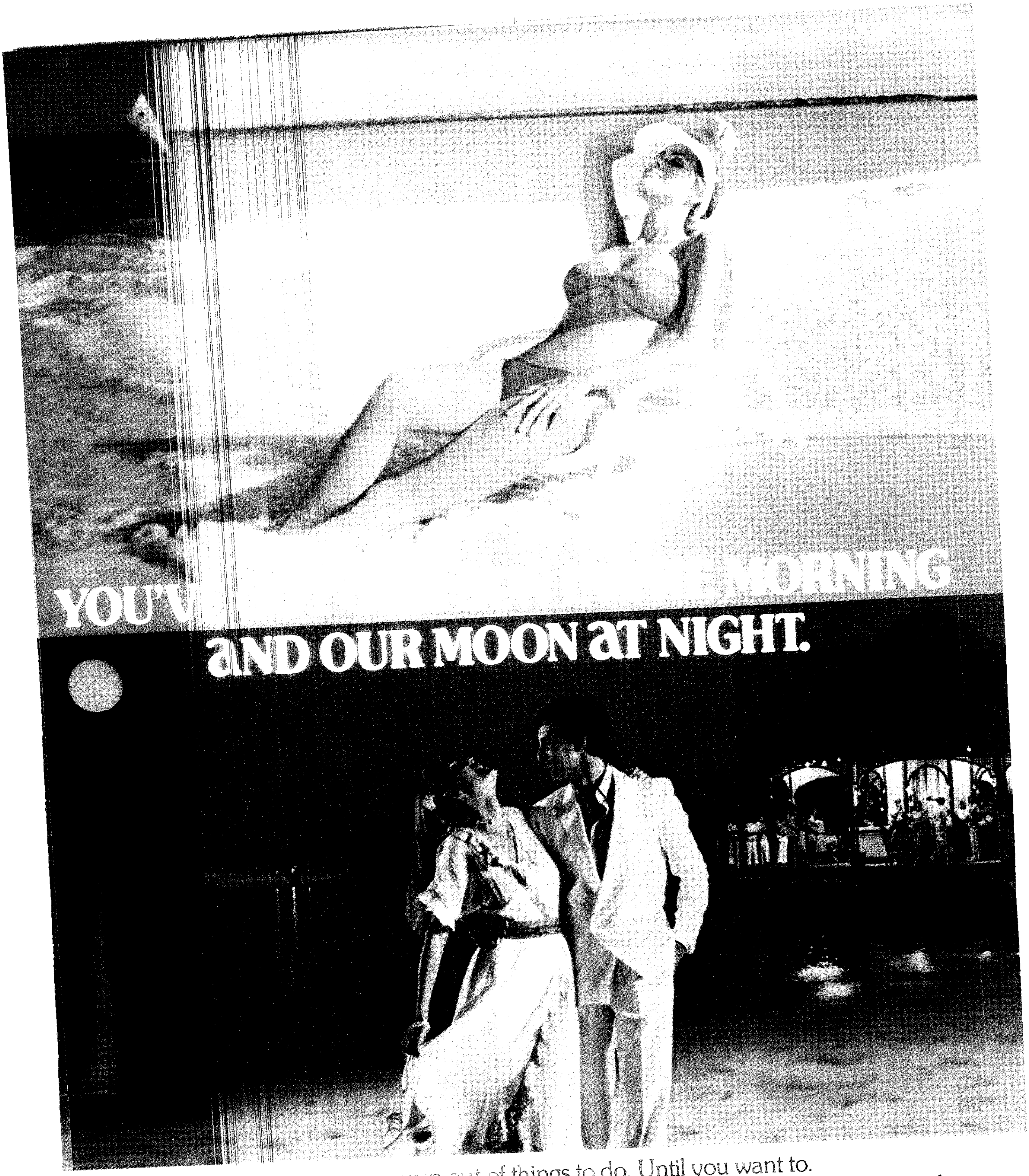
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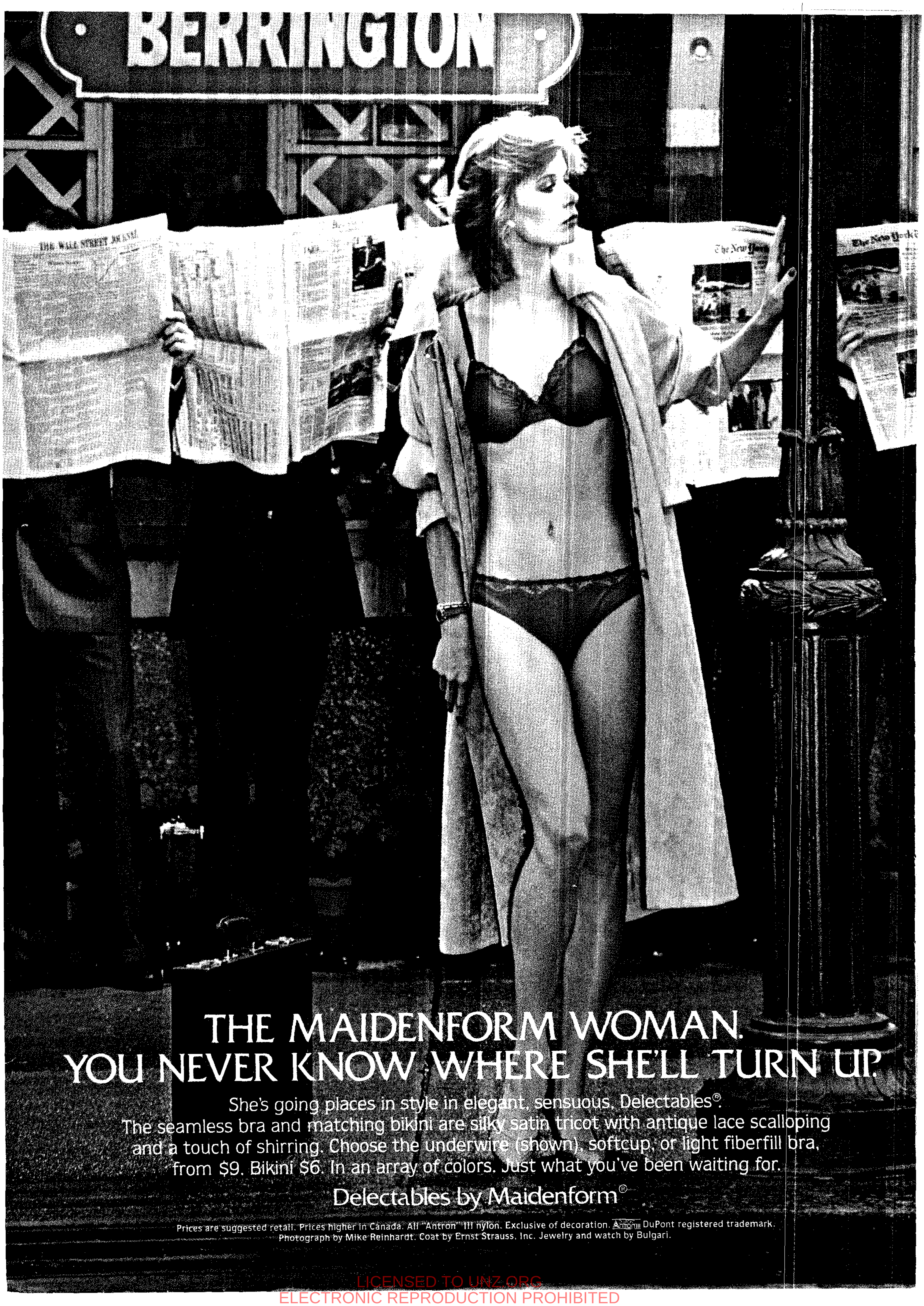

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mer singer and Dr. Dorsey's business manager, remembers events of a half century earlier. These elderly women are as smart as can be, but they obviously don't care for each other, and their thick wigs give them a disoriented, comic look; they're like bickering dolls in a Punch-and-Judy show. (Sallie Martin has a pendulous lower lip, too.)

The movie is never less than absorbing, but it doesn't develop in its second half. The three Barrett Sisters—dramatic, physically striking women with ample figures in shiny, clinging blue gowns—sing so exhilaratingly that they create a problem. Nierenberg (who is known for his earlier documentary "No Maps on My Taps") isn't making a concert film; he's doing something rather more difficult—he's documenting the lives of the pioneers of gospel music. Yet the film reaches an emotional pitch when we hear the Barrett Sisters singing, and, much as we may enjoy the pioneers' reminiscences and be amused by the griping of their families, we feel let down when we get more and more talk and only snatches of song. (There may be a little too much of a good thing with Mother Smith.) So much emotion builds up when we listen to the triumphantly alive Barretts that we expect more full-scale numbers. We want to go on soaring, and though there are appearances by the O'Neal twin brothers and by a sensationally attractive young St. Louis singer, Zella Jackson Price (she looks better than she sounds), the film pulls us back to history and human-interest sociology.

Members of the congregations on the screen often react to the ecstatic singing with smiles of happiness and coursing tears. And I gather that people in theatre audiences are doing the same thing. It's a profoundly joyous craziness, this gospel music. The low range that both the men and the women seem to develop has a special, heartbreaking tonality. (There's a brief clip of Mahalia Jackson, whose deep contralto clears your head of any small thoughts.) And the high range of the Barrett Sisters has a piercing, shrieking beauty that's very different from the emotional qualities of other kinds of soprano singing. I know it can be said that the greatness of this music is in its earthiness—that the singers acknowledge their sensuality, that the music is both sexual and spiritual. But there is something more frightening in gospel. Just once, for a

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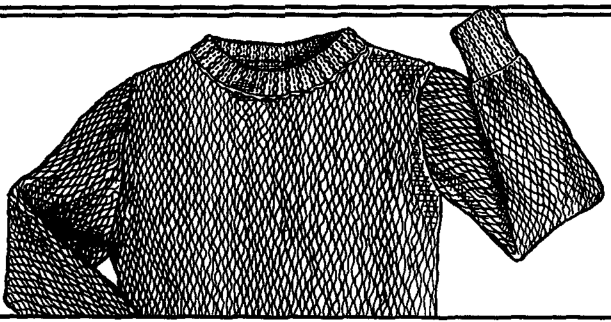

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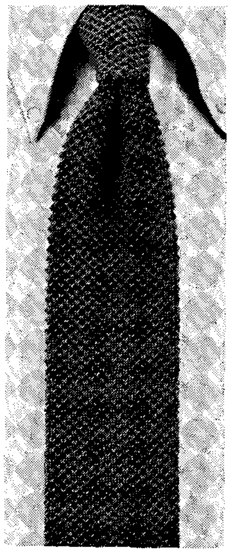

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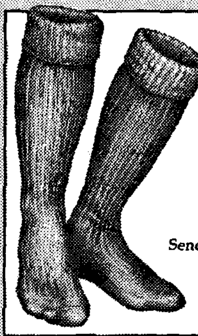

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few frames, we see Delois Barrett Campbell's immaculately groomed Reverend husband carried away: he could be having a seizure, and he suddenly talks "in tongues." It's only at the very end of the film that, under the closing titles, we glimpse others in violent spasms.

Nierenberg has a very clean act. He recoils from the natural shape of the material. What isn't acknowledged in the movie is that most of what we see and hear is the buildup to these scary communal fits—the convulsive writhing and muttering of religious possession. The parishioners come in dressed in their respectable Sunday outfits. There are strict regulations about what can be worn; they have to look proper—in order to go nuts. It's easy to make fun of those stuffy church leaders of the past who wanted to keep their hymns draggy and their spirituals pure, who didn't want the sexy rhythms and beat of ragtime and jazz and blues brought into the church. But they may have recognized that for a lot of people rhythmic excitement and spiritual uplift make an overpoweringly pleasurable combination, and that their exuberance leads to something uncontrollable and orgiastic. For many people, that's what the singing is *for*. It works them up to be "saved"—to get out of themselves, to have a seizure. I wish that Nierenberg had constructed this movie so that the music built to the climax that Sundays in these churches actually build to, and hadn't protected us by nipping things off. He's a very sensitive and talented documentarian, and this is a lovely piece of work, but he's too genteel for his subject.

At twenty-two, Sean Penn can get by with playing Mick O'Brien, the sixteen-year-old hero of "Bad Boys." He's probably the best actor in American movies who is still young enough to play adolescents. Penn made his film début in 1981 as the overwrought cadet's levelheaded roommate in "Taps," then played the friendly surfer-doper in "Fast Times at Ridgemont High." He's the star of "Bad Boys," and he holds the picture together. He gets so far inside a role that he can make even a sociological confection such as this hero, Mick—a proud, tough juvenile delinquent who commits crude, reckless crimes—someone an audience can care about. Each time, Penn comes as a complete surprise; so far, there's no residuum that carries from role to role. He's

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small and pale, and in "Taps" he caught viewers' eyes by the understanding in his face as he witnessed his roommate's galloping neurosis and tried to get through to him. As Spicoli, in "Ridgemont High," he walked lurching from side to side, like a rooster; Spicoli couldn't spring on the balls of his feet, the way Mick does. As Spicoli, Penn widened his eyes and lifted his face up; that gave him a look of stoned surprise and made his head seem squarish. There isn't so much as a trace of that goggle-eyed expression of pleased incredulity in Mick's wary, squinting look. When Mick gets bad news—and he gets lots of it—he doesn't set his jaw, he lets it drop. His face sobers, becomes longer, more handsome, and more adult. Mick's auburn hair, which he wears down to the middle of his neck, Pre-Raphaelite length, emphasizes his pallor. It's a sad, reticent face.

The script of "Bad Boys," by Richard DiLello (from an idea by the producer, Robert Solo), doesn't grant the character much in the way of humor or interaction with other kids on the streets or in the reformatory to which he's sent. Penn is given so little to work with that it's practically a pantomime performance: he holds us by the depth of Mick's grief over the way things have worked out in his life. He sits in his cell—hypersensitive, intelligent, and bitter. There's unextinguishable blazing energy in that face—it may be part resentment, but there's nothing mean or petty about it. Mick knows that he has made a mess of his life; he doesn't try to blame anyone else.

Mick is emotionally isolated from everyone in the world except his teenage girlfriend (and lover), J.C., played by Ally Sheedy, with whom he's completely trusting. Then he's locked up in the grimy, hellishly noisy reformatory and has no one—except us. Penn draws us into Mick's isolation. Brando and James Dean drew us in, too, but not as simply as Penn does it. His body is often quite still when his face is at its most revealing, and though he has moments of strutting there are no big flourishes. He's not wound up, like James Dean; he's not crouched over his center. This is one of the least mannered magnetic performances I can recall. Penn's acting is open and fluid—we enter directly into the intense melancholy that Mick feels at being separated from J.C. When he's about to be attacked and he thinks

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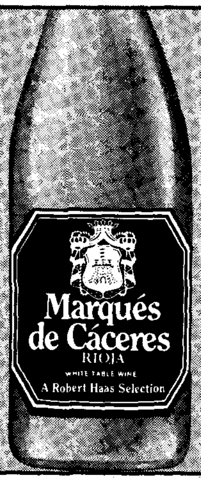

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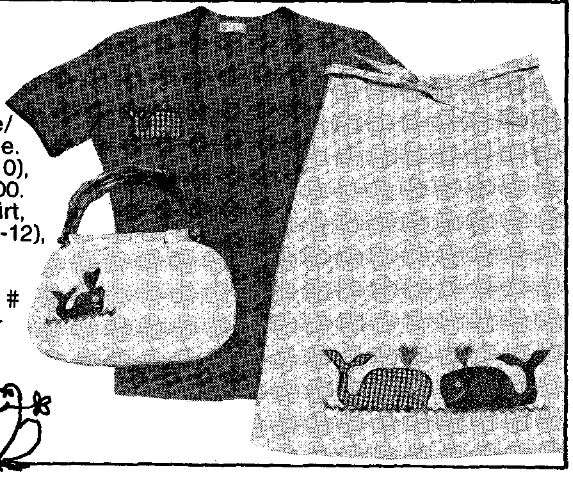

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he has got to kill or be killed, he burns her photograph, and his eyes mourn her.

"Bad Boys" is about how Mick gets out of the trap he's in, and possibly even without any hunks in the cast it will attract young audiences, because Mick and J.C. are as true to each other and as imperilled as Romeo and Juliet. But the only artistry in it is in Penn's performance. The film isn't stupid; it has been thought out by very bright people. But it's a singularly unimaginative j.d. movie—a "Pixote" spoils you for pictures like this. Directed by Rick Rosenthal, it's fairly proficiently made, in a brutal, realistic, neo-Warners style, with shock cuts, a pungent visual surface (using Chicago locations and Illinois correctional institutions), and Bill Conti's snazzy, aren't-you-lucky-I'm-here music, which gets anxious and excited for us, whipping itself into snits and furies. The suspense is of a very primitive kind: you know early that things are going to get worse, and you have a fascinated dread of what's coming. But even when episodes are powerful they're banal.

The moviemakers are so aware of the flimsiness of their contrivances that they keep preparing us, trying to convince us that the events are plausible. We're put in the position of watching tragedies being set up—which can make you want to hoot. It's so carefully explained why a little Puerto Rican boy is out on the street at night that, of course, we recognize he's really out there so he can get killed. There are relevant-to-nothing inserts of J.C. all by herself on deserted streets, so we won't ask what she's doing out alone in a dangerous spot on the night that she is raped. When a Puerto Rican gang leader (the older brother of the dead boy) is sent to the same correctional facility as Mick, who had inadvertently killed the child, we are assured that the authorities know that the Puerto Rican —Paco (Esai Morales)—has sworn vengeance against Mick, and that they are planning to transfer him as soon as there's an opening in another institution. And when the transfer comes through, it's not immediate, of course —it's for the next day, so we know that Paco has to make his move that night. Each time something horrible happens in this movie, it could almost be a relief, because we've been primed for so long. If it isn't, it's because the violent scenes go on and on. No doubt the director believes that these scenes are morally justified, because the picture comes out so strongly against brutality, but they're not aesthetically justified—he has no talent for violence. They're low-grade moviemaking, and they slow the picture down.

The film's one attempt at a comic-relief character is the brainy little Jewish sociopath Horowitz, Mick's cellmate. Eric Gurry, the boy comic who played Al Pacino's son in "Author! Author!" as if the kid had been tutored in Las Vegas, has some of the same whorish facility here, but he does have a few scenes in which he breaks through to something boyish and genuinely funny. When a vicious bully is injured by a bomb that Horowitz has made in the cell, the authorities assume that Mick was in on the scheme. Horowitz has a proud, sweet smile when he says he made the bomb by himself; it's not that he's being honorable and taking the heat off Mick—it's that he wants the full credit. The other performers offer few surprises. That includes Ally Sheedy. The moviemakers have given Mick an adult's idea of a fine girl—no makeup, no rebelliousness, no punkish attitudes. J.C. is a clean-cut, natural-looking Juliet with immaculate middle-class speech and mid-calf skirts who just happens to be completely and openly in love with this young thug, and he's in love with her honor-roll qualities. J.C. is like the true-blue girls that the G.I.s in Second World War movies were going to come home to. Most of her scenes are set to sweet, tasteful semi-classical music. Mick can't fail to become an upstanding citizen. He has got the love of a good woman, junior division.

—Pauline Kael

Editors' Note: Miss Kael will be on vacation for a month.

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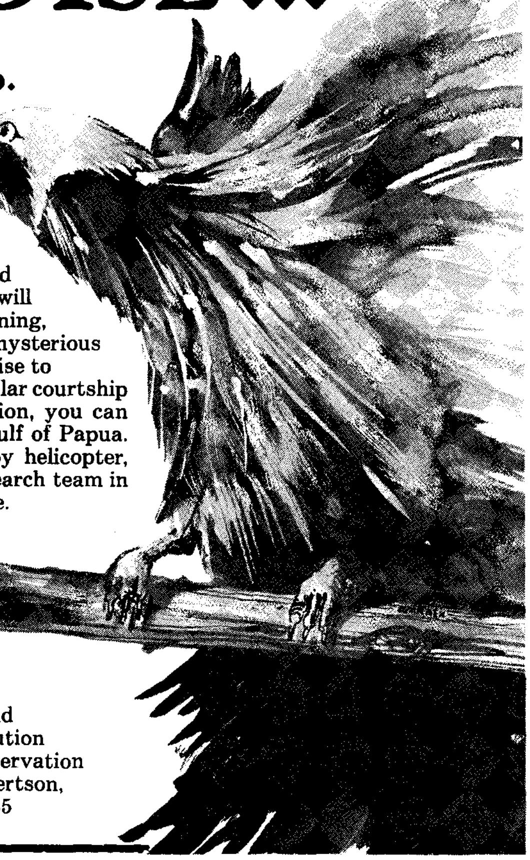

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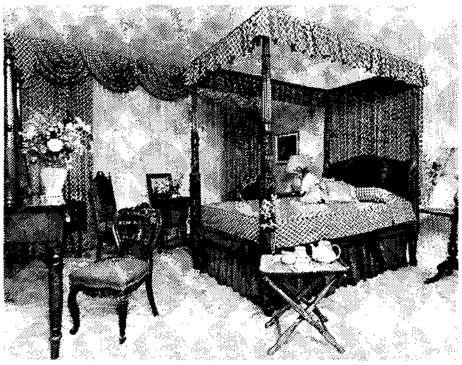

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Little Drummer Girl, by John le Carré (Knopf; $15.95). Mr. le Carré has here turned his attention from the by now rather numbing Cold War between the Soviets and the West to the rather more emphatic struggle between Israel and the remnant people of Palestine, but he has in no way quickened his pace or clarified his storytelling. He has, that is, stuck to his generally satisfying last. The story, at rock bottom, has to do with an appealing, if rather aimless, young English actress who is recruited by an Israeli intelligence team to infiltrate a Palestinian terrorist group and lead them to its leader. How this recruitment is accomplished (the luring, the psychological tempting, the teasing, almost brainwashing) and how her infiltration is achieved (the luring, the tempting, the endless sleight of hand) are dazzling, hypnotically gripping. Detail is piled upon detail, every move is seemingly defined and delineated, everything is laid before us. But, of course, it isn't. There are, we come to realize, enormous gaps; essential elements are missing. There are whats without whys, whys without whats. This is Mr. le Carré's genius—to seem to satiate while actually exciting, beckoning us on. But there is more to his story than the depiction of an elaborate espionage and a touching heroine. We are shown, almost without our being aware of it, two firmly drawn pictures, two firm points of view, two allegiances. Here is the Israeli justification for its violence. Here is the philosophy of Palestinian terrorism. The result is a thoughtful novel dressed in the finest finery of melodrama. The scene is England, West Germany, Greece, Israel, and the Palestinian camps.

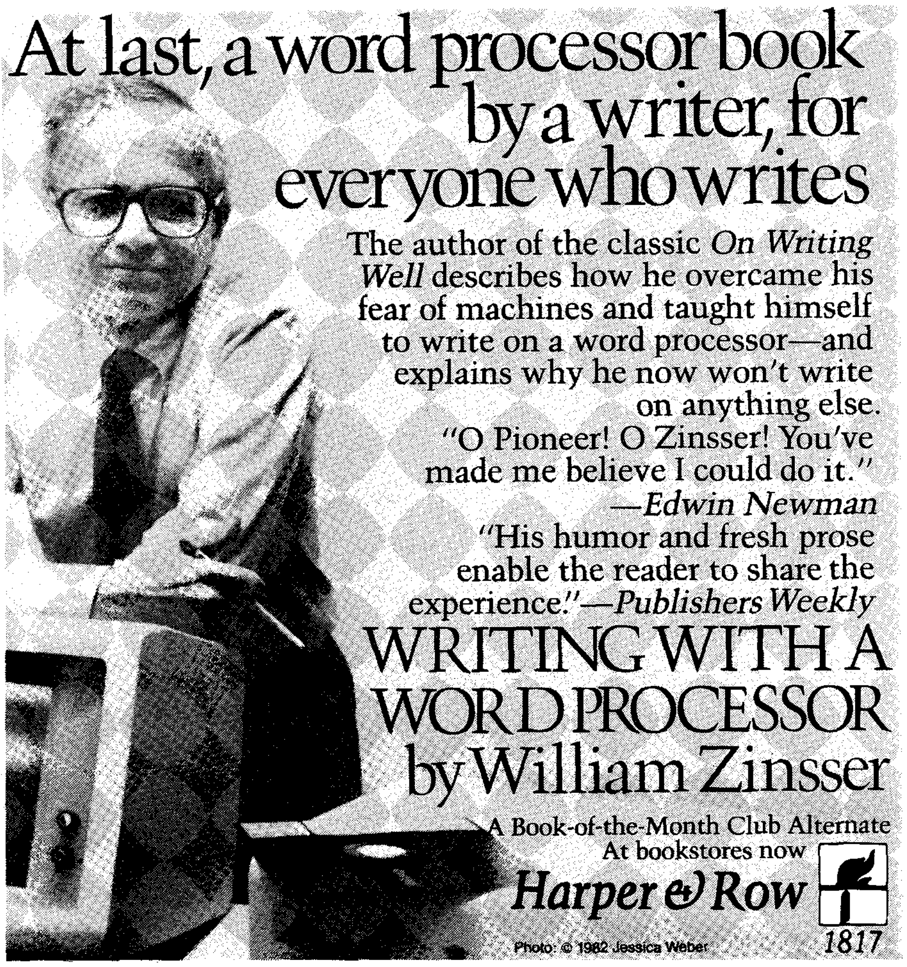
The Queen's Gambit, by Walter Tevis (Random House; $13.95). The cast of characters in this unusual novel about an unusual chess player—not only young and gifted but female—resembles one side of a chessboard. Behind a scrim of nameless characters are eight important ones: the silent, single-minded heroine, raised in a Kentucky orphanage; the orphanage janitor, who teaches her each piece's move and soon finds himself losing every game; her first friend, a worldly black girl who, as it turns out, is less lucky in life but no less ambitious; her blowsy adoptive mother, who escorts her to some of her first tournaments; her adoptive father, who skips town as soon as the adoption papers are signed; a couple of good chess players, and good losers, who help to train her for tougher challenges; and her ultimate opponent, a Russian named Borgov, who holds the title of World Champion. The action, too, is chesslike. The heroine has one purpose—to dethrone Borgov, in Moscow—and she spends ten years (from nine to nineteen) clearing the field, from Kentucky to Mexico to Paris. There is a subplot, about her (typically methodical) overindulgence in tranquillizers (a habit acquired at the orphanage) and in liquor, but most of the action takes place on sixty-four squares. Mr. Tevis may not make the Queen's Gambit—or the Sicilian Defense—completely clear to the novice, but he does succeed in conveying the cerebral suspense with which would-be World Champions live.

The Names, by Don DeLillo (Knopf; $13.95). Mr. DeLillo offers us a new, a contemporary American expatriate—not an artist or writer or dilettante living on American money in Paris or Rome but a businessman based in Athens and making money for American business in the new nations of Africa and the Middle East: "Handlers of huge sums of delicate money. Recyclers of petrodollars. Builders of refineries. Analysts of risk." The story is told by James Axton, a political-risk-insurance analyst, separated from his wife and young son, and it is about his circle of friends and colleagues—comers and goers in deficit countries and "terrorist playpens," viciously anti-American countries with "hundred percent inflation, twenty percent unemployment." There is among them an archeologist who gets wind of a murderous cult, tracks its members down in Greece, in Syria, in India, and himself drops out of life. There is an assassination attempt on one of Axton's friends. It is difficult to know what much of this is intended to mean—the business trips, the cult, the café conversations—but Mr. DeLillo is a compelling writer, and if he leaves us generally mystified he nevertheless leaves us with a satisfying sense of having almost grasped something strange and wonderful and frightening.

GENERAL

THE VOICE OF THE POOR: ESSAYS IN ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL PERSUASION, by John Kenneth Galbraith (Harvard; $8.95). In these lectures, which he delivered in India last year, Mr. Galbraith argues that the United States and the Soviet Union have made the same mistake: they have promoted heavy industry rather than education and political stability as the first step in the economic development of poor countries. Both nations have aggravated their error by providing extravagant armaments, which strain fragile economies and encourage militarism and military coups. Mr. Galbraith keeps track of the multitude of non-economic factors that help or hinder economic development, and he emphasizes process—steps and stages—in deciding what action or equipment is appropriate to a particular country. He suggests that the American economy has been confused by a political failure—an inability or unwillingness to recognize a process of change from a once comparatively free market to our present system, which is dominated by large organizations.

METROPOLITAN MYTHS, by Glenys Roberts (Gollancz; $16.95 cloth, $12.50 paper). Twenty-four pieces written for the London *Standard* about the more or less self-contained, and more or less self-satisfied, communities of London and its environs—their affectations in food and drink, home décor, cars, and clothes, their passion for gardening or their contempt for it, their ways with pets and with children (the Hampstead mother will breast-feed her infant at the dinner table, for instance, while the ladies in Belgravia would die first). Miss Roberts is not afraid of sweeping statements—"Islington is a failure"—and is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given to tossing off dicta like "It is a strange rule of thumb that people who live in beautiful houses are not beautiful people." She is an original and often very funny writer.

SECRETS, by Sissela Bok (Pantheon; $16.95). This essay on ethics explores an area more complicated than Mrs. Bok's earlier volume "Lying," for, as she points out at the start, the etymology and implications of "secret" include "sacred" as well as "stealthy;" unlike lying, secrecy may not always be presumed to be evil. Her work discusses such issues as professional confidences, investigative journalism, secret societies, politics, research, and gossip. Mrs. Bok nicely balances ethical claims and gradations, and tries to give definition to such amorphous concepts as "openness" (good) and "intrusiveness" (bad). Her style is simple and calm, but she confesses that, because of advances in the technology of prying, she feels it urgent to set ethical norms for secrecy and breaches of secrecy.

STIEGLITZ: A MEMOIR/BIOGRAPHY, by Sue Davidson Lowe (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $25.50). A portrait-in-the-round of Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946), the pioneer American photographer who was world-famous for his prints when he was still in his twenties, and who achieved eminence as an editor, critic, promoter, publisher, gallery owner, and entrepreneur. Five years before the Armory Show of 1913, Stieglitz began to introduce to the American public young radical European painters—notably Picasso and Matisse. He devoted years of his life to encouraging the talents of American artists like John Marin, Arthur Dove, Marsden Hartley, and Georgia O'Keeffe (Stieglitz's second wife). The author is a grandniece of Stieglitz, and came to know him well when he was in his sixties. Her writing is affectionate but measured. The book is illustrated with over fifty family photographs, most of them taken by the great man himself.

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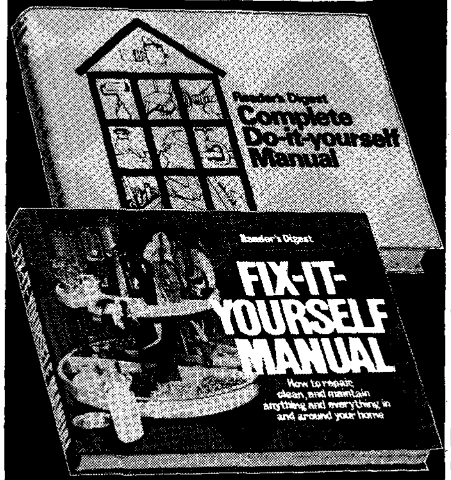
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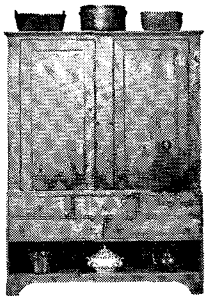

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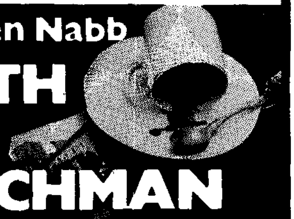

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